CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

VOL. 44 EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910. NO. 45.

No Paper Next Week.

As customary, we shall not issue the PRESS next week, yet our business office and jobbing department will be in full force, as usual. Our faithful employees we hope to give as much rest as possible, after the arduous work of the past year. We hope all of our correspondents, will make a note of this fact and not send their letters. We thank our large force of correspondents for their newsy letters. Wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

THE EDITOR.

Basket Ball.

On Monday evening, December 26th, a rousing game of Basket Ball will be played at the opera house, at which time Emporium will toss-up with the strong team from Butler, Pa. This Butler team has the reputation of being the fastest team on the floor in Western Pennsylvania. Mr. H. A. Ghering, of Pittsburg, formerly teacher in Plank Road School at this place, will be in town at this time and will assist the home team. It will be remembered that Mr. Ghering was a very fast and dependable player. With this valuable addition to our already good team, no doubt the game will be most interesting. All turn out and enjoy the game. Don't forget the date, Monday evening, December, 26, at the Opera House.

State Association.—The Meeting at Harrisburg During Week of the Christmas Holidays.

The program for the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association which is to be printed in this issue of *The Journal* should make a strong appeal to all who are interested in educational progress in this goodly commonwealth. The forthcoming meeting should be perhaps the most important of its kind that has ever been held in the State. The time is opportune for a great meeting—a meeting large in attendance and powerful in influence. The next legislature will consider school legislation, and it is the duty of the school interests of the State to formulate opinions on the legislature needed and then to stand squarely back of these opinions. Members of the legislature rightfully look to school men for suggestions in the consideration of school laws.

A visit to the State Capitol during Christmas week, is a rare privilege to many people. The programme is attractive. The personal advantage of attendance is unmistakable. Five thousand in attendance would render an incalculable service to the children of Pennsylvania. It is worth the sacrifice! Let the teachers of the Keystone State respond to the call for a great meeting!

Committee Appointed.

Miss Bessie H. McQuay and Prof. E. J. Metz, of this place, and Prof. Ezra Smith, of Sterling Run, have been appointed the Standing Committee on Teachers Certificates, by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the years 1911-12 and 1913.

Close Call.

On Monday one of contractor Anderson's teams ran away, near Lucore's farm, coming down the road at a break-neck speed. When near Lucore's they ran into Warner Judd's carriage, the horses piling onto the buggy. The buggy tongue ran against Warner's back and demolished the buggy. He escaped serious injury, but is considerably bruised and sore.

The Most Beautiful Thing in Emporium.

That is the most beautiful thing in Emporium, said a well known woman, the other day as she stood in front of the case of cut glass at Metzger's store and feasted her eyes on the beautiful display presented. There is nothing a good housewife prides herself on more than the appearance of her table, and it is surprising how much a few pieces of really good cut glass will brighten or add to, enhancing the appearance of the linen, silver and china. Metzger keeps only the choicest lines, but sells at popular prices. 42-tf.

Good Piano for Sale.

A Bradbury Piano (square) in good condition.

Apply at PRESS office. 37-tf.

Leave your orders for Patty Shells for Christmas.

SEGER & Co.

Have a Good Time and Attend the

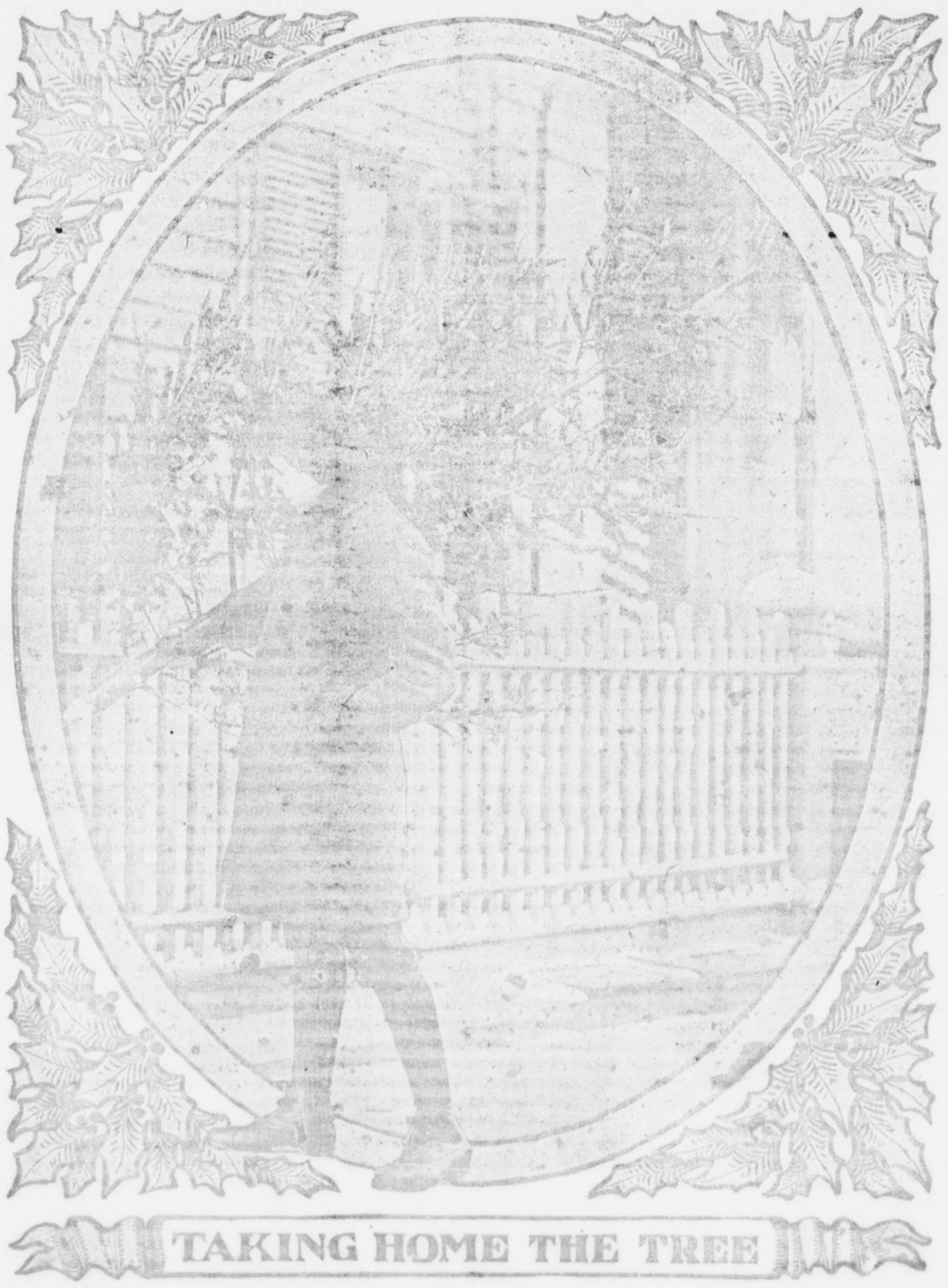
Rescue Hook and Ladder Co. Ball and Supper

At Opera House, Emporium, Pa.,

Friday Evening, Dec. 30, 1910

Tickets $1.00. Supper 35c

MUSIC BY GERMANIA ORCHESTRA OF LOCK HAVEN



TAKING HOME THE TREE

Officers Elected.

Last Monday evening at the regular meeting of Washington Camp, No. 382, P. O. S. of A., election of officers was one of the main features of the evening, the following officers being elected: President, Mr. Henry Ludlum; V. President, Mr W.S. Sterner; Master of Forms, Mr. W. W. Knickerbocker; Recording Secretary, Mr. D. W. Keyes; Financial Secretary, Mr. P. B. Metz; Treasurer, Mr. Max F Statler; Conductor, Mr. John Conkwright; Inside Guard, Mr. William Spence; Outside Guard, Mr. Roy Rhone; Trustee, Mr. John Conkwright. Installation of officers will take place on Monday evening, January 2nd, 1911, at the Camp rooms, at which time the District President will be present to officiate. This installation will probably be witnessed by several invited guests, to be followed by a banquet.

For Sale.

A combination billiard and pool table for home use; complete outfit, practically new, at a bargain. Apply to Leon R. Felt, Emporium, Pa.

r42-tf

Class Re-Union.

Last evening (Wednesday) the Class of 1907 held a reunion at the home of Miss Marion Rentz. The evening was pleasantly spent in renewing acquaintances and reviewing school days. Those present were Mrs. J. M. Paris, of Marlington, W. Va., nee Miss Edith DeArmit, Misses Jane Glenn, Mary Welsh, Anna Welsh, Bessie McQuay, Kathryn Orr, Agnes Blumle, Kathryn Hogan, Marion Rentz and Mr. W. F. Schweikart. All the members of the class were present but Mr. Lee W. Felt, who is attending Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y.

Small Fire.

Fire whistle alarm, Tuesday evening called out the fire department. A small fire at Frank Gordan's on Woodland Avenue, destroyed a shed and ——————little damage. However, we caution every family who use natural gas for light or fuel, to be cautious during this season. Be sure that every possible light is shut off and the flow in stoves turned low.

Roses, Carnations and Violets, for sale Christmas at

SEGER & Co's.

Application for Charter.

It will be seen by referring to the legal advertisments of this issue that Messrs. A. Brady, C. J. Goodnough and J. B. Meisel will apply to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Jan. 16th, 1911, for a charter for an intended corporation; to deal in general merchandise Mr. J. B. Meisel, the new member of the firm, has purchased an interest and after Jan. 1st, 1911 will assume the general management of the corporation. Mr. H. C. Olmsted, who has for so many years been identified with the company, will retire from active management of the firm. We, in common with all our citizens, hope Mr. Olmsted, who has for so many years been identified with Emporium in business, church and society, will continue to reside in Emporium.

Permanent Citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Meisel have moved their furniture into the rooms over M. C. Tulis' store and will soon be "at home" to their many friends. While they have been absent from Emporium for some time their furniture was stored here. We welcome them as permanent residents of Emporium.

28 PAGES

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Rain or snow

SATURDAY, Snow Flurries.

SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business, Dec. 21, 1910,

$885,543.82.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

That we appreciate your patronage, your loyalty and steadfastness, fully as much as you appreciate the help we have at times been able to furnish you, goes without saying.

However, we want to take this public method of thanking you for past patronage and, with full confidence that this patronage will continue, we pledge you our best endeavors in the future as you have had them in the past.

Wishing you an increased measure of Happiness and Prosperity for the year 1911.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON SAVING BOOK ACCOUNTS AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store
Emporium, Pa. 12y

Family Reunion.

On Christmas Day a reunion of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bair will take place at the family residence, East Fifth street. The following are those who will be in attendance: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bair, Mr. John Weisman and children, Mrs. Rose Lapole and daughter and Miss Lena Bair, of Olean, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bair, of Jersey Shore. The children who reside in town will also be present. These pleasant reunions take place ever year and what time is move appropriate than the joyous festival of Christmas.

Historical Events.

Last Thursday, December 14th, it was just 111 years since the death of the Nation's Great Hero and Father of his Country, the noble Washington. December 16th was the 137th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party, which will be remembered by all who have studied history as a notable event of the time. To-day, December 22nd, is just 290 years since the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. December 25th-26th will be the 135th anniversary of the great battle of Trenton.

Re-appointed Postmaster.

Our friend W. H. Baker, of Ridgway, who has faithfully administered the Ridgway post office in an admirable manner for eight years has been re-appointed and confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Baker is a popular, value, taking official and provides Ridgway with the best possible service. We congratulate Brother Baker as do the citizens of Ridway. Bradford and Emporium are yet to be reported. Emporium is long past due.

Special Services.

There will be an especially interesting service held at Emmanuel Church on next Sunday at 5:00 o'clock. There will be special music. Miss Elizabeth Crandell, of our city, will sing a beautiful solo, entitled, "The Song of the Ages." Miss Leicester Heisler, of Harrisburg, will also sing a solo. The reader is cordially invited to worship with us. Remember the hour is five o'clock.

Don't You Believe It.

A number of people in this section of the world seem to think all they have to do is to ask the editor to roast some fancied enemy, while they could not be hired to sign their name to the article. Again, there are a certain class of would-be scribes who think the editor will publish any "roast" sent him. We are not in that line of business. We want news, not "slams." Our waste basket is not yet quite full.

Arm Broken.

On Tuesday afternoon, while Isaac H. Leggitt was attempting to manage an unruly team of horses he had the misfortune to break his left wrist. Dr. Rush reduced the fracture.

THE MEN WHO NEVER SPEAK

TRAPPIST MONKS.

THE Trappist monastery of Gethsemane, twelve miles from Beardstown, Ky., is especially interesting now because of the expulsion of the religious orders from Portugal and their imminent expulsion from Spain, which will drive many of them to seek refuge in this country. The expulsion of the religious orders from France a few years ago sent many monks and nuns to America and England and resulted in the establishment of monasteries and convents in various places. The members of the Trappist order are pledged to silence for the remainder of their days. It is the Order of the Silent Brotherhood.

The abbey of Gethsemane is a self-sustaining institution. Everything its monks require is raised or made on the 2,000 acres of beautiful Kentucky farm country that surrounds the monastery. And not only are they forbidden to speak to anyone, but they are not allowed to read anything except the old books in the monastery library. Even letters or newspapers are not allowed to enter the silent place. It is doubtful if three men in the abbey know the name of the president of the United States or the governor of Kentucky. All tender and sympathetic emotions which in this life visit the human heart are suppressed. The deaths of nearest and dearest relatives are never announced to them. Forgotten by the world, they themselves forget the world.

Among their number are many men of distinguished careers, many who have borne titles. A once celebrated operatic tenor died among the monks a few years ago. The son of the founder of the famous Sunnybrook distillery, who squandered nearly half a million in less than a year, is a member of the order. A farmer who drove the writer over to the monastery from Bardstown, and who knows more about the monks than anyone the country round, pointed out the former Count de Bourbon, Baron de Saumur and Oscar Bachstetz as they left the gate. There are many others, equally important in their early days, in this living tomb.

The only rooms in the abbey that are comfortably furnished are the library and the abbot's apartment. All the other rooms are perfectly bare except for wooden tables and chairs and Biblical inscriptions on the walls. There is a musty odor that seems to pervade everything, and it is a great relief to get out into the monastery garden with its geometrical flower beds and shrines. The most attractive part of the abbey is its 2,000 acres of land, which consists of wooded hills, fields where hundreds of cattle graze and some of the finest farming country in the state of Kentucky. The Trappists are good farmers. They also make fine butter and cheese, some of which is sold in the markets of Louisville.

Few visitors go to Gethsemane any more. Bardstown, the nearest town, is twelve miles away, making a visit a rather difficult task. Years ago, when James Lane Allen wrote "The White Cowl," his descriptions of the abbey brought many visitors there from all over the United States, but today the monastery is almost forgotten by the outside world. When the members of the order die they are laid to rest in the little cemetery outside the monastery walls. There the original founders of the abbey are buried.

The abbey owes its direct origin to the abbey of La Meilleraye, in the department of Loire-Inferieure, France. The abbot of the latter institution made an arrangement with the French government back in the early forties to lay the foundation for a monastery of their order on property situated on the island of Martinique, given to

A Trappist Farmer.

them by Louis Philippe. After the downfall of the monarchy the original plan was abandoned in favor of a colony in the United States, and this was established at Gethsemane in 1848.

The Trappist order was founded in the twelfth century. Roton, count of Perche, built the abbey of Notre Dame de la Maison-Dieu de la Trappe in 1140 at Soligny-la-Trappe, a village of Haute-Perche, department of the Orne, named La Trappe after the narrow gorge which forms its entrance, comparable to a trap door. During the middle ages the monastery was captured and pillaged many times, and it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the order was put on a firm basis and spread to other lands. Until Napoleon became emperor of France their order prospered. He was not in sympathy with them, and he confiscated their property and expelled them from the country.

A visit to the latter abbey is like stepping back a thousand years into the past. There is another famous Trappist monastery at Oca, a few miles from Montreal, Canada.

April Rain

By EDITH GRAY

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From the far length of the meadow lane, the woman heard the persistent coo-coo of some one calling to the bossies from beyond. Without, the April rain dripped ceaselessly from the window frame and a branch of one of the orchard trees creaked mournfully as the wind moved it with gentle monotony back and forth beneath the eaves. It was a dull day and a heavy one, with no suggestion of brightness.

The growing darkness seemed to disturb the woman at her desk, for after insistent urging onward of flagging pencil, and closer stooping over enshadowed pages, she suddenly rose from her work and walked impatiently toward the window. She flung back the lattice, ostensibly seeking more light, but with the simple change of cramped position she immediately realized that she was unusually tired, fatigued in body and brain. Mindless of the soft drizzle, she knelt upon the floor, her head upon her hands, gazing outward toward the distant haze of woodland beyond the rain-soaked fields.

She was tired—she fully realized that. She also knew that she was unspeakably foolish to kneel there upon the floor while the cold penetrated to the very marrow of her bones. Spring rain was lovely enough and undoubtedly poetical, when viewed from the other side of an old-time dormer window.

The woman knew that she was imprudent, yet she laughed at the outer chill, for, with the relaxation from mental labor, the cold emptiness within her heart overwhelmed her with a fearsome blight, compared with which the outer dreariness was as naught.

It was all very well to write—to go off when town pleasures began to interfere with concentration on art, to bury herself at this old farm, away from the annoyances of flattering acquaintances, in order to gain full control of latent faculties—all very well theoretically, but, for all practical purposes, it was dreary and unutterably lonely at times.

In spite of repeated commands, old friends would persist in writing and renewing old scenes, stirring up memories that would otherwise have died, long since. It was lonely when she compared her fame, her several novels and the tiny book of verse, the drama yet to be, and the stories of her dreams, with the love, the warmth and comfort which she had sacrificed for them.

Was it worth the price?

Then, in spite of an afternoon spent in fierce determination to forget, the words of a disturbing little note, received a few days before, flared, as in letters of fire, across her wearied brain.

"Dear, I have found where you have hidden away. I would not hurt you by my presence, but write if you want me. I will come," it said.

The woman knew that this man's words rang true; that as he spoke, so would he act. She valued real worth and she realized that in spite of the flowery blandishments of her many followers, this man with his frank simplicity, his marvelous tenderness, was spiritually as well as physically head and shoulders above them all. She cherished and wondered at his friendship, but his love she had always feared. It was so strong. She trembled, lest in abandoning herself to her ever growing desire, she lose her art—and losing her art, her self, the keynote to her own development. She dropped her head upon her arms, abandoning herself to the old questioning, the old despair. And without the rain poured down, renewing its strength, no longer the mist intangible, but the beating of all elements.

For long she knelt, then raised her head as over the green fields resounded again the coo-coo of the homing call.

Joseph, the farmer's son, had a wondrous voice, full toned, powerfully sweet. She remembered how, at the Sunday worship a few days before, his flawless rendering of the simple hymns had filled her heart with peace, and how at her questioning, the proud mother had confided that Joseph's voice had charmed Von Stahl, the great musician from the city. He had tested Joseph during his summer's visit and promised great things if he would but go with him back to the city.

"But he will never go," the mother had said, and shrugged her shoulders as with annoyance as she pottered on about her work.

What reason could he have for refusing the great Von Stahl's so generous offer? Was it entirely stupidity, or was there some deeper cause for his indifference to this opportunity for betterment?

Below in the orchard now the boy was letting down the bars. The woman watched, through a break in the trees, as the cattle wandered contentedly onward, steaming, dripping, chewing eternally as they strolled. She smiled at the awkwardness of the tiny, dripping calf things, and the mothers nozing them as they went.

"Coo-coo," came a harsher voice from the direction of the barn, and the boy put back the bars and whistled as he worked. Then he reached upward with his great strong arms, and with the care and insight of an artist selected a slender spray of soft pink blossoms. He shook away the great hanging drops, and a few petals drifted behind him as he came, his huge boots slushing through the rain-bowed grasses, his heavy shoulders swaying as he walked. He was but a peasant youth, but—the woman marveled! What a light was in his eyes as he held the dripping blossoms to his face!

The rain was softer now. The mist above the trees was vanishing. Beneath the eaves, a tiny, bedraggled sparrow hopped and chirped expectantly. The sky had grown brighter, the rain had ceased, and the little sparrow proffered a cheery, heartfelt thrill to the fresh-washed world.

And as the darkness lifted, a door below the left wing of the great kitchen extension opened and from her window the woman smiled as little Elsa, the rosy-cheeked dairymaid, held her two chubby palms outward, testing the weather. How charming was that sixteen-year-old bit of German simplicity and childlike innocence! She was like the spring, the flowers!

The boy Joseph stood beside the flaxen-haired maid, and, with unconscious gallantry, offered her the fragrant branch which he had selected but a moment since. "Elsa," he said, "for you."

She took the flowers, but her eyes gazed wistfully at the sun-browned face above her.

"I thank you," she said, in her pretty broken German; "I thank you, Joseph, and I want to say now—I have decide."

Had the woman known what momentous thing it was that Elsa had decided she would have gone back to her desk. Yet, so quickly had Elsa spoken her verdict that she could hardly avoid the astonishing revelation.

"I have decide," said Elsa again. "I have decide, Joseph. You are too—too much for me to marry. I thought you were just a farmer, but I learn, oh so bitterly, that you are a great singer; that if you go to the city and do not marry me, you will be a fine gentleman some day. Joseph, I will not marry you now."

The boy was quick in his reply—startlingly so to the woman who had looked upon him as a boorish country lad. Without hesitancy, he said, suddenly clutching the chubby little hands:

"No, Elsa, you will not marry me now, but when I am rich and can take care of you, my wife, my little girl, do you hear?"

But the sweet blue eyes were still troubled and the tears began to flow, great and round, welling over the rosy cheeks.

"Joseph," she said. "I think you love me well, but you must be a great artist, a musician like my brother Fritz at home. Fritz always says: 'A great artist must not marry. He must think always of his art—he have no time for love.'"

"He have no time for love!" The heart of the woman contracted in sudden wonder and unconsciously she held her breath and leaned forward, eager and alert, to see how this boy would deal with this much-debated question.

"Elsa, Elsa—one thing I know—that love is a far greater thing than that you would call art."

His arms were about her now, and the woman turned away, strangely abashed before this great and simple tenderness.

For long she sat upon the floor, examining the secret places of her inmost soul. When she raised her head, the light of the setting sun, breaking through a rift in the western clouds, caught and made of every drop of dew a globe of mystic light. She threw back her head and breathed in all the clean, sweet freshness of the world. Then she rose and extended her arms as in strange new freedom.

When she found ink and paper in the dusky shadows of her desk, she managed to write, though the tears streamed fast, a few words, which for all the blurring and the blots, a certain man, now so far away, was soon able to read, in overwhelming rapture of understanding and sympathy: "Love is the greatest of all arts, dear. Come!"

Those Capsule Stamps.

With anger flashing from her eye a tall matron entered a South side drug store one evening recently and demand of the clerk an accounting for money which her little boy had spent for stamps and medicine.

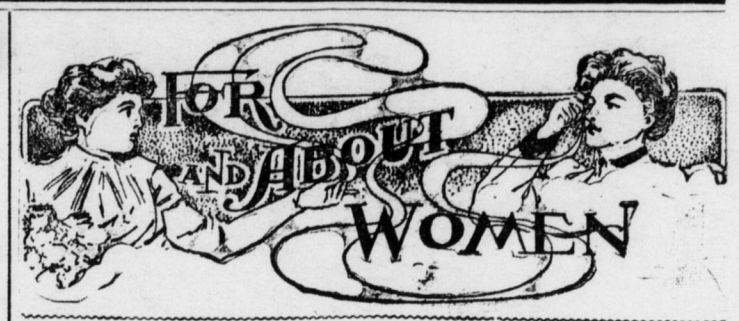
"He got the quinine all right," replied the clerk, "and he got the stamps out of the slot machine. I put his money in for him."

"What slot machine?" inquired the woman.

"Right over there," pointed the clerk. "The stamps come out nicely arranged in little gelatine capsules."

The woman gave a gasp of consternation.

"Were the stamps in the capsules?" nounced her approaching marriage and has not yet decided on the man she is to marry."



FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

PROPER CARE OF SKIN

MANY SADLY AFFECTED BY SOAP IN COLD WEATHER.

Drying Effect of Cold Causes Skin to Crack Painfully—Washing Powders That Are Cleansing, Softening and Refining.

Persons with delicate skin sometimes are so unfortunately affected by soap in cold weather that to try to get clean with it is to harm the flesh. Almost every one knows that cold is drying to the skin; that, for example, is one reason that finger tips, which may be all right through the summer, sometimes crack painfully; cold has dried out the natural lubricating oils. Even when the drying process does not go to this extent the skin will become roughened by it, and when this happens dust settles under in a way which makes eradication impossible.

One woman, whose skin is like paper in its delicacy, counteracts the effect of soap by always rubbing her hands with grease before she washes them. Either vaseline or cold cream serves the purpose, and the fingers and backs are well covered with it. Then washing is done with a bland soap and warm water, drying with great care follows, and the skin stays smooth and white.

It is impossible to lay down a rule as to the use of soap. Its effects is influenced entirely by the natural condition of the skin on which it is put, and what may suit one person perfectly may be too greasy or too drying for another. Contrary to a general belief, castile soap disagrees with many persons. It is extremely drying to the average adult's skin, and though it suits babies admirably, it ceases to agree as they grow older. Palm oil is one of the simplest, looking not unlike castile. Its effect is sometimes highly desirable with persons to whom castile is positively injurious.

Various washing powders, so-called soap substitutes, are good, but so elaborate to make that few care to go to the trouble of making them. As a rule their basis is ground almonds, and unless one has all the utensils with which to work it becomes absolutely impractical to prepare the powder properly.

Nevertheless, one that has stood high in favor since before the time of our grandmothers is made from eight ounces each of Jordan almonds, blanched and ground, and wheat flour, two ounces of powdered orris root, one-eighth of an ounce of oil of lemon and one dram of oil of bitter almonds. The mixture, after it has been carefully combined, is kept in a tightly covered glass jar.

To use, the hands are wet, and about a teaspoonful of the powder is put into the palm, the hands being then well rubbed. It is cleansing, as well as softening and refining.

IN FASHION.

Example of the New Greek Coiffure.

A CONVENIENT WORK BAG

Is Handy for Small Pieces of Fancy Work or for Undarned Stockings.

This bag may be made of any size, so that it may be used for small pieces of fancy work or to hold several pairs of stockings that are waiting to be mended.

For the foundation, a square cardboard box is used; the inside and out of the square bottom must both be covered with the material that is to be selected for the bag; it may be fixed in position by a little seccotine.

The bag must be made just the size of the box and about twice as

deep as the width of one side. Turn down the top with a hem of one and one-half to two inches; extra material must be allowed for the turning of this hem; run the hem twice so as to make a slide in which cord may be threaded to draw up bag. Don't sew up the bottom of the bag, but turn in the edges and sew it to the inside of the sides of box, the stitches can be taken through to the outside, as they will be covered.

Now on the outside of box put a band of embroidered canvas, fancy silk or velvet; it must be cut a trifle wider than the depth of side and be sewn in position top and bottom. The ends must be neatly joined together.

To Make Gloves Last.

To prolong the wear of cotton or silk gloves place a small piece of cotton wool in the tips of each finger and thumb. This will prevent the nails from rubbing them into holes so soon.

SECRET OF GOOD HOSTESS

Carefully to Plan Details and Make Guests Feel Welcome and Comfortable.

The secret of the successful hostess is to make her guests feel welcome and as comfortable as possible, and to carefully plan out and arrange every detail before the actual day; then should things go wrong it will be by the merest accident.

If she is giving an informal tea and the callers are not likely to exceed twelve the tea should be served in the drawing room, pouring it out herself and intrusting the delivery of the cups and small cakes to a girl friend or gentleman visitor, should the husband not be present.

If the number increases beyond this it is better to serve tea in the dining room. In any case the best available china should be used, spotless napery and glistening silver. Lace-edged and embroidered doilies should be placed on the plates which hold the cakes and dainty sandwiches.

We are told the ideal hostess is born, not made, but even if the little fairy forgot the gift of hospitality at our birth it would seem the duty of every woman to cultivate this art.

We are also told that "practise makes perfect," and after a little practise, if her endeavors are earnest, a woman will gain that envied reputation of being a "good hostess."

Sewing Chatelaine.

The lightest and most convenient of sewing cases is a chatelaine formed of a long, narrow ribbon matching the shade of the working dress and threaded through a chain of gilt or ivory rings. The ribbon is finished with clusters of narrower ribbon bows, from which hang scissors, thimble, pin and emery cushions, needle case, piercer, loops of embroidery, silk, etc.

It is a pretty gift from the embroiderer to the embroiderer. Think of it when Christmas rolls around and make it then of cheerful red ribbon, with green-tinted ivory rings.

Black Braid Popular.

Never has the variety of black silk braid for trimming been so great. It ranges in width from the narrowest to a basket weave about six inches in width, suitable for bodices. Some kinds of fur are combined with the braids that the effect is much like a heavy lace and a fringe effect is also produced. Beautiful black silk twisted cord comes as large as half an inch in diameter and is very effective.

Gossipy Gleanings.

He had lately commenced business in the green grocery line, and was fired with the ambition to become a veritable Napoleon of commerce. He had read somewhere that opportunities were not found but made, and resolved, therefore, to grasp every possible chance of augmenting his business. He was reading the latest edition of the local evening paper one night when he espied the following advertisement: "Knockingtonian Knockers' Football club requires dates for ensuing season. Apply secretary," and so on. Seizing hold of his writing implements, the purveyor of greens rapidly penned the following to the secretary: "Dear Sir—In reply to your advertisement, I presume you require dates for use at the lunch interval. Kindly state whether you prefer them by the stone or hundred weight, and I will give you rock-bottom quotations forthwith. Yours to command, Ebenezer Plum." Unfortunately the secretary's reply has not been preserved.—Tit-Bits.

John Henry's Ghost Story

By GEORGE V. HOBART

The ponies had put a sad crimp in my roll, and I had to square myself with Clara J. I told her I had bought a cottage in the burbs, and Bunch had helped me out by lending me his country house for a day I was supposed to show it to Clara J., and then renig on it because it was haunted.

When the alarm clock went to work the next morning Clara J. turned around and gave it a look that made its teeth chatter.

She had been up and doing an hour before that clock grew nervous enough to crow.

Her enthusiasm was so great that she was a Busy-Lizzie long before 7 o'clock and we were not booked to leave the Choo-Choo House till 10:30.

About 8 o'clock she dragged me away from a drama and I reluctantly awoke to a realization of the fact that I was due to deliver some goods which I had never seen and didn't want to see.

"Get up, John!" Clara J. suggested, with a degree of excitement in her voice, "it's getting dreadfully late and you know I'm all impatience to see that lovely home you've bought for me in the country!"

Me under the covers, gnawing holes in the pillow to keep from swearing.

"Oh, dear me!" she sighed, "I'm afraid I'm just a bit sorry to leave this sweet little apartment. We've been so happy here, haven't we?"

I grabbed the ball and broke through the center for 10 yards.

"Sorry," I echoed, tearfully; "why, it's breaking my heart to leave this cozy little collar box of a home and go into a great country house full of—of—of rooms, and—er—and windows, and—er—and—er—piazzas, and—and—and cows and things like that."

"Of course we wouldn't have to keep the cow in the house," she said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no," I said, "that's the point. There would be a barn, and you haven't any idea how dangerous barns are. They are the curse of country life, barns are."

"Well, then, John, why did you buy the cow?" she inquired, and I went up and punched a hole in the plaster.

Why did I buy the cow? Was there a cow? Had Bunch ever mentioned a cow to me? Come to think of it, he hadn't, and there I was cooking trouble over a slow fire.

When I came to she was saying quietly, "Besides, I think I'd rather have a milkman than a cow. Milkmen swear a lot and cheat sometimes, but as a rule they are more trustworthy than cows, and they very seldom chase anybody. Couldn't you turn the barn into a gymnasium or something?"

"Dearie," I said, trying my level best to get a mist over my lamps so as to give her the teardrop gaze, "something keeps whispering to me, 'Sidestep that cave in the wilderness!' Something keeps telling me that a month on the farm will put a crimp in our happiness, and that the moment we move into a home in the tall grass till luck will get up and put the boots to our wedded bliss."

Then I gave an imitation of a choking sob which sounded for all the world like the last dying shriek of a bathtub when the water is busy leaving it.

"Nonsense, John!" laughed Clara J.; "it's only natural that you regret leaving our first home, but after one day in the country you'll be happy as a king."

"Make it a deuce," I muttered; "a dirty deuce at that."

"Now," she said joyfully, "I'm going to cook your breakfast. This may be your very last breakfast in a city apartment for months, maybe years, so I'm going to cook it myself. I've got every trunk packed—haven't I worked hard? Get up, you lazy boy!" and with this she danced out of the room.

Every trunk packed! Did she intend taking them with her, and if she did how could I stop her?

Back to the woods!

I began to feel like a street just before they put the asphalt down.

For some time I lay there with my brain huddled up in one corner of my head, fluttering and frightened.

Presently an insistent scratch-r-r-r-r aroused me and I began to sit up and notice things.

The things I noticed consisted chiefly of Tacks, my youthful brother-in-law, and the kitchen carving knife. The former was seated on the floor laboriously engineering the latter in an endeavor to produce a large arrow-pierced heart on the polished panel of the bedroom door.

"What's the idea?" I inquired.

"I'm farewelling the place," he answered, mournfully. "They's only two more doors to farewell after I get this one finished. Ain't hearts awful hard to draw just right, 'specially when the knife slips!"

"You little imp!" I yelled. "Do you mean to tell me you've been doing a panel comic all over this man's house? Scat!" and I reached for a shoe.

"Cut it!" cried Tacks, indignantly. "Didn't the janitor say he'd miss me dreadful, and how can he miss me 'less'n he sees my loving remembers all over the place every time he shows this compartment to somebody else? And it is impolite to go 'way forever and ever amen without farewelling the janitor."

"Where do you think you're going?" I inquired, trying hard to be calm.

"To the country to live, sister told me," Tacks bubbled; "and we ain't never coming back to this horrid city, sister told me; and you bought the house for a surprise, sister told me; and it has a pizzazus all around it, sister told me; and a cow that gives condensed milk, sister told me; and they's hens and chickens and turkey goblins and a garden to plant potato salad in, and they's a barn with pigeons in the attic, and they's a lawn with a barber's wire fence all around it, sister told me; and our trunks are all packed, and we ain't never coming back here no more, sister told me; and I must hurry and farewell them two doors!"

Tacks was slightly in the lead when my shoe reached the door, so he won.

At breakfast we were joined by Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha, both of whom fairly oozed enthusiasm, and Clara J.'s pulse began to climb with excitement and anticipation.

I was on the bargain counter, marked down from 30 cents.

Every time Uncle Peter sprang a new idea in reference to his garden, and they came so fast they almost choked him, I felt a burning bead of perspiration start out to explore my forehead.

Presently to put the froth of fear upon my cup of sorrow there came a telegram from "Bunch" which read as follows:

New York.

John Henry,
No. 301 W. 109th St.

Sister and family will move in country house tomorrow. Be sure to play your game today. Good luck.

Bunch.

"Poor John! you look so worried," said Clara J. anxiously; "I really hope it is nothing that will call you back to town for a week at least. It will take us fully a week to get settled; don't you think so, Aunt Martha?"

I dove into my coffee-cup and stayed under a long time. When I came to the surface again Uncle Peter was explaining to Tacks that baked beans grew only in a very hot climate, and in the general confusion the telegram was forgotten by all except my harpooned self.

Clara J. and Aunt Martha were both tearful when we left the flat to ride to the station, but to my intense relief no mention was made of the trunks; consequently I began to lift the mortgage from my life and breathe easier.

On the way out Tacks left a small parcel with one of the hall boys with instructions to hand it to the janitor as soon as possible.

"It's a little present for the janitor in loving remembrance of his memory," Tacks explained with something that sounded like a catch in his voice.

"Hasn't that boy a lovely disposition," Aunt Martha beamed on Tacks, "to be so forgiving to the janitor after the horrid man had sworn at him and blamed him for putting a cat in the dumb waiter and sending it up to the nervous lady on the seventh floor, who abominated cats and who screamed and fell over in a tub of suds when she opened the dumb-waiter door to get her groceries and the cat jumped at her? Mercy! how can the boy be so generous?"

Tacks bore up bravely under this panegyric of praise and his face wore a rapt expression which amounted almost to religious fervor.

"What did you give the janitor, Angel-Face?" I asked.

"Only just another remembrance," Tacks answered, solemnly. "I happened to find a poor, little dead mouse under the gas range, and I thought I'd farewell the janitor with it."

Aunt Martha sighed painfully, and Uncle Peter chuckled inwardly like a mechanical toy hen.

On the train out to Jiggersville, Clara J. was a picture entitled "The Joy of Living"—kind regards to Mrs. Pat Campbell; Ibsen please write.

As for me, with every revolution of the wheels I grew more and more a half portion of chipped beef.

"Oh, John!" said Clara J., her voice shrill with excitement; "I forgot to tell you! I left my key with mother and she's going to superintend the packing of the furniture this afternoon. By evening she expects to have everything loaded in the van and we won't have to wait any time for our trunks and things!"

"Great Scott!" I yelled. "Maybe you won't like the house! Maybe it's only a shanty with holes in the roof—er, I mean, maybe you'll be disappointed with the layout! What's the blithering sense of being in such a consuming fever about moving the fiendish furniture? I'm certain you'll hate the very sight of this corn-crib out among the ant hills. Can't you back-pedal on the furniture gag and give yourself a chance to hear the answer to what you ask yourself?"

Clara J. looked tearfully at me for a moment; then she went over and sat with Aunt Martha and told her how glad she was we were moving to the country where the pure air would no doubt have a soothing effect on my nerves, because I certainly had grown irritable of late.

At last we reached the little old log cabin down the lane, and after the first glimpse I knew it was all off.

The place I had borrowed from Bunch for a few minutes was a dream, all right, all right.

With its beautiful lawns and its glistening graveled walks; with a modern house perfect in every detail; with its murmuring brooklet rushing away into a perspective of nodding green trees, and with the bright sunshine smiling a welcome over all, it made a picture calculated to charm the most hardened city crab that ever crawled away from the cover of the skyscrapers.

As for Clara J., she simply threw up both hands and screamed for help. She danced and yelled with delight. Then she hugged and kissed me with a thousand reiterated thanks for my glorious present.

I felt as joyous as a jelly fish. Ten-legged microbes began to climb into my pores. Everything I had in my system rushed to my head. I could see myself in the giggle-giggle ward in a bat house, playing I was the king of England.

I was a joke turned upside down.

After they had examined every nook and cranny of the place and had talked themselves hoarse with delight, I called them all up on the front piazza for the purpose of putting out their lights with my ghost story.

I figured on driving them all back to the depot with about four paragraphs of creepy talk, so when I had them huddled I began in a hoarse whisper to raise their hair.

I told them that no doubt they had noticed the worried expression on my face and explained that it was due chiefly to the fact that I had learned quite by accident that this beautiful place was haunted.

Tacks grew so excited that he dropped a garden spade off the piazza and into a hot-house below, breaking seven panes of glass, but the others only smiled indulgently and I went on.

I jumped headfirst into my most blood-curdling story and related in detail how a murder had been committed on the very site the house was built on and how a fierce bewhiskered spirit roamed the premises at night and demanded vengeance. I described in awful words the harrowing spectacle and all I got at the finish was the hoot from Uncle Peter.

"Poor John," said Clara J. "I had no idea you were so run down. Why, you're almost on the verge of nervous prostration. And how thoughtful you were to pick out a haunted house, for I do love ghosts. Didn't you know that? I'll tell you what let's do. I'll give a prize for the first one who sees and speaks to this unhappy spirit—won't it be jolly? Where are you going, John?"

"Me, to the undertakers—I mean I must run back to town. That telegram this morning—important business—forgot all about it—see you later—don't breathe till I get back—I mean, don't live till I—Oh! the devil!"

Just then I fell over the lawn mower, picked myself up hastily and rushed off to town to find Bunch, for I was certainly up against it good and hard.

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"I Jumped Head First Into My Most Blood-Curdling Story."

Back to the Soil.

"Back to the soil," cried the sages,
"That way lies money and health."
Somehow it seemed too hard labor
Sowing and reaping for wealth.

"Back to the soil," cried the boomers,
"Country and city in one,"
Yet an existence suburban
Seemed but a farce of true fun.

"Back to the soil," cried promoters,
"Gold mines but two cents a share,"
That looked a bit more inviting,
Still he did not seem to care.

Yet he succumbed to the slogan,
And for a tiny estate.
Gee, but he ran like the dickens
Trying to reach the home plate.

—McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

Knights *of the* Toasting Fork

By KATE LILLY BLUE

The perplexed frown cleared from Dorothy's brow as she laid down pencil and note book.

"Yes," she said, in answer to Helen's inquiring look, "feel sure we can make it, if you will just remember to be economical about the cooking. Of course, after paying for rent, gas and food we will have nothing left, but fortunately, we will not need any clothes this year."

"And by the time we do you will be making lots of money with your stories."

"I hope so, indeed, but let us not count chickens before they hatch. She smiled light-heartedly as she rose from the little table where they had eaten their first meal in an apartment house in the big city to which they had come to try their fortunes—the orphan daughters of an impecunious doctor in a country town.

"Put on your hat and let us sally forth to get our bearings," said Dorothy, the literary genius who was to conquer fortune with the point of her pen.

"And find the shop where food is cheapest," replied Helen, the domestic goddess who was to rule over the pots and pans during the warfare.

But lo, when they tried the door it refused to open, and after vain attempts by both they realized they were imprisoned in a room on the seventh floor of the big building with no apparent means of getting out except by way of the fire escape.

They were too far above the street to attract the attention of the passers-by and unless they sprouted wings, or an airship strayed by, they must get out by the door.

"If some one would pass along the corridor," said Helen dolefully.

"The transom!" cried Dorothy, "the transom! Maybe I can see some one from there."

In a trice they had rolled the dresser in front of the door and Dorothy had mounted to peer through the glass transom.

"I hear footsteps—oh, hope they are coming this way. Oh, please, please, sir, whoever you are, we are locked in! Can't you help us?"

The young man who was walking aimlessly down the corridor looked up in amazement to encounter a flushed young face lit by a pair of pleading gray eyes.

"Locked in? Who did it? What for? Of course I'll help you, if you tell me how. Shall I break in the door or go for the police?"

Dolly smiled, showing a dimple which was her most valuable asset.

"We did it ourselves, I suppose, not understanding the lock. If you will kindly call the janitor I think he can liberate us."

The young man turned and vanished to reappear in an incredibly short time with the janitor who opened the door with his pass key and explained to them the mechanism of the spring lock.

Both the girls thanked him gratefully and as he retired turned to the youth who still held his ground, hat in hand. His face flushed at their thanks and he stammered, "Don't mention it. I am one of your neighbors. My room is just below and if it happens again just call on me. My name is Peter Harris."

As the girls walked along the street they laughed over the adventure.

"I hope our deliverer will not presume on this," said Helen.

"I don't think he looks presumptious. Oh, Helen, I have never seen anyone who looked as much like an angel as he did through that transom."

"An angel with red hair and freckles. Just fancy!" laughed Helen.

"But you will have to grant that his name is appropriate, at least."

"Even so. St. Peter sounds all right to me. He is yours—at least you may claim him, even if you never speak to him again."

A week went by. Dorothy spent most of her time at her typewriter while Helen kept the tiny apartment beautifully neat and clean and prepared the meals on the gas stove.

Twice a day they went for a long walk, and on one or two occasions met Peter Harris on the stairs. They always spoke pleasantly, but hurried on though he showed a disposition to linger.

One afternoon Dolly had gone out alone. Helen remained at home to cook supper. Suddenly the huge toasting fork she was wielding slipped from her hand on to the sill, through the window and was gone.

She watched its flight in breathless fascination until it landed with a clang on the pavement at the feet of a young man who was passing. Helen saw him stoop to take it, then look up to see whence it came. She drew in her face and ran down the stairs to recover her property. At the third flight she met the rescuer of the toasting fork bringing it to her.

"Is this yours?" he asked, a quizzical look in his eyes.

"Yes," she said, with a gentle dignity which sat well upon her. "Thank you for troubling to restore it."

"Don't mention it. I think neighbors ought to be neighborly, and I promise if your property strays my way again I shall take pleasure in restoring it to you."

He watched her with admiration as she ascended the stairs and was almost run over by a plump, dimple-cheeked, auburn-haired young woman, who seemed as abstracted as himself.

The girls laughed over this adventure as they had over the other, and agreed as before that they must be careful of this "Knight of the toastin' fork," as they styled him, might prove troublesome.

A week later they were returning from their walk when Helen, running up the last flight of stairs, turned her foot. She slipped and went tumbling down the narrow steps.

Dorothy caught her in her arms and stopped her, but when she tried to put her foot to the floor she gave a cry of pain.

"Oh, Dolly, I have sprained my ankle!"

"Oh, what shall we do?" Dolly wailed. "I remember seeing a doctor's sign on the floor below. Let's get him."

Before Helen could remonstrate she was gone. Half way down the next flight she ran into Peter Harris.

"Oh, St. Peter," she cried, to his astonishment, "Helen has fallen downstairs and broken her ankle. Where can I find a doctor?"

"Here," he said, as he led her towards a door on the lower landing.

"Frank," he called, "come quickly. A young lady has fallen downstairs and hurt her ankle.

A hurried step across the room and a young man stood before them.

"This is Dr. Davidson, Miss—"

"Duval," she said, in answer to his look of inquiry.

"My sister is on the floor above. Do come at once."

Then found Helen pale with pain, but she gave a faint smile as she recognized in the young physician her knight of the toasting-fork.

The doctor gave his friend some instructions in a low voice, then without a word to her picked up the injured young lady and proceeded to carry her to her room in his arms.

When Dorothy unlocked the door, he deposited his lovely burden on the little white cot inside. While he was removing the shoe from the rapidly-swelling foot, St. Peter arrived with the bandage for which he had been sent, and soon the doctor's deft fingers had bandaged the injured ankle and arranged it as comfortably as possible. After receiving the thanks of the girls the young men returned to the apartment below and settled themselves for a cozy smoke.

After smoking in silence for awhile, the doctor said: "By Jove, did you ever see any thing so exquisite?"

"Never," returned Harris, emphatically, but the doctor was thinking of the pale, sweet face with its aureole of golden hair as it lay on the pillow, while Harris could see nothing but the round, flushed, childish face with the big gray eyes full of tears and anxiety.

The next day the doctor called twice upon his patient, accompanied both times by his friend. The first time they found Dorothy wrestling with the gas stove, her cheeks pinker than ever, her auburn hair more tumbled. Helen was propped up on her cot.

"Poor Dolly was not meant for a cook," she said. "She has three burns already, doctor, which need your attention as much as my ankle does."

"Oh no," cried Dorothy, quickly, as visions of a large doctor's bill loomed up before her. "I will put some soda on the burns and it will be all right tomorrow."

Harris volunteered to assist her, and while the doctor renewed the bandages on Helen's ankle his friend not only applied the soda but helped Dorothy to cook the luncheon.

Helen's ankle was slow to mend, and while she was helpless the intimacy among the young people grew. The doctor paid such frequent calls that Dorothy had grown more and more worried as she thought about his bill. She even thought of giving up her story writing and doing stenographic work until she could discharge the obligation to him.

One afternoon the doctor and his friend remained so late that she asked them to tea.

While she and Peter were laying the table, Helen and the doctor watched them from the other room. Helen frowned.

"Dorothy ought not to marry a poor man. She ought to stay single, or marry money."

"And why?" inquired the doctor with interest.

"Because she has genius, and for her genius to develop properly she should not bother about the loaves and fishes.

"And, besides, her cooking would drive any man to drink."

"You needn't worry about that if she marries Peter. You see what a good coo khe is. And then—he isn't a cook by profession. He learned to do it on some of his many camping expeditions. He is really a very rich man, with a handsome home which he shut up when his mother died, and came to live with me."

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed Helen, as she saw Peter furtively kiss a burn on Dolly's arm.

The doctor's voice recalled Helen.

"I suppose you ought to marry a rich man, too—a man who could furnish the proper setting for your beauty."

"I—oh, no," she replied, sweetly. "My only talent is home-making, and that could be cultivated to better purpose in the modest home of a man in moderate circumstances."

He bent over her quickly.

"Helen, Helen! Do not play with me! You know I love you. Am I the man for whom you are willing to exercise your talents?"

The blue-gray eyes met the brown ones above them in one look of understanding, while his hand found hers and clasped it.

"Supper is ready. St Peter bids you come and feast on viands of his preparing. Let us eat, drink and be merry today, for tomorrow—"

"We marry," finished St. Peter.

QUAINT OLD MAYPOLE INN

House of Public Entertainment That Stood at the Edge of Epping Forest.

In the year 1775 there stood upon the borders of Epping forest, at a distance of about 12 miles from London—measuring from the standard in Cornhill, or rather from the spot on or near to which the standard used to be in days of yore—a house of public entertainment called the Maypole; which fact was demonstrated to all such travelers as could neither read nor write—and 66 years ago a vast number both of travelers and stay-at-homes were in this condition—by the emblem reared on the roadside over against the house, which, if not of those goodly proportions that Maypoles were wont to present in olden times, was a fair young ash, 30 feet in height, and straight as any arrow that ever English yeoman drew.

The Maypole—by which term from henceforth is meant the house, and not its sign—the Maypole was an old building, with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zig-zag chimneys, out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous and empty.

Its windows were old diamond pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here on summer evenings the more favored customers smoked and drank—ay, and sang many a good song, too, sometimes—reposing on two grim-looking, high-backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion.—Charles Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge."

Importance of the Recess.

"The school recess is one of the most important features of child education. Its influences are more powerful than those of the classroom and more vital than any other the child participates in," said W. E. Watt, principal of the Graham school, Chicago.

"During this playtime activity," continued Mr. Watt, "he learns his true relation among those who are stronger than himself. One helpful lesson is that the fellow who appeals to the teacher or principal is not esteemed highly.

"The children of the grammar school find the recess to be the most profitable period. Every teacher goes down with her own pupils. She organizes the games, of which she knows a great many. She encourages the pupils to play the games familiar to their parents, perhaps in the old country. We have printed a little book of recess games which require little or no apparatus. The teachers get as much benefit out of the games as do the pupils."—Christian Science Monitor.

A Bibulous Blunder.

"How did Colonel Soakby happen to buy a copy of Rider Haggard's 'Red Eve'?"

"Oh, the colonel glanced at the title rather hastily and thought it was 'Red Eye.'"

A New Definition.

Little Bobby—What are the sins of omission? Uncle Bob—Those we have forgotten to commit, but which we promptly attend to as soon as we are reminded of the oversight.—Life.

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HENRY H. MULLIN,
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ORVILLE PROUDFOOT, Assistant and Manager
RAYMOND KLEES, Assistant Foreman.
W. SCOTT STERNER, Assistant Local Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Breezy County News

We will not issue a paper next week, so we hope our correspondents will make note of this and not send their letters.

SINNAMAHONING.

John Moore, of Lorshbaugh, was a visitor on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Barclay visited at Emporium on Tuesday.

Forestry officer, L. C. Wykoff, was a business caller Tuesday.

Mrs. George Hoover, of Cherry Dale, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. George Close and daughter are visiting friends in Emporium.

Several of our town people attended the dance at Grove on Saturday evening.

Earl Towner, of Driftwood, was a caller at Wyside on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Martha Belden went to Emporium on Tuesday to visit friends over Christmas.

Frank Wolf was the lucky one in the cow lottery, it costing him 68 cents. Cheap, but how about the others.

The dance at Grove on Saturday eve must have been pretty lively by the looks of the sore heads and black eyes. Well, the boys must have their fun.

John Moore, L. C. Wykoff and Millers, captured two bear in Lick Island Run, last week.

J. F. Wolf finished filling his ice house Tuesday. The ice is in good shape for harvesting.

The powder company commenced cutting ice on Tuesday.

Counsil Brothers are busy filling up their new store.

Thomas Snyder, postmaster, has moved into his new office and is getting fixed up pretty nice.

Washington Camp, No. 136, P. O. S. of A., is making arrangements for a public installation of officers.

Jas. Donley and J. H. Logue came in from Hunter's Rest on Monday. They failed to get any bear this trip. The bear they got last week they thought would weigh about 250 pounds, but when weighed tipped the scales at 24 pounds. A poor guess on weight.

The bear hunters are not having very good luck as most of the bears they get after are too big for the dogs to stop.

Miss Myrtle Shafer attended a wedding at Emporium Wednesday.

Mrs. Tommy Piper and daughter left Sunday for Shamokin.

Mrs. Miles Snyder, of Renovo, visited relatives in town Sunday.

Glen Johnson visited Lock Haven recently.

Mrs. Lida Dale, of Pottersdale, is visiting her brother, Alex. Wooster.

Benette Bennett returned Sunday evening from Williamsport.

N. Stiln went to Mount Union to visit his sister, Mrs. Diemond, who is very ill.

Miss Maude Lupro left for her home at St. Marys, for the holidays.

Mrs. Howard Fry and son James, of Fairmont, W. Va., is visiting relatives.

Miss Bennettie and Encie Bennett left on Friday to visit their sister, Mrs. Floyd Ostrum during the holidays.

DENSE

SINNAMAHONING.

J. Hawley Baird spent Saturday in Renovo.

Ray Carlatter spent several days in Erie.

Mrs. Chase and daughter, of Renovo, are visiting Mr. Blodgett and family.

Ivy Snyder, of Renovo, is spending some time with her parents.

Mrs. Hulling and daughters, of Grove, called on friends in town Friday.

Mr. Al. Shafer of Ridgway, spent Sunday with his wife here.

Mrs. Thomas Piper and daughter Elizabeth, are visiting relatives in Shamokin and Huntingdon.

Rev. R. W. Runyan called on friends in Lock Haven on Monday.

Miss Myrtle Shafer spent several days Emporium this week.

he church at Sinnamahoning is now going extensive repairs; walls decorating and painting; also new carpets auditorium. Re-opening Sch.

Emporium

HOWARD SIDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Horning and Mrs. Close attended the funeral of E. S. Murry, at Emporium on Friday.

The District Elder preached at Howard Siding Sunday afternoon; also held communion services. Several were up from West Creek, and Miss Eva Lewis from Emporium.

Mr, and Mrs. George Matthewson made a business trip to Ridgway Monday. Think they were looking for Santa Claus.

Mrs. R. Fisher and daughter Ethel done some shopping in Emporium on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ivadell Close spent Saturday and Sunday guest of the Misses Turley, in Emporium.

Mrs. Close attended quarterly conference at M. E. Church, Emporium, on Saturday.

xxx

NORTH CREEK.

Christmas Bells will soon be ringing.

Our people are busy doing their Xmas shopping.

Mrs. Solveson visited with Mrs. Chas. Barr, while hor son Norman made a trip to the city Thursday.

Walter Smith made a trip to the city Thursday.

Quite a number of our people met at the school house for prayer meeting, but no leader was there. Our Pastor must be excused as another necessary appointment kept him away. It is quite a distance for brother Hall to travel. Would it not be wise to have an assistant in case something urgent may detain our good brother again?

J. W. Lewis and Henry Carter went to the city Wednesday.

Wm. F. Lewis finds it pretty cold work getting the children to and from school.

"M" and "R" be sure to "hold your mouths right" next time and probably you will have better luck. Be sure you don't guess at it, for accidents will happen.

Myrtle and Lillian Cool accompanied our teacher, Miss Swesy, on her way home last Friday evening.

Claud Woodcock visited with his brother Ralph, Saturday.

Ethel Britton visited her parents over Sunday and also called on Mrs. Solveson. Clendon Moore accompanied her on her way back to Clear Creek. Miss Ethel was a guest of Mrs. Lillian Lockwood Sunday eve.

Thursday was a very stormy day as some of our people are aware.

Don Morton drove over from West Creek Monday, with a load of coal for Mrs. Annie Housler.

J. J. Lewis' teams are busy and J. W. went a-foot to town, Monday. Why did'nt you flag the stage, uncle? There was room for just one more.

Fred Solveson and wife were city visitor, Monday.

Rev. Hall, of Rich Valley, called on the people here Tuesday, returning home Wednesday.

Master Geo. Warner, of Emporium, was a guest of Everal Smith, Saturday.

Merrick Nolan and Fred Ostrum passed through here Sunday on their way to Crosby.

Kenneth, little son of Ernest Housler, has been very sick the past week, threatened with pneumonia. We are glad to report him a little better.

Norman Solveson and Clendon Moore visited the city Tuesday. Xmas surprises eh, boys?

Ed. Cool and Ernest Housler Sundayed at home.

Willis McClenahan and Leon Woodcock went to New Town to obtain work, but all the places are filled, at least until after Christmas.

Fred Solveson is home this week.

How are the girls, Ralph? Which one did you take?

Mrs. Alice Hockman is making ready for a trip to Black Creek, N. Y., starting Friday. She expects to visit her sister, Mrs. Bessie Taylor, and family, and other relatives and friends, of which there are many. Our good wishes go with her for a Merry Christmas tide for herself and those she visits.

No school next week.

Prayer meeting in the school house Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th. Other appointment of services to be made. As this is last appointment in the old year a good attendance is requested.

Merry Christmas to all.

Dec. 21, 1910. BLUE JAY.

Take This Home and Try it on Your Piano.

When in doubt, get her a spoon. That may sound frivolous, but if you will stop, think, and question, you will find it the soundest advise you have had this Christmas season. For instance, is there anything a woman thinks more of than her table, with its silver and glass? No! Well to get a whole set of solid silver is quite an outlay, but you can get at Metzger's Jewelry Store a single spoon of any of the standard patterns, and you can always have them, one year after another, not only in spoons but in any of the hundred and one odd pieces, as well as forks, knives and ladles, and the expense is so little that you can afford to make extra presents on all the little anniversaries, and behold before you miss the money your wife has a respectable lot of solid silver, that is good, not only for her life time but for three generations after. 42-4t.

For Sale.

...orth street

UNITED STATES SENATOR GEORGE T. OLIVER.

On Monday the Republican members of the General Assembly, elected to represent the great county of Allegheny, met in caucus and unanimously endorsed United States Senator, George T. Oliver for the long term. The great Republican majority in the Pennsylvania Senate and House will ratify the choice of Allegheny county Republicans, at the same time carrying out the wishes of a great majority of the Republican and a host of Democratic admirers of Senator Oliver, who conscientiously and diligently labored and battled for that protection needed by the industries of Pennsylvania, and his great mind and insight into the grave questions puzzling the minds of many older heads than his were of invaluable aid. His logical advice to the United States Senate was respected and abided by. This State and the entire nation will be proud of the record made by George T. Oliver in the future and his election will be hailed as justice to George T. Oliver—as well as that grand man, HENRY W. OLIVER, long since passed to his reward.

CAMERON.

Wm. McFadden is on the sick list.

E. M. McFadden was a caller in Emporium Tuesday.

Frank Sullivan was a Driftwood and Sterling Run visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. C. B. Potter and Mrs. S. S. Hicks, who have been on the sick list are improving.

Operator J. W. Harvey who is spending the holidays with his family at Stanley, N. Y., is relieved by operator Sullivan.

Miss Laura McDonald, teacher at this place, sprained her left ankle Sunday evening, while alighting from the train; but we are glad to hear she is able to conduct her school.

Ed. Clark is teaching his younger brother to trap skunks, and is doing nicely. Ask Jake—he knows.

Supt. Howard, of Williamsport, the old line Insurance Co., was a caller in town Tuesday.

The up-to-date store of Schwab Bro's presents a beautiful holiday appearance, being well stocked with all kinds of Xmas goods. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Ed. Schwab and Miss Cora Emig enjoyed our fine sleighing Monday by a drive to Sterling Run.

Wm. Bagley, champion Seven-up player, was defeated by a second-clas player from this place, Tuesday—score, 5–4. Will claims if he would have had his spectacles, the score would have been different.

We wish to correct our last week's report in regard to the Bagley—Harvey game. Score should have read 8–2 in favor of Bagley.

Supt. D. H. Robertson and family, of Calder, are spending the holidays in Buffalo and other points. Dave says he is going to have a De La Champaigne punch for Xmas.

Beginning New Year's Day the young men of Cameron will organize an anti-swearers League and promise to use no profane language during the ensuing year. This is a grand undertaking and should meet every encouragement.

The school children took up a subscription among the town people and secured enough money to purchase a fine Xmas tree and enough candy to treat all. The teachers their Xmas entertainment in the school house Tuesday afternoon, and several pieces were very well rendered.

Dec. 21, 1910. LOUISE.

Bargain Sale of Fine China.

In order to make room for new Christmas goods, I have decided to dispose of my entire line of fine French and German hand painted and decorated china, regardless of cost. Beginning next Friday, every piece of china in my store will be offered a just one half of the regular price. This will be an opportunity of a life time to get high grade china at almost give away prices. Come early and get first choice.

42-4t. GEO. METZGER, JR.

For Sale.

One of two teams, either driving or working team, weighing 2200 or 2500. Must be sold at once. Terms reasonable. Apply at PRESS office. 43-tf.

Found The Place

For a good Stylish Suit, Overcoat or Raincoat. Made to fit right, at the lowest prices. Call or address

C. A. BLAIR,
Emporium, Pa.

b40 6t.

Notice of Application for Charter

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday the 16th day of January, 1911, by A. BRADY, C. J. GOODNOUGH and J. B. MEISEL, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled an Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called FURNACE SUPPLY COMPANY, the character and object of which is Dealing in General Merchandise, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

JOHNSON & McNARNEY
Solicitors.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1910.—45-4.

Square Deal Mills

EMPORIUM, PA.

E. J. Rogers, Prop'r

OUR MOTTO:—

Honest Weight and Honest Goods.

Have you tried our Buckwheat Flour, 100 per cent. pure. Put up in 5, 10 and 25 pound packages. A trial is all we ask.

Call, phone or write. Out of town orders filled same day received.

A share of the trade respectfully solicited.

SEEDS

BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!

SPECIAL OFFER:

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

Prize Collection Radish, 17 varieties; Lettuce, 12 Kinds; Tomatoes, 11 the finest; Turnip, 7 splendid; Onion, 5 best varieties; 10 Spring-flowering Bulbs—65 varieties in all.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE.

Write to-day; Mention this Paper.

SEND 10 CENTS

to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of Seeds postpaid, together with my big Instructive, Beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about the Best varieties of seeds, Plants, etc.

H. W. Buckbee, 976 BUCKBEE STREET ROCKFORD, ILL.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following named persons have filed their petitions for Liquor Licenses, in my office, according to law, for the term of January Court, 1911:

HOTEL LICENSES.

Grove Township.

O. L. Bailey,.....Mountain House

Driftwood.

W. H. Mitchell,.....Mitchell House
Thos. J. Riley,.....Commercial Hotel
Sophia McVicker,..... Lafayette Hotel
A. M. McDonald,.....Curtin House

Gibson Township.

William H. Rank in .....The Evergreen Hotel

Lumber Township.

W. H. Bagley,.....Alpine House
Clifton R. Dininny,..... Valley House
Edward McFadden .....Cameron House

Portage Township

Frank D. Councilman,.....Sizer Springs Hotel

Emporium, East Ward, Hotel Licenses.

Joseph Gainey and Herman Maline,
St. Charles Hotel
Charles F. Farley,..... American House
Daniel A. McDonald,..... Central House

Emporium, Middle Ward, Hotel Licenses.

H. W. Smith,..... New Warner
Michael J. Dolan,.....The City Hotel
John Cummings,.....Cottage Hotel
D. W. Donovan,.....Emporium House
Charles L. Butler,.....Commercial House

WHOLESALE LICENSES.

A. A. McDonald,.....Emporium
F. X. Blumle,.....Shippen Township

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT, Clerk Q. S.

Notice of Dissolution.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Walter G. Morrison and Robert Clark, of the Borough of Emporium, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, under the firm name of Clark & Morrison, was dissolved on the twenty-first day of December, 1910, by mutual consent. All debts belonging to the said partnership are to be received by the said Robert Clark and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

ROBERT CLARK,
WALTER G. MORRISON.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 21st, 1910. 1t45-4t

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

A Merry Christmas to All

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Wreaths of Holly.

Mother

A useful basket filled with our choice Fruits or with flowers for the Christmas dinner table center piece.

Father

A box of good Cigars.
A jar of good Smoking Tobacco.

Sister

A fancy box of our good chocolates, a dozen of roses.
A set of those Leipsic Post Cards framed.

Little Sister or Brother

A box of Home-made candy; a dozen pop-corn balls, some clear candy toys and candles and tree ornaments for the Christmas tree. Chewing Gum, Whistles.

For the Christmas Table

Delicious bon-bons, after dinner mints, salted peanuts, almonds, fruits and nuts.

Ice Cream in Molds or Bricks.

Our line of Candies cannot be surpassed in point of quality in Cameron county; price from 8 cents to a dollar a pound.

We make our own Ribbon Candy, commonly called "Christmas Candy." 2 pounds for 25c, 15c single lb.

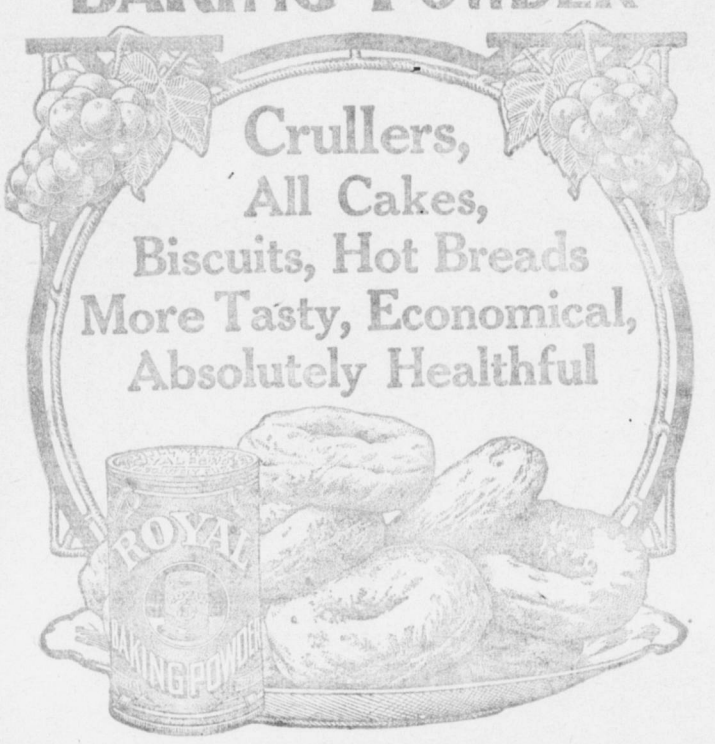
Christmas Letters and Postals for friends out of town

SEGER & CO.

ONE DOOR EAST OF POST OFFICE, EMPORIUM, PA.

Royal
BAKING POWDER

Crullers,
All Cakes,
Biscuits, Hot Breads
More Tasty, Economical,
Absolutely Healthful



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Messrs. M. E. Confer and Asa Murray spent a few hours at Ridgway on Monday evening.

Thomas H. Norris and son Fay will spend Chrismas, guests of relatives and friends at Corry, Pa.

Clarence L. Williams, of Dents Run, one of our old-time subscribers, was a very agreeable PRESS caller.

Mrs. John Hennessy, who recently returned from Gary, Ind., was a PRESS business visitor on Tuesday.

Prof. R. Howard Edgar is enjoying the holidays, guest of his father and other relatives at Wilmerding, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Beers and Mrs. E. P. White, two respected town subscribers, called to see the PRESS on Tuesday.

Max Spence, of Sinnamahoning, is spending the week in town, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Spence.

Lee W. Felt, who is attending Hamilton College, at Clinton, N Y., has arrived at home for the Festive season.

Prof. W. Grier Briner departed for his home at Carlisle, Pa., last Friday evening to spend Christmas and New Years.

W. H Smith, of Sterling Run, spent a short time in town on Monday transacting business and made the PRESS office a social and business call.

James Ulmer, stenographer in the office of the Keystone National Powder Company, will leave for his home at Salladasburg, Pa., on Saturday to spend Christmas with relatives.

William MacDonald, of Beechwood, was a business caller at Emporium last Saturday and made the PRESS office a social and business call, renewing his subscription for another year.

Mrs. George Lusk, returned to her home at Cressent, Pa., last Monday morning, after spending a short time in town guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Edwards, Sixth street.

Miss Mildred McQuay and Messrs. Earl Metz and Will Welsh, who are attending Clarion StateNormal School, will arrive at home in time to celebrate the Christmas Holidays with their parents.

Miss Jean McNarney and Messrs. Linn Strayer, Carl Thompson and Edwin Baldwin, who are attending State College, have returned to their respective home at this place, for the Holiday season.

T. J. Butler, who has been spending the past few months with relatives at Seattle, Wash., returned to his home at this place, arriving here Sunday. Mr. Butler expects to return to the West in the near future.

Ermine G. Rents, of Detroit, Mich., arrived in town on Wednesday to spend the Holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Rentz and family. Claude E. Rentz, of Pittsburg, is expected home next Saturday to make a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant S. Allen departed last Monday evening for Philadelphia and New York City and will not return until after Christmas. They will also visit relatives of Mrs. Allen's at various places on the Hudson.

Randolph Lockwood, of Shippen, was an agreeable PRESS caller yesterday and made the printer happy. "Dolph" is one of those men who believes in paying the printer promptly. Would that many in his section would "catch" the same complaint.

Dr. H. S. Falk is attending the marriage of his sister, at Wilkes-Barre.

Dr. and Mrs. V. K. Corbett, of Driftwood, spent a short time in town on Tuesday looking for Santa Claus.

W. S. Vrooman, of Driftwood, and Chas Leutze, of this place, were agreeable PRESS visitors on Tuesday evening.

We regret our downtown neighbor, Mr. S. L. Barton has been having a hard time of it with rheumatism, greatly interfering with his work.

James Murphy, of Grafton, Ill., formerly of this place, arrived in town on Wednesday noon to spend the holidays with his many friends.

Miss Kathryn Hogan, who has been spending the last two months with relatives at Binghamton, N. Y, has returned to her home at this place.

Ralph H. Welsh and wife, of Medina, N. Y., are expected to arrive at Emporium on Saturday and will be guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welsh and family, West Fifth street.

Chas. T. Logan and wife, of Binghamton, N. Y., are due in Emporium on Friday to spend the Xmas season with former's parents and sister and Mrs. Logan's uncle and wife, M. T. Hogan and family.

Misses Kate Metzger and Vera Olmsted have arrived in town from Oberlin, Ohio, to spend the festive season, with their parents.

Prothonotary W. J. Leavitt attended the funeral of his late friend, William Buck, at Ridgway. They used to enjoy outings to-gether—Mr. Buck serving as cook for the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shade, of Sinnamahoning, arrived in town on Tuesday and will spend the week, guests at the home of the latter's mother. Mrs. Mary Butler, West Fourth street.

Mrs. James W. Brandt, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., and Miss Leicester Heisler, of Harrisburg, Pa., sisters of Mrs. M. L. Tate, accompanied by Mrs. Brandt's two children, are expected to-day and will spend the Holidays at the Episcopal Rectory.

Miss Stella Tebo, Emporium's young artist, returned to her home at this place this (Thurday) morning to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Mame Tebo. Miss Tebo is a student in the convent at St. Marys.

Misses Margaret Cavey, Marion Baldwin, Margaret Kelley and Kathryn Blumle, who are attending St. Elizabeth's College at Allegany, N. Y., arrived in town on Wednesday evening, to spend the Christmas season at their respective homes.

The PRESS is pleased to hear from our former townsman, Mrs. A. D. MacDonell, who is Treasurer of Westboro Lumber Co., at Westboro, Wis., renewing his paper for another year, also adding: "All the Emporium people are very well and busy, but all wishing to be back to Emporium for the holidays. Regards to all the boys."

Michael J. McLaughlin, of Chaffee, pleasantly remembered by many of our readers as a former engineer at the Pump Station on Hunts Run, came to Emporium, last Thursday, (guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Cummings at Cottage Hotel) accompanied by his very pleasant daughter, Miss Margaret —the latter calling at PRESS office yesterday to pay her respects and renew the PRESS for another year. While Mr. McL. returned home yesterday his good wife will join his daughter here to-day and together will visit relatives and friends at Scranton during Xmas tide.

Chas. C. Wiley, who has been located in Mass., for some time, came home last Sunday to spend the Xmas season with his mother and family. He will not return to headquarters at Boston, but has been placed in a new territory, Schnectady, Y. Y.

W. A. Dalrymple, who has been employed in Jackson, Ky., for the past year, arrived in town Wednesday evening to spend a short time with his family.

Our genial friend, Mr. Frank B. Hoag, of Cameron, accompanied by his bright young son Dean, were PRESS callers to-day.

The Churches.

FIRST BAPTIST.
REV. J. L. BOGUE, Pastor.

10:30 a. m.—Sermon, "The Hand of Almighty."

11:45 a. m.—Bible School. The lesson period will be taken up, the pastor in giving a Blackboard Talk.

6:30 p. m.—Y. P. Praise Service in the basement of Church.

7:30 p. m.—Union Service at the Presbyterian Church.

At the morning service the pastor and trustees desire the presence of every member of the church to consider a matter of importance.

***

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
REV. J. F. ANDERSON, Pastor.

Christmas sermon by the pastor at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., subject, "God's Unspeakable Gift." Christmas exercises in the Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. All members of the school are urged to be present at this hour. This congregation will join in the Union Christmas service to be held in the Presbyterian church at 7:30 p. m.

***

EMMANUEL CHURCH.
REV. M. L. TATE, Rector.

Christmas Day there will be an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock. A second celebration of the Holy. Eucharist at 10:30 o'clock. Christmas is a Day of Holy Obligation, so that all Christians ought to regard it as a gracious privilege to communicate.

Sunday school will convene at 12 m.

The evening service will be held at 5:00 o'clock. This service will consist of a shortened form of Evening Prayer and several solos will be sung.

The christian people of the community are cordially invited to worship with us at 5:00 o'clock, p. m.

***

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
REV. R. H. BENT, Pastor.

The worship at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning, Service of Praise and Sermon will be appropriate to Christmas Festival.

There will be a union Xmas service of churches at Presbyterian church in the evening. The Rev. J. F. Anderson of the M. E. Church is expected to preach for us.

All other churches are cordially invited to worship with us the evening of the Glad Day.

For Sale.

Good six room house; gas and city water, West Allegany Avenue, Emporium, Pa., lot 50x160. A bargain. Apply to Mrs. John Hennessy, Emporium, Pa. 45-4t.

Beautiful Table.

During this week, Miss Rose Smith has completed a most beautiful table and she can well be proud of her work. The top and sides is of glass and has been lined with cigar bands, arranged in a very neat manner. Miss Smith has had an offer of twenty-five dollars for the table. It certainly is very beautiful and reflects great credit upon the handiwork of Miss Smith.

Parties, Dances and Festivals.

The next ten days will be crowded with much merry making, following is just a few of Holliday celebrations:

On Saturday evening, of this week, the Christmas entertainment of the Emmanuel Sunday School will be observed in the Parish House.

Other churches will also observe the day by rendering special music and making glad the hearts of the Sunday School members by presenting gifts.

A Union Service of all the churches will b held at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening.

On Monday evening, all who desire, can have the opportunity of witnessing a fast game of basket ball, which will be played between Emporium and Butler, at the opera house.

Tuesday evening, December 27th, the regular dance of the Social Club will be given at the opera house.

Wednesday evening, Miss Bessie McQuay will entertain the Union Friendly Society at her home on Vine Street.

On Friday evening the Annual Dance of the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company will be given. Everyone should attend this dance. The Germania orchestra will be present.

Saturday evening, the attraction will be the production of "Uncle Daniel" at the opera house.

Several other parties will also take place during the week, but at this writing we have been unable to ascertain who will do the entertaining. This coming week will be one continual round of pleasure, and then people will say that Emporium is dead and that there is nothing doing.

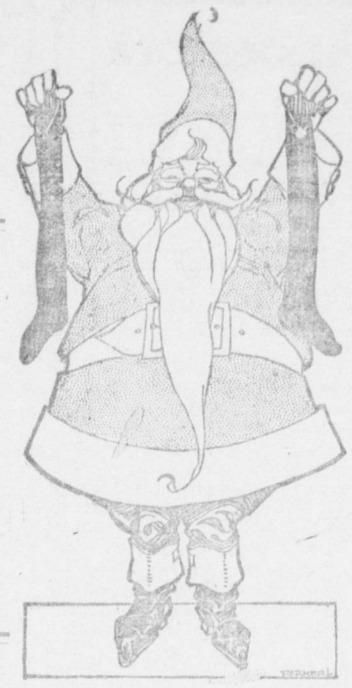
COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. HARRY A. HALL, President Judge and the Hons. GEO. J. LABAR, and JOHN A. WYKOFF, Associate Judges of Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron have issued their precept bearing date the 15th day of Oct. A. D., 1910 and to me directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court, and Court of Common Pleas in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 9th day of Jan. 1911, at 10 o'clock, a. m. and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1910, and in the 135th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. W. NORRIS, Sheriff.

DAY'S DAY'S



The Satisfactory Store — The Satisfactory Store

Another Yule Tide is Upon Us. Again we greet you and wish you

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

We have endeavored to help make it so, by rendering our best efforts in goods and sereice.

We thank you again for past patronage and solicit a continuance of same.

Store Closed Monday, Dec. 26.

Except for a short time in the morning, for your convenience and the correction of any errors that may have been made during the Christmas rush. Kindly bear this in mind when placing your Friday and Saturday orders.

Good Things for Your Christmas Dinner

Celery,
Lettuce,
Radishes,
Cucumbers,
Parsley,
Sweet Potatoes,
Squash,
Turnips.

Cranberries,
Grape Fruit,
Bananas,
Apples,
Oranges,
Grapes,
Confectionery,
Nuts, Figs, Dates.

Lucious Baltimore Shucked Oysters

Your Christmas and New Year's dinner will not be complete without them in some form.

Don't Forget — **Royal** High Grade Coffee — Don't Forget

Economy Prices for Friday and Saturday This Week

Sugar	25 lb. bag, Best Granulated.	$1.45	Olives	30c Queen Olives, The bottle	25c
Butter	"Clover Hill" Butter, the kind that brings you back for more. The lb	36c	Asparagus	35c can extra white Asparagus tips, the can	30c
Lard	Pure Hog Lard, in bulk, lb.	16c	Preserves	25c tin Heinzs Blackberry preserves, the can	22c
Honey	Pure new Cameron county Honey about 1 lb section each	15c	Salad Dressing	20c bottle My Wife's Salad Dressing the bottle	18c
Shredded Wheat Biscuit, the pkge.	15c package Shredded wheat	12c	Beans	Best California Lima Beans the lb	8c
Peas	15c can Petit Pois Peas French style, the can	12½c	Sardines	Domestic Sardines, pack in oil; 6 cans	25c

Delivery to All Parts of Town

You Get Better Values Here

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK But come to the store for week end sale.

YOURS FOR SERVICE,

J. H. DAY,

Phone 6. Emporium, Pa.

A Corner in Ancestors

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON

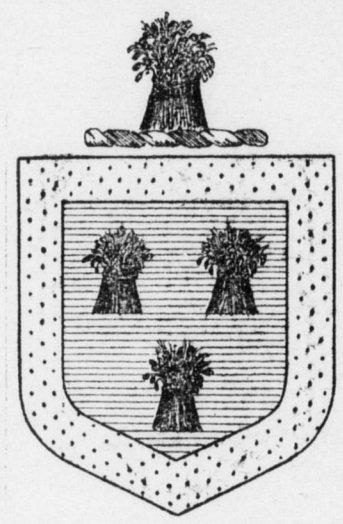
Cumming Family

(Copyright by McClure Syndicate)

This is a family which rose to great power and eminence both in England and Scotland.

The name is derived from Comines, a town of France, near Lille. Robert Comine, a follower of the Conqueror, became earl of Northumberland, when William in 1066, or thereabouts, was dealing out lands, manors and titles, with a lavish hand. From Robert descended William Cumine, lord chancellor of Scotland, 1124, time of David I. The lord chancellor laid the foundation of this powerful house, one of the most powerful of Scotland.

Before the time of Robert, there was an abbot of Icolmkill in the sixth century, who was called Cummine, and in the following century another



Cumming

abbot, named Comineas Albus. Sir Kenneth Cumming was a knight errant of a later date.

According to one story, the first of note of the family was killed with Malcolm III. in battle about 1093, and he left two sons, John and William, and "from John all the Cumins of Scotland descend."

Of this line, Sir John, the "Red Cumin," or Comyn, was the first lord of Badenoch, and in 1240 ambassador to the court of France. His son, John, called the "Black Lord of Badenoch, was inferior to no subject in Scotland for wealth and power, and was one who vowed to support Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., in her title to the crown." At her death he became a competitor for the crown of Scotland as the son and heir of John, who was son of Donald, king of Scotland.

"The great house of Comines" is the usual style, when speaking of the family, but you can spell the name in 40, more or less, ways.

Here are a few samples for gratuitous distribution: Beginning Comines, the name of the French town, the variations have been Cunmin, Cummin, Cummins, Cumyn, Comin, Comyn, Comines, Comynges, Comyns, Comings, Cummings, Cumings, Cumming.

Virginia and Maryland were early homes of the Cumming family, and there the name was usually spelled Cummins. The marriage connections of the southern branch include the Polks, Dennys, Hydes, Holts, Jennings, Edmundsons, Herberts and Langs.

In New England the more common orthgraphy has been Cummings. Isaac of Ipswich, Mass., is the forefather of this line, and a valuable asset as an ancestor for he was a man of mark, holding many offices. In 1641, he was constable, and his son Isaac was the deputy, and he also held many offices and was sergeant in an Indian war. Isaac, the first, was a pillar of the church, and none was more worthy in the town than old Deacon Cummings.

The pilgrim had several children; besides Isaac, there was John, who married Sarah Howlet, daughter of Sergt. Thomas and Alice French Howlet of Woburn, Mass.

Heitman's "Officers of the American Revolution," records the names of the following members of the Cumming family—all thus spelled, with the exception of Lieut. Alexander "Cummins" of Virginia. The other names are Lieutenants Thomas of Massachusetts, '76 to '78, and Thomas of the same state, '75; Lieutenant Jotham of New Hampshire, his name having the addition of "s;"; Lieut. Col. John Noble Cumming of New Jersey, '75 to '83. William Cumming, born in Georgia, 1790, was in the war of 1812, and his brother Alfred in the Mexican war.

The coat-of-arms reproduced, is blazoned: Azure; three garbs (or wheat sheaves) within a bordure, or.

Crest: A garb, or.

Motto: Courage.

Another coat-armor, blazoned in Burke's, is similar. Azure, an oval buckle, between three garbs, within a bordure, or.

Hamlin Family

Hamlin, at the time of its birth as a surname, was perhaps handicapped as Haemhlynna. All along the ages it has taken on a variety of forms, and in records of the Hamlins we find that Hamelinus (the Latin form) was one of its variants. And there were others: Hammelin, Hamelin, Hameline, Hamline, Hameln, Haemlyn, Hamlyn, Hamlen, Hamblin, and Hamblen. Hamblen and Hamlin are the more usual forms of the present day.

Hammeline is a name found in Domesday Book. One of William the Conqueror's followers was called Hamelinus, also Hameline and Hamelin. It was a custom, after the Conquest, for persons who had come over with William to be called by the name of the places they had come from, either in France or other countries, and to bestow these names upon the estates William so lavishly dealt out to them. Hamelinus may have been a native of France or Germany. Hamm is a town in Prussia, and was thus called in the eleventh century. Hamme is a place in Belgium. Hameln, or Hamelin, in Hanover, is famed as the scene of the myth of the "Pied Piper of Hameln." Although a myth, for a considerable time the town dated its public documents from that "event." In the seventeenth century some one writing of this myth, or "fact," as he calls it, says: "No music is ever allowed to be played in this particular street"—i. e., the street through which the pied piper piped the children.

Hameln or Hamelin is also called Hameola and Hamelowe. Hamburg, founded by Charlemagne in the ninth century, is a name having the same derivation, that is, ham, hama, hamma, or hame, a word meaning house, or dwelling, or home. From the word also comes hamlet, a collection of houses. Lin, linn, linne or llyn means a pool, pond or lake. Hiynna is a similar Saxon word meaning a torrent. Hammellyn, and its variations, therefore, meant originally "a home by the pool."

If Hamelinus, the follower of the Conqueror, was a Frenchman born, his native place was undoubtedly Ham, a small town and fortress on the river Somme. This town was in existence as early as the ninth century.

Among seats of the family, dating from that indefinite period known as time immemorial, may be named Leicester; Exeter; Hamlinston; Clovelly Court, Devonshire; also Lenwood, Bridestowe, Paschoe and Colebrook of the same county. One name we find in the records is that of Thomas Hamline, alderman of Drogheda.

In colonial times the more usual orthography of the name was Hamblen, and many of those who now bear this name, as well as many who are called Hamlin, descend from James Hamblen, who was one of the founders of Cape Cod or Barnstable, Mass., where

Hamlin

he settled in 1639. Another immigrant was Capt. Giles Hamlin, also called the Honorable Giles. He settled at Middletown, Conn.

The statesman of the family was Hannibal Hamlin, born in Maine. Leonidas, who spelled the name Hamline, was lawyer, bishop, editor and author.

The coat-of-arms illustrated, for the Hamlins of Leicester, is blazoned by Burke; gules (red), a lion rampant, ermine, crowned with an antique crown, or, (gold).

Crest: Seven arrows, points upward, proper (i. e., in proper or natural coloring).

The Hamelins bears arms: Argent (silver), three bulls passant, sable. Crest: a hand plucking a rose from a bush, proper.

The arms illustrated was granted to John de Hameline, a knight of Leicester, time of Edward I., or from 1272 to 1307. No date is given for the granting of the crest; nor do we know upon whom it was bestowed. While arms may exist without crests, all crests have their accompanying arms.

A Red Tag

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Evelyn Lane refused to marry him, Dan Kennett quietly pulled up stakes and got as far away from New York as his limited supply of money would take him. That is how he happened to be in charge of the survey of the government tract near Horse Lick Springs, Mont.

He had worked off the first bitter sting of disappointment, but there still remained the heartache and the growing conviction that there never could be another girl in the world for him.

In May the surveying party was within a stone's throw of the railroad whose shining rails flashed from east to west across the flat, gray prairie. Each day at noon the steel rails quivered under the thundering burden of the express train behind whose plate glass windows there was a fleeting glimpse of faces before the train became a mere speck in the distance again.

Dan Kennett had learned to long for its coming; there was always the possibility—a foolish and vain one, indeed—that some day it might come flying out of the east bearing the girl he loved to some other destination; his dreams were always that he might catch a glance of her eye or see her face—just once. And yet it never had happened, but there was always the hope!

All things are probable when one is thousands of miles from home and surrounded by flat stretches of gray prairie. But several weeks ago he had read in the society columns of a Sunday paper a paragraph about Evelyn Lane. She was preparing to go to California to be gone a year among friends.

So Kennett had watched the trains now with some real hope that he might see her passing, and he had calculated to a pitiful nicety the chances that she might, after all, have a chair on the opposite side of the train.

Today was hot and close; the sun shone mercilessly down on the little camp; the sagebrush crackled crisply under foot and a great and undying thirst seized the whole crew.

"We're going to give up for the rest of the day, Dan," said one of the boys about ten o'clock; "it's too blamed hot to do another stroke of work!"

"Very well," returned Dan, listlessly; "I'm pretty well done up myself. Guess I'll turn in for a while."

"We're going to ride over to the Springs and load in some water—the casks are getting low; it's lots cooler fussing around the water than rustling around here. Better come along."

"Perhaps I'll ride over a little later," evaded Dan, turning into his tent.

Browning smiled skeptically. "Waiting for the express, I'll bet a cookie! If you were a girl, Dan, I'd say you had a crush on the conductor of that train, the hungry way you look at it!"

"You'd be hungry looking, too, if you were looking for your rich uncle," retorted Dan, coolly.

"Get out!" sniffed Browning, striding off. "We'll expect you after your uncle arrives, eh?"

Dan did not reply. He stood in the doorway of the tent tingling with an anticipation that he could not understand. Perhaps it was because Browning had put some of his thoughts into words or—well, nothing would happen today. Probably Evelyn had gone by another route—it would be just his luck.

As noon drew near he wandered about the deserted camp and along the railroad, with his watch in his hand. And then, just on time, he heard the distant humming that announced the coming of the train. It grew louder and changed to a roar and then to thunder.

He stepped back, the better to watch the windows when they should flash past, and then—wonder of wonders—as it aproached the camp the train slowed down almost to a standstill. A man dropped down from the engine and ran to the forward driving wheels and the clank of a hammer on metal rang through the noon stillness.

Kennett walked eagerly along, looking up at the windows where stranger faces peered curiously down at the tall, strong figure clad in khaki with a broad hat pulled over his forehead, so eagerly inspecting the passengers.

When he reached the open door of the baggage car the engine was uttering preliminary grunts and thick black smoke drifted back, half obscuring the doorway. There was the barking of several dogs and among them a sharp insistent yelp that seemed vaguely familiar.

The smoke swirled aside and he caught a glimpse of the interior of the car and several crates containing dogs in different degrees of contentment. They seemed joined in protest against the liberty allowed a pretty fox terrier who danced delightedly at the end of a long chain held by a girl whose head was turned aside.

The train plunged forward, the fox terrier uttered one shrill bark and dashed through the doorway, striking Kennett fairly in the chest and knocking him over backward. Then the express gathered speed and thundered away, leaving Kennett sitting dazedly beside the track while a crazy fox terrier leaped upon him with velvet pink tongue and short, excited yaps of joy. The chain dangling from the collar flapped in the sagebrush and from a ring in the collar hung a red tag.

It was all over and a miracle had happened! Evelyn had been on that train. She was the girl who had stood in the baggage car and of whose face he had had a fleeting glimpse as the train dashed away! This crazy fox terrier, who had recognized in him a former master, was none other than Evelyn's dog, Flip. He gathered the wriggling little beast in his arms and rocked him lovingly.

The red tag bore a number and a most precious name—Evelyn's—and the destination, Los Angeles. He stored it away in his pocket.

He related the incident, shorn of its personal details, to the wondering party of water carriers when they came back to camp, and they accepted the addition of Flip with a hearty good will.

Several days passed while Dan marveled that no inquiry had been put in motion by the railroad people for the absconding bit of baggage.

Late one afternoon he rode over to the Springs; there was no mail at the postoffice, and when he had finished his business he mounted his horse and rode slowly out of the town back to the camp; Flip gamboled about the heels of the horse.

The way led among sand dunes standing like hooded monks along the trail; he stopped once and, half turning in his saddle, looked at the sunset. It reddened his bronze face and glinted on the damp rings of hair on his forehead. He pushed back his hat from his head and listened.

The steady beat, beat of hoofs grew nearer; some one was coming from the town—perhaps one of the boys had been in—but he had left all of them at camp. He waited for the rider to catch up with him. The horse was a strange one and the rider did not resemble any of his friends. A broad hat flapped up and down.

Dan Kennett's heart went up and down, up and down, as a girl's lovely face was revealed under the broad brim of the flapping hat; it stopped altogether when the rider resolved into Evelyn Lane herself, coming toward him with tremulous smile and pleading eyes. Flip raced crazily toward her.

"Dan!" she called, and it woke him from his stupor of surprise. In an instant he was on the ground and holding out his arms, and she slipped down from the saddle and into his embrace with the happiest sigh of content in the world.

Perched on a sand dune, after a long period of bliss, she told him how she came to be there.

She had loved him, but had doubted her own heart; and he had gone away so quickly. If he had waited a little! Then things had been very dull and she had decided to spend a year with an aunt in Los Angeles. She and Flip had started, and the day the train had stopped she had been visiting the terrier in the baggage car. When the chain slipped from her hand, she had caught an instant's glimpse of her lover.

At the first stop she made use of the information gathered as to the stopping place in the prairie; had taken a local train to the nearest point to Horse Lick Springs; had taken a stage to the Springs and from a hotel window had seen Dan Kennett.

She had called for a horse and followed him and—here she was! Dan took her back to the Springs in the afterglow, and the next day he accompanied her to a railroad station where she could resume her journey westward; he would join her as soon as his work was done and then they could be married. Before they parted, Dan solemnly tore the red tag in two pieces and gave one to his sweetheart. "If it hadn't been for that, Evelyn," he murmured, "this might not have happened."

Browning was relating a glimpse he had had of Dan's meeting with his sweetheart. "I say, fellows," he concluded, "I never saw a chap so glad to see his rich uncle in my life!"

Some Dreams of Color.

The combination of two tones by veiling has become a common device.

Therefore designers are always on the alert for new color schemes, nor are they content with two colors.

Below are a few combinations that have been tried which may prove suggestive to one looking for new effects.

Taupe tulle veils turquoise blue, which in turn shields delicately silvered gauze.

Over brilliant red satin is hung purple mousseline de sole covered with pale blue net.

Gold net is effective laid over Nattier blue, with palest mauve hung over that.

One of the newest frocks shows an openwork design of white embroidered mull over a slip of cerise satin, with, over the whole, a drapery of night-blue mousseline de sole.

Cannot Be Hidden.

True work inexorably ascends sooner or later into the light of the day.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

IS GAY WITH FLOWERS

SEASON'S MODES CALL FOR BRIGHT TRIMMINGS.

Roses and Poppies Divide Honors as Favorites on Hats, Bodices and Even Gowns—Other Flowers Favored.

Paris said "fruits and flowers" this fall, but it seems only flowers found a responsive echo in the popular taste of America. There are so many of these, on hats, bodices and even on gowns that the season is gay with them. Roses and poppies have divided honors as favorites. The large velvet poppy in red, and in all other colors, has proved a strong feature with the milliner. Roses both in velvet and silk as made by the manufacturers are almost everywhere. They

are in rich colorings and lustrous surfaces. A single velvet rose in a vivid cerise sets off a hat or gown of royal purple, and delights the eye as much as music charms the ear.

The zinnia, chrysanthemum and aster, are other flowers that are favored. Pansies and violets were inevitable as a result of the fancy for purple in gowns. They are lifelike and very beautiful. Small silk flowers, set in compact bouquets, and especially the heliotrope, hydrongia and forget-me-not, appear in millinery of the highest class.

But of all flower decorations, the roses, made of satin and metal tissues combined (cleverly fashioned by folding the material about a form, or by making separate petals) have proved the most distinctive and beautiful. They make one think of a brilliant winter sunset. Gold, silver and copper tissues, in bright or oxidized finish, plain or figured surfaces, are combined with satin in any rich color that harmonizes best with them.

These made roses are not confined to millinery at all. They are made in effective bouquets for the corsage, and in pompons or wreaths for the hair, and appear on the shirt draperies where these are caught up or fastened to the shirt. A bouquet of chiffon roses and tiny buds of chiffon make an exquisite garniture for the bodice. The foliage for all these fabric flowers is also made of the fabric (satin and metallic) and is usually small and inconspicuous, stems are of wire wound with silk. Such rich effects must be sparingly used.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DETAILS OF THE TOILETTE

Accessories Have Great Deal to Do With Smartness of General Effect.

The details and the accessories of a toilette often mean its smartness. Just now there is a great tendency toward the use of wide collars, and often these collars are in sailor shape at the back extended to form revers at the front that reach quite to the belt. New ones are made of black satin and designed to be worn over white or colored blouses.

Simulated boleros are among the latest developments of dressy costumes and numbers of new gowns are made with trimming so manipulated that it falls loosely over the high girdle giving the bolero suggestion. Smart ones are edged with gold and bead fringe not more than an inch in width and the effect is exceedingly attractive. It has been said again and again that the genuine boleros will make a feature of mid-winter and early spring and it is likely that these suggested ones are forerunners of the incoming style, but in any case they are pretty and attractive and very generally becoming.

All sorts of new materials are used for the making of blouses to wear with tailored suits, but the latest is all-over cotton embroidery in eyelet design, dyed to match the costume, made over a soft silk which may be in matching color or of contrast as best suits the special costume. A lovely gray one seen recently is made over pale pink silk veiled with chiffon and the result is fascinating in the extreme.

Use of Turpentine.

There are few houses that are not familiar with some uses of turpentine. Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains; a few drops added to water, in which clothes are boiled, will whiten them. Pitch, wheel grease and tar can be quickly removed if the spot is covered with lard and soaked with turpentine. Ivory knife handles that become yellow can be restored to their whiteness by rubbing with turpentine. An equal mixture of turpentine and linseed oil will remove white marks on furniture. Clean gilt frames with a sponge moistened with turpentine.

HOLDER FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Novel Idea for Those Who Employ Spare Time in Making Pretty Trifles.

Something that will hold a number of midget or carte-de-visite photographs makes a pretty and, at the same time, useful decoration for the wall. The novel one we illustrate will, I feel sure, be appreciated by our readers, who employ their spare

time in making pretty trifles to beautify their homes.

For this holder you must cut a large star out of stout cardboard; it would be well after deciding on the size to cut it out in paper to ensure getting the points all the same size and shape. When this is correct mark it in pencil on the cardboard, and you can cut it out without difficulty. Cover first with a piece of olive-green satin, silk or linen, then line the back with sateen, bind the edges with a pretty galloon or with gold tinsel lace. Two straps of ribbon at least six inches wide are drawn tightly across the star, and the ends are finished on opposite sides with bows of narrower ribbon. The straps of ribbon may be tacked down here and there at the lower edge. A loop of ribbon finished with a bow is sewn at the back to hang the star up by.

The Literary Man

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk, and my daughter's socks and my wee baby's building blocks, three spools of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut-out games, some scissors, and my wife's new waists, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cook book and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of hand-made hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hair brush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal pome that will have Swinburne double-crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.

Dress Up-to-Date.

DRESSES FOR MISSES

SMART AND SIMPLE EFFECTS FOR THIS SEASON.

Exaggerations Which Mark Women's Dresses Are Not Favored for Little Girls' Frocks—Soft-Finished Wool Favorite Material.

Happily for the comfort of childhood, the exaggerations which mark woman's dress are not favored for little girl's frocks. With the extremes of fashion, the imported things and domestic ones designed for wealth and opulence of taste, there are many close imitations of grown-up follies—skimpy little skirts, pretty enough to look at with their tight bottom bands, and coats hobbled in at the bottom and trimmed with the big revers whose outer points drop to the waist.

For the sensible dress worn by girls between six and ten years a soft finished wool, plain or patterned, is admired above everything. For the smarter of the little frocks, broadcloth and basket serge are liked, velvet trimming the first perhaps and silk bands or a very handsome stitching the last. The dress-up gown may be of voile, marquisette, prunella, crape or challie, a kimono coat in lansdowne or broadcloth coating in soft brown, blue or red going with any of these.

In point of style the body of the useful frock is cut long, the belt falling below the normal line and the little blouse fitted at the shoulders with Gibson plaits. The short skirt that is attached to this may be gored or side or box plaited. Guimpes are shallower than formerly when there is a round neck cut, but as some of the little bodices fold surplice fashion in the front the guimpe may then show a V of considerable length. White undersleeves go only with the dressier frocks, the little gown of fine wool, or silk, or crepe or veiling that is fussed up somehow and intended only for best wear. The little school dress, the useful going-out frock and the Sunday school one meant for average purses have wrist length sleeves, cozily fastening about the wrist sometimes with close cuffs.

Colors for these small fry are often very rich, magnificent shades of a coppery red, a dazzling blue and lovely tones of golden brown being favored. Where a material is patterned—plaids, checks or stripes—it is possible to vary the look by making the frock on

High-Necked and Long-Sleeved Frock for School Wear.

the straight and the trimming on the bias. A whole dress may be made up in this way, the sharp contrast between the straight and bias of the various sections creating a very smart effect. It is a good idea for the mother who cannot afford extra trimming, for as a rule goods treated in this manner do not require other garniture.

Here is the school frock par excellence, for except the least bit of plain color a plaid goods made in this way need have no other trimming. The high neck and long sleeves also do away with the eternal worry of a clean guimpe and, besides, insure adequate protection against the cold. The plaited skirt with its box-plaited front is a facsimile of the other, for this model is widely used. Both of the little frocks are one-piece models and fasten at the back.

Blue is an excellent plain color for this useful frock, and with this a bright or dull shade or red might be used for the trimming, or a striped material might be made on the straight and trimmed with a bias—this used as here for the collar, belt, cuffs and piping.

With the finer frocks, too, handsome materials with velvet trimming, the guimpe is now more often of lace veiled with colored chiffon than in pure white.

Mary Dean

PRETTY WALKING COSTUME

Becoming Style That Is Made Up Admirably From Any Firm Cloth or Serge.

Any firm cloth or serge would make up admirably in this becoming style, which has the skirt arranged with a tunic or over-skirt that is trimmed at the edge by a band of braided

cloth; the under skirt is then closely plaited.

The coat is made with a plaited basque to match skirt; folds are arranged at the sides, and the trimmings are of braided cloth.

Hat of black velvet trimmed with a large white glace bow.

Materials required: Six yards 48 inches wide, one yard cloth, about three dozen yards braid, four yards silk for lining coat.

Sewing Machine Hint.

It is often difficult to sew any thin fabric, such as any of the modish veiling materials, or silk or muslin, on the machine without puckering it.

This can be avoided by placing a sheet of tissue paper under the material and stitching through the material and the paper. When finished, the paper can easily be torn away, and you will find that your work is quite flat and smooth.

To Clean Embroidery.

Dip a camel's hair brush in spirits of wine and brush all over the embroidery until it is quite clean. The brush should be frequently rinsed in some spare spirits, in another glass, to remove the dirt.

The embroidery need not be taken off the garment or piece.

To Serve at Teas.

A new delicacy to serve at teas instead of the inevitable sandwich is a round cracker spread with cottage cheese, as if it were butter, and with a maraschino cherry placed in the middle. It is easy to make, and delicious.

The Apprentice Mark.

"As you know, the wearing of the apprentice knot, or 'figure of eight,' is limited to those men who enlisted while the 'apprentice boy' system, with its classes, was a regulation.

Certainly the apprentice of ten years ago earned his little emblem with his experiences on board the old windjammers of the Monongahela and Constellation type, but do you think that the apprentice seaman of today is worthy of the 'figure of eight' after he has won his 'cigarette mark?'

"Surely after drilling a steady three or four months he has done pretty nearly the equal in manual and mental labor of the now past 'apprentice boy.' Besides this the apprentice mark makes the jumper look neater when worn on our blues."—Correspondence of the Bluejacket.

Catching.

Cannibal—"How did our chief get that attack of hay fever?" 'Nother Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."—Cleveland Leader.

Two Useful Coats

TWO useful styles are illustrated here, both suitable for cloth, serge or tweed.

The first is a semi-fitting coat for a girl of fourteen to sixteen years; it is single-breasted and has wide revers and collar trimmed with Russian braid; the cuffs and pockets are trimmed to match.

Hat of stitched velvet swathed with soft silk.

Materials required: Four yards cloth 48 inches wide, one dozen yards braid, two dozen buttons, four yards silk for lining coat to hips.

On the right is a lady's coat, and would look well in serge or cloth. It has a panel back and front, and fastens below the revers, which are faced with material; small buttons and loops of braid trim these, also the cuffs.

Hat of soft felt trimmed with feathers.

Materials required: Four and one-half yards serge 48 inches wide, 1½ dozen buttons, 4½ yards silk for lining to hips.

ARRANGE FLOWERS TASTILY

A Little Thought and Time Alone Necessary to Produce An Artistic Effect.

A knack for arranging flowers may be developed into a great gift by the girl who wishes to add to her personality the charm of varied accomplishments.

Even in elaborate establishments the most exquisite and expensive hothouse blossoms are often poorly arranged. They are left to servants who are ignorant of artistic effect, and so lose half their beauty.

If a girl has a pretty gift of this sort she may often have occasion to use it at week-end parties and so lift a large item of worry from the harassed mind of the house party hostess and at the same time gain for herself the reputation of being a most satisfactory guest.

At country houses where flowers are brought every day from the hothouses only a little time every morning need be given to seeing that the vases are freshly filled and taste displayed in their arrangement. But if one is staying in a simpler house then more time is required for the exercise of this happy gift, as the flowers must be picked as well as arranged.

If there is a clock and pair of candlesticks or vases of bronze on the mantle, surround them with ivy or a groundwork of caladium leaves, filled in with the clusters of pink dahlias, which must be put into small bowls of water that are hidden by the greenery. Or, remove the ornaments and have seven white candles graduated in pyramid fashion, the tallest in the center. Each candle must be stuck firmly into a small can filled with sand and hidden by the foliage.

The floral arrangements should conform with the candles, graduating in pyramid style. This arrangement has a striking effect at night when the same flowers are piled in like manner on the dinner table.

A more simple idea can be carried out by filling a shallow pan with wet sand and imbedding the candles in this. Then fill the pan with flowers or merely asparagus fern in the center with a border of white, pink or yellow chrysanthemums, set singly and primly in.

Cheap Cuff Links.

Cuff links of good quality are far from inexpensive, and the inferior ones mounted in brass are apt to stain ones linen. A good substitute is to purchase the pretty pearl buttons which sell two for five cents; choose either the kind with shanks or with holes. Whatever style is chosen, bind them in pairs with a loop of silk cord to form sleeve links. They will be found serviceable and neat. Buttons that have been tubbed are not so desirable, as washing destroys the luster of the pearl.

To Fasten Flowers.

To wear a cluster of flowers or a single blossom on a tailor-made coat, sew a little loop of heavy braid underneath the collar lapel with the ends sewed together at the outer edge, just under the buttonhole.

In this way flowers can be attached without sticking a pin into delicate cloth just where it will show most. It is a plan adopted by men also for their bouttonieres and a very useful one.

DRESS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Recently Devised Garment That Surely Has Many Points of Excellence.

Women generally might be interested in hearing about a work dress that is evidently convenient.

It is made like a coat, is fitted in the back, while the fronts are cut so large they fold over as far as the underarms. Just at this point a short belt is sewed to each front and corresponding slits are left in the underarm seams.

The dress is cut square in the neck and has long sleeves. It is open all the way down the front and put on like a coat. The fronts cross and the belts pass through the slits, buttoning in the back.

Only a few minutes are necessary to adjust the dress, and for slipping on to get an early breakfast or over a good gown to get dinner at night it cannot be excelled.

Again, as the frocks are double, when the one front becomes soiled the other can be placed over it and conceal the soil so that the frock lasts twice as long as the usual model housework dress.

PRETTY CAMISOLE.

Made from a piece of wide flounce embroidery threaded with ribbon, which forms the shoulder strap.

To Make Stockings Last.

In order to make new stockings last beyond their time one clever woman rubs paraffin on the heels and toes before putting the stockings on. They wear wonderfully under this treatment.

Another woman who considers this method uncomfortable (though, really, it is not so) runs a stocking darner into her new hosiery and darns it round and round at heel and toe with fine darning cotton. Done once, it never seems to be needed again, and the stockings last practically forever.

Some of the new traveling coats have pockets almost as big as hand bags.

The KITCHEN CABINET

WE MAY live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized men cannot live without cooks. —Owen Meredith.

Soups Without Meats.

In these days of high prices we must use every means to have a good meal with a small expenditure. Soup starts a meal well and there are legion that may be prepared very cheaply. The object of taking soup at the beginning of a meal is to warm, stimulate and prepare the stomach for the heavier meal that is to follow. The clear beef soups are valuable only as to warmth and stimulation. Cream soups are a food, and are only served when the dinner or meal to follow is a light one.

Cream of Corn Soup.—Take a can of corn, a quart of milk and a grated onion; cook together until well heated; add a binding of a tablespoonful of butter and flour cooked together, and added to the soup. Season with salt and pepper, put through a sieve, reheat and serve.

Potato soup is one that is most appetizing. Use two or three potatoes, cook until tender with a slice of onion, put through a sieve, add a quart of milk and the binding of a tablespoonful of butter and flour; season and serve.

Clear Tomato Soup.—Add a pint of water to a quart of stewed tomatoes, a slice of onion, salt, a sprig of celery and a little red pepper and a bay leaf. Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour and add to the soup; strain and serve with croutons.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Scrape 12 good-sized roots of the oyster plant or salsify, and throw them at once into cold water. Cut in thin slices and cook until tender in boiling water. Add a quart of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a few dashes of cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Searve in a tureen with oyster crackers.

Pea Soup.—Take a quart can of peas, heat and put through a sieve; add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a pint of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour cooked together and added to bind. Cook until smooth, season with salt and pepper and serve.

Spinach and asparagus make very wholesome soups, also onion and cabbage. Celery makes a soup of delicate flavor and may be made of the parts of the celery too coarse to serve in other ways.

I FIND earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop, I pick a posy;
Do I stand and stare, all's blue.
—Robert Browning.

Left-overs.

There is a prejudice in the minds of many people that anything warmed over or served the second time is objectionable. There are rare housekeepers who are able to make ends meet and not have any waste. In planning the meals for a week ahead one is able to make dishes for breakfast or supper from the leftover of the day before. Vegetables of all kinds may with careful handling be transformed into salads, creamed and escalloped dishes; in fact, there are numerous ways of serving them.

Meats, being our most expensive food, must be bought and prepared with care. The most expensive cuts do not contain any more nutriment than the cheaper ones. By slow cooking and care in seasoning the cheaper meats may be made most appetizing. A nice way to use bits of leftover chicken is to add it to cooked macaroni in layers, adding gravy or cream for moisture, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

After a boiled dinner, a most delicious hash may be made which many prefer to the boiled dinner itself. Chop the corned beef, after freeing it from all gristle, and add an equal quantity of the cold vegetables—beet, carrot, cabbage, turnip and potato. Season with salt and pepper, add a little water and cook slowly until brown underneath. Turn and fold on a platter. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Luncheon Chicken.

Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with a slice of onion and a slice of carrot cut in bits for five minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and one cup of chicken stock. Strain and add a cup of cold cooked chicken, cut in dice and well seasoned. Turn on a buttered platter and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Make four nests, and in each slip an egg; sprinkle with crumbs and set in the oven until the eggs are firm. This is a dish of nutriment sufficient for a dinner.

Fatherland Loaf.

Butter a long, narrow tin and line it with mashed potatoes an inch thick. Fill with roast beef chopped coarsely; seasoned with salt, onion, rice and pepper and moistened with gravy. Cover with another layer of potato and bake a half hour. Turn out on a hot platter and cut in slices to serve.

THERE is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around.
Oh, thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot thy home.

French Dishes.

So deeply rooted and grounded are we in the belief that French cookery is the sine qua non of that art that the impression lingers after the fact has been demonstrated that though France knows much, she does not know all. Mark Twain, who appreciated a good dinner and had also the courage of his convictions, wrote in his pleasing way, of the ordinary dinner, served as it is in Europe by the French cook:

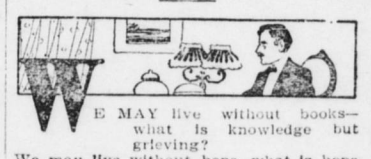
"The European dinner is better than the European breakfast, but it has inferiorities; it does not satisfy." We must admit, however, that the French have distanced us in matters of economy. They look with dismay upon the huge roasts and steaks which are found on many American tables.

Onion Soup With Eggs and Cream.

This is a delicious soup. Take six white onions, cut fine, and fried a light brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Then add a quart of boiling water and one pint of milk, season with a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, a pinch of mace and a teaspoonful of sugar. Cook slowly for an hour and strain; then beat four eggs to a foam, add a cupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water; cook for a few minutes to remove the raw taste of the cornstarch, then add the eggs, as the soup must not be boiled after the eggs are added, as that will curdle the soup.

Cream Fritters.

Take one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, a cup of blanched and chopped almonds, flavor with orange. Scald the milk, add a tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk. Add the sugar, butter and salt and cook ten minutes. Then add six well-beaten eggs, spread an inch thick in a buttered pan and cool. When firm cut in strips an inch wide and three inches long; roll carefully in fine crumbs, dip in beaten egg and fry in deep fat. Drain on paper and serve hot.



WE MAY live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
—Owen Meredith.

Soup Garnishes.

The garnishing of soups make them more attractive and also more nutritious. Here are a few of the many garnishes:

Cheese Balls.—Take half a cup of flour, half a cup of milk, a tablespoonful each of butter and cheese, a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne. Mix in a double boiler, cook until smooth, add one beaten egg and remove as soon as the egg is cooked. Cool, and when cool enough make into balls the size of hickory nuts. Drop into the boiling soup and cook a minute; serve immediately.

Almond Balls.—Pound a dozen blanched almonds to a fine powder. Beat two eggs until light, season with salt and pepper, add the almond meal, a half teaspoonful of chapped parsley and three-fourths of a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll into small balls and drop into the boiling soup five minutes before serving.

Marrow Balls.—Take a piece of marrow the size of an egg; mix with one cupful of crumbs moistened with cold water and two unbeaten eggs to bind. Shape in small balls, drop into the boiling soup and cook gently before serving.

German Soup Balls.—Roll crackers until fine, mix with butter and make into firm balls the size of a marble. Drop into the soup just before serving.

Egg Dumplings.—Beat two eggs, add a cup of milk, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a smooth, thick batter; stir until free from lumps and drop by spoonfuls into the boiling soup.

Egg Custard.—Beat three eggs and add half a cup of soup stock. Butter a small pan and pour in the mixture. Set into a pan of hot water and put into the oven to cook until firm. When cold cut in squares or any fancy shape and serve in the soup. Adding the custard just before serving.

Nellie Maxwell

Beheading.

Chinese officials have been accustomed to methods which will make it hard for the new railways over there to carry out a policy of refusing passes to persons of governmental influence.—Washington Star.

Another Year Almost Gone.

We hope our patrons are pleased with our efforts to give them, this Christmas-tide, an up-to-date Illustrated Holiday Press, comprising 48 columns of the choicest reading matter and an engraved cover, at no small expense. As usual our force of workmen, supplied with an abundance of the latest faces of type, etc., have displayed excellent ability, equal to the best city "ad" construction. Our large advertising patronage appreciates the fact that the PRESS has the material, the workmen and the reputation. We thank our patrons for their liberal patronage and assure one and all that we shall strive to continue to warrant their confidence. We regret we could not give some of our patrons as much space as they desired the past two issues.

We desire that all readers carefully read every page of this great issue and tell us where we might have improved it. It is our wish to please the patrons of the PRESS, that our usefulness may increase and that the CAMERON COUNTY PRESS may be a welcome visitor to every fireside within the confines of this county, as well as the neighboring counties. We are proud of the old PRESS and we have a right to be, for it has been our home ever since we were a young lad; your interests are ours. We are all, or should be, working for the common good of this people.

And now, dear friends, let us give thanks for all the benefits a kind Providence has seen fit to bestow upon us. Let us throw the mantle of charity around the wayward and aid them to walk alone. Let us, one and all, endeavor to make some poor person feel that this is not a cruel, cold world.

With heartfelt thanks to all and many wishes for readers of the PRESS, we remain

Your Obedient Servant,
HENRY H. MULLIN.

Dec. 21st, 1910.

Leadbetter-Andrews.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, at high noon, at the home of Mrs. Frances Russell, on the Portage, when her grand-daughter, Miss Frances Leadbetter, daughter of Mr. M. J. Leadbetter, became the wife of Mr. Arch Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luman Andrews, of Coudersport. Rev. J. L. Bogue, pastor of the First Baptist Church, performed the ceremony in the presence of about fifty friends and relatives. Miss Marguerite Metzger, of this place, was maid of honor and Mr. Clyde Webb, of Coudersport, did the honors of best man. Miss Katie Kraft presided at the piano and rendered the wedding music. The bride was very becomingly gowned in white and the maid of honor was attired in pink. The groom and his attendant wore the conventional black. After the ceremony an elaborate wedding dinner was served. Mrs. Andrews is a young lady of many sterling qualities. Having been born and raised in Emporium, she is well known and has hosts of friends. "Duckie" as the bride is familiarly known, is sure to make a good, true helpmate to the husband of her choice and he is to be congratulated in securing as his bride one of Emporium's most popular daughters.

Mr. Andrews, while not being very well known here, has made many friends in town during his several visits (?) to this place. The writer having known Mr. Andrews for several years, can speak in terms of loudest praise. He is an industrious, upright young man and the bride is also to be congratulated in the choice of a husband. The bride was the recipient of many useful and beautiful gifts. The happy couple departed on Buffalo Flyer No. 51, for a short wedding trip to Buffalo and other northern points and upon their return will be "at home" to their many friends at the old home on the Portage. The PRESS wishes them *bon voyage* over life's sea. Mr. and Mrs. Luman Andrews, father and mother of the groom, Messrs. Walter Gordineer and Clyde Webb, of Coudersport, were the guests present from out of town.

Don't Overlook This Feature.

In the hurry of selecting Christmas presents you should not forget the important feature of reliability in anything you give as a present. This is best illustrated in this way: The House of Metzger the Jeweler, was established in 1863, and any present bearing the imprint of this establishment, has reliability in the broadest sense of the word guaranteed to it. If you should receive a gift that was bought at this establishment, that does not prove absolutely all that it was recommended, you will confer a great favor upon the proprietor by bringing it back and allowing us to make it satisfactory.

42-4t. METZGER THE JEWELER.

Emmanuel Church, Emporium, Pa., Sunday School Christmas Service, Saturday Evening, Dec. 24th, 1910, at 7 o'clock.

1.	Hymn 540.	
2.	The Lesson.	
3.	The Prayers.	
4.	Recitation,	Robert Howard
5.	Christmas Morn,	Mary Brandt
6.	Recitation,	Helen Taggart
7.	Exercise—"Jesus,"	Five Children
8.	Little Things,	Paul Tate
9.	Christmas Day,	James Brandt
10.	Hymn 50.	
11.	Luther's Cradle Hymn,	Margaret Tate
12.	Merry Christmas,	Josephine Howard
13.	Exercise—The Gift of God,	Four Girls
14.	O! Little Town of Bethlehem,	Elizabeth Howard
15.	The Christmas Bells,	Charlotte Jessup
16.	Sign of Christmas,	Charles Clark
17.	The Angel's Song,	Dorothy Foster
18.	A Boy's Christmas Giving,	Fay Norris
19.	Christmas Has Come,	Five Girls
20.	Solo,	Miss Elizabeth Crandell
21.	Forth to Meet Him,	Dorothy Howard
22.	A Christmas Vision,	Clara Logan
23.	Recitation,	Arthur Warner
24.	A Christmas Tree,	Cecil Clark
25.	A Song of Christmas,	Sarah Viner
26.	Recitation,	Matthew Burns
27.	Recitation,	George Warner
28.	Hymn 54.	
29.	Playing Christmas Fairies,	Five Girls
30.	Recitation,	Irwin Burns
31.	Once Upon a Mid-night Holy,	Frances Tate
32.	To all the Wide, Wide, World,	Charles Viner
33.	A Christmas Child,	Howard Craven
34.	Only a Fair Young Mother,	Florence Tate
35.	The Best Gift,	Clara Logan
36.	The First Christmas Tree,	Carolyn Moore
37.	A Christmas Hymn,	Mildred Faucett
38.	The First Christmas,	Luther Tate
39.	Distribution of Gifts.	
40.	Hymn 59.	
41.	Benediction.	

DEATH'S DOINGS.

MURRY.

The funeral of the late EDWARD MURRY, whose sudden death we refered to in our last issue, took place from his late residence on East Allegany Avenue, Friday afternoon. The Rev. M. L. Tate, Rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. J. F. Anderson, pastor of the M. E. Church, conducted the services, which were very largely attended. Interment was made in the Newton-Wiley Cemetery. The following relatives from out of town were in attendance at the funeral: Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hackett (sister), Mr. and Mrs. Homer DeWitt (neice), of Buffalo, N. Y.. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robinson (sister), Eulclair, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murry, St. Marys, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherall (sister), of Olean, N. Y. and Mr. Daniel Kearns and daughter, Miss Georgia (cousins), of Williamsport. The floral offerings were very beautiful.

BUCK.

Last Saturday evening news came over the wire from Ridgway that Mr. William J. Buck, the well known and respected conductor on the P. & E. division had died suddenly at that place. Mr. Buck had just completed his run, arriving at Ridgway, at 7:35 and was going to the Salberg hotel at which he, with his family, were boarding. Deceased was seen to fall and several ran to his aid, and was carried into a near restnarant, but before the arrival of a physician, expired. Deceased was born at Mifflin, Pa., and was about forty-three years of age. Mr. Buck had been a sufferer from heart trouble for several years, the result of passing through a railroad accident a few years ago at Sterling Run and had been in the hospital to receive treatment only a few months ago. Deceased was well known at all the points along the P. & E. line. The funeral was conducted from the Salberg residence, at Ridgway, on Tuesday afternoon and a delegation from the Masonic order of this place, of which he was a member, attended the funeral. The active casket bearers were selected from the Emporium Lodge and were as follows: Hon. Geo. J. LaBar, E. W. Gaskill, E. C Davison, John T. Howard, J. B Loucks and K. R. Vought. The Honorary bearers were selected from the Renovo Lodge of Elks and the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. A wife and one child, his aged father, Mr. Samuel Buck, are left to mourn his death.

The Best Lighted Place in Town.

If you want to see a beautifully lighted room you are invited to call and inspect the store room of Metzger the Jeweler. You are not expected to buy unless you want to, but he would rather you would come and not buy, than not come at all, so everybody go and inspect the store, you will be welcome if you never spend a cent.

42-4t.

Surprise Party.

A Surprise was tendered Mrs. Charlotte Bliss at her home on East Fifth street, last Tuesday evening, by friends and neighbors. About seventy-five persons were present and all had a royal good time,

With The Magazines.

THE DELINEATOR FOR JANUARY.

The Christmas spirit is still apparent in the Delineator for January. There are beautiful Christmas illustrations in vivid color by Blanche Greer, Howard Chandler Christy, B. J. Rosenmayer and James Moore Preston. The frontispiece is an illustration by Paul Meylan, for "Sarolta" and the cover design is a pretty girl in various shades of green.

In "Conversazione," Erman J. Ridgway pleads for the understanding and happiness of little children.

The fiction marks the beginning of "Sarolta," a new serial by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The scene of the opening installment is London, and the hero falls in love at first sight. The heroine's ambition to become an opera singer promises some interesting complications. There is a rollicking story of a proposal by Emery Pottle, and a sweet Christmas story by Miriam Cruikshank which tells of the subtle knitting of the bond of friendship between the decendants of the Puritans and the Hebrews who have come among us. The fourth story is by Mary Heaton Vorse, and a new series of "Letters From a Worldly Godmother" is begun.

The articles this month tell what "Mr. Edison Says" about the marvels of electricity, the experiences of the wife of an American diplomatist at the court of Germany, and what is being done for convicts in Colorado under the influence and example of Judge Ben Lindsey and his Children's Court. In "Seven Times a Servant" Anne Forsyth tells of her experiences with an unreasonable mistress, and Mabel Potter Daggett contributes a powerful and convincing article on "The Library's Part in Making Americans."

An Old-Time Woodsman.

Mr. R. D. Walker, an employee of Cameron Powder Co., at Wyside, was a PRESS visitor on Friday last, pushing his PRESS well along. Mr. Walker is an old-time woods cook and his talks on former days in this county are very interesting. His reminiscences of the early days on Hunt's Run, when Webb and Allen Russell were turning out pine spars, as straight as an arrow and measuring one hundred and twenty feet in length, causes one to think hard of how careless the people were of the wealth in those days. The poor despised hemlock, that has made millions upon millions of money for the younger generation, had it been conserved would today build another Panama canal and then some. Our friend Walker, while he visited the PRESS, did not forget his old friend, Chas. L. Butler, of this place, who when a boy came to his cabin for work and a square meal. We hope Mr. Walker will some day spin a few yarns for the PRESS readers, giving his early experiences in the pine forests of Cameron and other counties.

Found.

A pocket book, containing a sum of money. Call upon John Kelley, pay charges and prove property.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1910.

The Pasadena, California girls refuse to dance with the Japanese naval officers; the ball is called off; the Japanese admiral in high dudgeon sails away, and all Japan resents the affront. The Pasadena girls were within their rights and they have the sympathy of California girls and the girls of the United States. But what about this International Exposition for which California and the Pacific coast is clamoring? The support of the exposition, if held in San Francisco, must come from the Orient. We all know the attitude of San Francisco to the Orient. It very recently brought us to the verge of war with Japan, and there are possibilities of serious trouble in an International Exposition held on the Pacific slope. The proper place for an exposition to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal will be the capital of the United States.

The Secretary of War has just returned from the Philippines by way of Asia and Europe, bringing the somewhat trite information that our Malayan acquisition from Spain, is not fit for self-government. Well, what country ever was fit? The real difference is that the Philippines are less fit, or least fit. It is a positive benediction to some countries like India, Egypt and the Philippines to be governed by an Anglo-Saxon people. All children need guidance and control, and these peoples are not only "half devil and half child," but "devil, ostrich and orphan child in one."

The President's message is the most voluminous ever printed, and is generally considered to be an important and up-to-date document. Few readers will peruse it from end to end, and the epitomies furnished by the press are excellent as time savers. The President earnestly favors the fortification of the Panama Canal, and surely if it is worth digging, it is worth defending. Without fortification it could be destroyed by a few pounds of dynamite in a single night. To fortify the Canal is no challenge to the peace of the world. International interests demand its protection.

The Secretary of Agriculture has now completed his most optimistic of reports. The value of the Agricultural products of the country in 1910 is estimated at $8,926,000,000 and Mr. Wilson says that at no time in the world's history has a country equalled this record. It is quite probable that those even who are now past middle age may see an agricultural output equalling in value one trillion of dollars.

The recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture to eliminate middlemen and for co-operative organizations of farmers and co operative societies of consumers to get together, shortening the distance between the farm and the dinner-table, is well worthy of consideration and action.

There is expectation that the recently elected congress will be less under the hypnotism of the express companies and more mindful of the popular demand for a parcels post than past Congresses have been. The President in his message urges legislation authorizing the Post Office Department to transport packages in the mails at reasonable rates with reasonable limitations as to bulk and weight. The present mailing conditions are most unreasonable, having been dictated by the express companies to throw the cream of the carrying business in their direction. The backwardness of our country in this modern postal facility is shameful, for the parcels post is extant even in such countries as China, Japan, Africa, Australia, Asia Minor, Turkey and Korea, to say nothing of European countries.

Current Comment.

CALAMITY HOWLERS.

Some of the Democratic newspapers are chortling over the "small comfort" accorded the "calamity howlers" by the business prophecies of the United States Treasury and the heads of the big corporations.

We would remind these editors that the calamity howlers had their innings last November. The party which tasted defeat is not a party of calamity, but a party whose purpose, whether in or out of office, is to build up rather than to tear down.

There will be no howls of calamity from the Republican camp until calamity arrives, and we sincerely hope that it may not arrive. Republicanism has always been another name for optimism, and whether this optimism has paid, or whether the time is more propitious for Democratic pessimism is a question which will be decided after March 4.

It is true that the "calamity howlers are lonesome," not because of any change in the business conditions created under successive Republican administrations, but because the country suddenly and unexpectedly delivered itself partly into their hands, abruptly depriving them of their chief occupation.

Thus, even in the face of the disappointments of the last Congressional election, we can be thankful and cheerful.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

$50,000,000 BOND ISSUE.

Proposition to Give Pennsylvania a Good System of Roads.

In the last issue of the Pennsylvania Good Roads Bulletin the following article appeared regarding the building of good roads in this State:

"The injustice of asking the township to construct or assist in construction of the main highways has long been recognized by every student of the good roads problem. The main roads are traveled by the citizens of several townships and oft times by those of the adjoining boroughs and cities. We would cite many hundreds of instances of main roads in Pennsylvania where the traffic over these roads by the citizens of the township in which they lie does not equal one-tenth of the total traffic. Why should that township be compelled to improve and maintain that road for the benefit of the other nine-tenths who use it? The main roads are used by the citizens at large, and we have maintained for years past that they should be improved and maintained solely by the "citizens at large," i. e., the State. The dwellers in the cities will obtain direct benefit from good roads even if they never use a vehicle, from the economical results to the producer of the necessaries of life—the farmer. If they consider that the cost of hauling in this State to the farmer over bad roads is three times the cost in Europe or in good roads sections in this country, and to be added to this excessive cost of hauling is the fact that farms in bad roads sections produce less, it becomes apparent that a great percentage of the increased cost of living is directly the result of bad roads.

"New York State several years ago authorized a bond issuse of fifty millions of dollars and they had a large State indebtedness at that time. Their total mileage of traveled roads is about two-thirds the mileage of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is free of debt and has fifty per cent. more road than New York and there is no reason why we should not issue at least the same amount of bonds. With fifty millions of dollars we could construct in a durable manner a system of roads connecting every important town in every county in the State. The State treasury would be reimbursed many times the amount of the interest charges through the additional revenue which would accrue from the prosperity that would necessarily follow the construction of such a system of roads. In New York the State Grange originally opposed the bond issue through mistaken ideas, but in a recent speech Mr. F. M. Godfrey, the Worthy Master of that organization, said, "At first we opposed the bonding of the State for the building of roads, but that sentiment has changed and afterward we entered heartily into the work." Master Godfrey is now one of the most enthusiastic advocates of good roads in the United States.

Hon. N. J. Bachelder, Master of the National Grange, a close student of all matters affecting the interest of the farmers, says, "The problem of procuring a comprehensive system of improved roads has advanced beyond the stage of statements showing the benefit of good roads and has reached the point where the whole question is that of securing the enactment of legislation providing the necessary funds."

If this system of roads is to be enjoyed and profited by those of the present generation bonds must be issued. It will cost fifty millions of dollars to carry this system into every section of the State—giving every locality its main roads built and maintained at the sole expense of the State—and the only logical method of raising the money is by the issue of bonds. The cost of carrying these will in no way fall upon the property owner, as real estate pays no State taxes in Pennsylvania; on the other hand the construction and maintenance of the main roads by the State will lessen the road taxes on real estate, by removing from the locality all expense in connection with these main roads.

The bond issue cannot be enacted by the Legislature. They merely pass a resolution in two successive sessions and then it goes to a vote of the people. If the coming session passes this resolution, it must again pass the legislature in 1913, then it goes to a vote of the people in November, 1914. If approved by the voters of the State at that time, then the legislature of 1915 enacts the necessary law providing for the issuance and sale of the bonds, the number to issue each year, dates of retirement, etc. Under the most favorable conditions not a bond could be issued for five years yet, and it would take fully ten or more years after that in which to construct the system and issue all of the bonds, bringing us up to the year 1915. Is it not high time we started.

Oyster Supper.

An Oyster Supper will be served at the home of Frank Craven, Saturday, Dec. 31st. Proceeds for benefit of the pastor. Every one come and aid a worthy cause.

Handsome Set.

Roy Burlew was the lucky recipient of a three piece smoking set from Seattle, Wash. It is the handsomest smoking set we ever saw and it is highly prized by Mr. Burlew.

Has It?

If your Christmas present has the imprint of "Metzger the Jeweler" on it you can rest assured it is "A No. 1," the best that can be had, and of guaranteed reliability. Look for the name.

42-4t.

Thanks.

To the neighbors and friends of Beechwood, we hereby express our gratitude and thanks for the many kind acts shown us during the illness and death of our son Joseph.

MR. AND MRS. C. E. COLE.

Dec. 19, 1910.

FAMED EYE SURGEON GOES TO PORTO RICO.

The Great Surgeon Will Demonstrate in West Indian Islands.

Dr. L. Webster Fox, of Philadelphia, the well-known eye surgeon left last Thursday for Porto Rico and vicinity for a trip of four weeks, to demonstrate some of his original operations. The Philadelphia Press, Friday last, says of this wonderful surgeon:

At the present time the Medico-Chirurgical College is represented in Porto Rico by a large colony of physicians and dentists, who have been trying for several years to induce Dr. Fox to come there to lecture and demonstrate along the lines of his practice. Three years ago he promised he would gratify that wish, but later was compelled to postpone the trip.

His arrival in Porto Rico will be hailed with much enthusiasm, as the world's leading surgeons seldom reach the island to lecture, and besides, many of the physicians practicing there received the major part of their training in eye surgery under Dr. Fox's direction at the college. A mammoth reception will be given him soon after his arrival, and the lectures and demonstrations will most likely follow at special functions. He carried with him many of his instruments, and may make some practical operations in the hospitals.

Dr. Fox is accompanied by Mrs. Fox and their son, Lawrence. Both will accompany him on all his travels in the islands.

WANTED—Solicitors, General Agents and Brokers, all cities and towns of Western Pennsylvania, for best new Health and Accident, Industrial Juvenile, Whole and Ordinary Life Policies on the market. Most liberal pay. Address Mr. C. Meek, General Manager, Eagle B'ld, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. 1-x

An Opportunity.

During the Winter Term, which opens, January 3, the Clarion State Normal School will make special provision for students who are able to enter the Junior Year of the Regular Normal Course. Such may still be graduated in the three year course. Write for catalogue.

J. GEO. BECHT, Principal,
Clarion, Pa.

Williamsport Commercial College.

We want more young people to take book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting. This is the school which helps young men and women. Business men want our graduates. Sixty-two calls received for office help during the fall term. Largest Commercial School in Central Pennsylvania. Winter term begins Jan. 3. Catalogue and trial lessons free.

F. P. HEALEY, Proprietor.

Lloyd McCloskey, of Woolrich, Pa., son of N. H. McCloskey, a former resident of Sinnamahoning, Pa., sends a post-note for the PRESS, at the same time remarking: "We can't get along without the PRESS."

The Secret of Sexine Pills.

There is'nt any. Their wonderful effects are simply the result of a scientific combination of the best remedies that are known in medicine for the upbuilding and rejuvenation of tired, weak and worn men and women. They act on the blood in such a manner that the user is soon imbued with new life and hope and happiness. Price one dollar a box; six boxes $5, fully guaranteed or the money back plan. Address or call at Dodson's Drug Store, Emporium, where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

The Only Way.

Many Emporium Citizens Have Discovered It.

Just what to do when the kidneys are affected, is a question that concerns both young and old. Weak kidneys neglected in childhood lead to life-long suffering. People of advanced years, with less vitality, suffer doubly. In youth or age, languor, backache, urinary irregularity, dizziness and nervousness make life a burden.

There is one remedy that acts directly on the kidneys and cures these troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills owe their world-wide fame to the fact that they cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Follow the example of this Emporium citizen and you will be convinced that this is so.

Mrs. F. Mundy, Fourth street, Emporium, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills which I procured at Taggart's Drug Store brought the best results in my case. It was some years ago that I first used this remedy, but I still hold a high opinion of it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Christmas Eve In Rural England

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold. Our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground. The postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father is a devotee of the old school and prides himself on keeping up something of old English hospitality. He was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays and having us around him on family festivals. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world, and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow."

The squire ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large, old fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection. They were variously occupied, and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets and tattered dolls about the floor showed traces of a little troop of fairy beings that had frolicked through a happy day.

While the mutual greetings were going on between Bracebridge and his relatives I had time to scan the apartment. The grate had been removed

THE DANCE WAS A MERRY ONE.

from the wide, overhanging fireplace to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log, glowing and blazing and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat. This, I understood, was the Yule log, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor and stretch himself again to sleep, sure of kindness and protection.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax and around which were several family portraits, decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished buffet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare, but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall. * * * The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one. Some of the older folk joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couples with a partner with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party broke up for the night with the kind hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall on the way to my chamber the dying embers of the Yule log still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad" I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened and found it proceeded from a band which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds as they receded became more soft and aerial and seemed to accord with quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened. They became more and more tender and remote, and as they gradually died away my head sank upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.—Washington Irving.

A Unique Bell.

A pretty bell may be made by wrapping a large sized hoop with holly or pine, connecting this with a smaller sized hoop above by four wires or stout cord. Hang strands of popcorn from upper hoop to lower one. Use a large red apple for a clapper.

A Christmas Doll Wedding

We are to have a wedding;
Our mothers planned it all.
You are to be my little wife
And I your husband tall.

I love your pretty eyes of brown—
My own are dark and blue—
But as they're only glass, my dear,
They'll see no faults in you.

My china lips, they long to kiss
All your dull cares away,
But I must wait for three long weeks
Until our wedding day.

However, time will pass, sweet maid,
And then we'll never part.
I swear to love you all my life
With my true wooden heart.
Your own
REGINALD.

Dec. 3, 1910.

Such was the love letter written by Reginald Graham of New York, a beautiful doll twenty inches tall, light hair, blue eyes, with long dark lashes, to his ladylove, Miss Alice Winchester, a brown eyed doll beauty of Boston.

The fact is that a marriage had been arranged between these two dollies by their little mammas and several grown-up aunties, to take place at Christmas time at the home of the doll bride.

But making the clothes! Grandmas, cousins and aunties spent days using their nimble fingers to fashion the tiny manly garments, as no little girl could possibly do the difficult sewing.

It was decided that a black broadcloth suit must be made, but as a full dress evening coat could be used only for formal occasions a tuxedo or dinner coat was finally agreed upon as being of more service.

All the time we have been telling about the bridegroom dear little Alice has been so busy having a long white satin wedding dress made, a real lace veil and the daintiest kind of lace trimmed underwear.

A traveling gown of cloth, an automobile coat of champagne color, a white hat with feathers and flowers, all have been prepared for the "going away" costume.

A procession of twenty little girls with their dollies follows Reginald and Alice, who march into the drawing room to the music of a wedding march played on the piano; then into the dining room, where the dollies sit at a table that has been arranged for them, with a tiny wedding cake decorating the center.

Then comes the wedding tour around the garden, and then the newly married pair go to housekeeping in a big closet that has been furnished for them with all the latest conveniences.

It was really the most brilliant marriage that was ever made in Toyland and is the true story of a dear little brown eyed girl's Christmas present.

A great many dollie guests were invited from "Mother Goose" Land, and among those most noticed were:

Jack Be Nimble, Jack Be Quick,
He was the first one there;
Then came little Goldie Locks,
Who ran away from the bear.

Bright Miss Nancy Etticoat,
Used to standing long,
Shone beside Tom Tucker,
Who sang the supper song.

Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary,
Brought from her garden fair
Several maidens all in a row,
With pretty curling hair.

Bobby Shafto, from o'er the sea,
Was in a happy mood;
I saw him gazing bashfully
At dear Red Riding Hood.

Little Miss Muffet had left her tuffet
And surprised us all, oh, my!
By going to a corner with little Jack Horner
And sharing his Christmas pie.

Shy Bopeep without her sheep
Many sweet glances won,
And there without his little pig
Was Tom, the Piper's Son.

Marjorie Daw and big Tom Stout
Attracted much attention
And many more whose names, alas,
I haven't room to mention.

It was a wedding so very grand,
All in the month of December,
With the very Four Hundred of Toyland there,
As many will long remember.
—Julian Jerome.

After Christmas.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence
To the one just over the way:
"It seems to me it is hard to be
Out here in the cold today.
Last week I stood in a brilliant room,
With children dancing by,
And beautiful candles warmed me through."
Said the other tree, "So did I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence
To the one just over the way:
"I wish out there on the mountain side
They only had let me stay.
My roots were strong, I was warm and green,
While the merry snow flew by,
But now I am trembling, old and weak."
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence
To the one just over the way:
"A little boy threw a rock at me
As he passed along today,
And last week, up by a beautiful doll,
A sled was flanging high
For that bad little boy. I'm tired to death."
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence
To the one just over the way:
"A little girl that I gave a ring
Came by, and I heard her say,
'You ugly old tree, who cares for you!'
And she made up a face so wry
I wouldn't believe folks could so forget."
Said the other tree, "Nor would I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence
To the one just over the way:
"It's hard to die so far from home,
But I guess we've had our day,
And the children maybe in years to come
Will think of us with a sigh
And the joy it gave. I am reconciled."
Said the other tree, "So am I."
—May R. McNabb in Pittsburg Dispatch.

KING ARTHUR'S CHRISTMAS FEAST.

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

KING Arthur gave a Christmas feast
At Camelot, at Camelot,
In honor of the little Christ,
Who was of Virgin born,
And at the board sat great and least,
The mirth and wine between,
Merlin, the seer, and Lancelot,
And Guinevere, the queen.

THE torches flared, the great logs blazed,
At Camelot, at Camelot,
In honor of the little Christ,
That was a Virgin's son.
The wine was poured, the song was raised.
But still with brooding eyes
Upon the queen and Lancelot
Looked Merlin, the most wise.

"WHAT IS IT THAT THINE EYES MAY SEE?"

THEN spake King Arthur solemnly,
At Camelot, at Camelot,
"Thou who hast neither word nor song
But wisdom overgreat,
What is it that thine eyes may see
By other eyes unseen
That thou dost look on Lancelot
And Guinevere, the queen?"

ANSWERED the king the graybeard seer,
At Camelot, at Camelot,
"I see a little winged child,
As fair as snow and fire,
Between the two ye hold most dear,
A flower o' flame he stands
And he hath smiled on either one
And touched them with his hands."

DROPPED king and court on bended knee,
At Camelot, at Camelot.
"Behold, it is the little Christ
Who is the Virgin's son!
He comes to bear us company,
For this our loving's sake."
And low with them bent Guinevere,
And Lancelot of the Lake.

BUT TWO THERE KNELT TO LOVE.

BUT Merlin held his eyes apart,
At Camelot, at Camelot,
He knew he saw a heathen God,
A God he might not name,
Who slept not 'neath a Virgin's heart
Nor gave the peace thereof.
Oh, king and court, they knelt to Christ,
But two there knelt to love.

KING Arthur gave a Christmas feast
At Camelot, at Camelot,
In honor of the little Christ,
Who was of Virgin born,
And at the board sat great and least,
The mirth and wine between,
Merlin, the seer, and Lancelot,
And Guinevere, the queen.
—New York Evening Mail.

Making Appropriate Gifts.

The year just closing has been so prosperous that the spirit of philanthropy will find very large expression in the giving of Christmas cheer at home and abroad, writes Cyrus P. Jones in Success. The transatlantic mails are already burdened with the money letters sent from America to "the old folks at home."

Next to the gifts which brighten the home of the American citizen, those given to worthy charity are important to consider. Too many people give indiscriminately. They mean well, but so did the committee which sent $20,000 worth of fireworks to the Irish famine sufferers.

Still others give something of no value whatever. An instance of this was made manifest at a public gathering in New York, where one of the speakers called attention to the sufferers from a prolonged strike and suggested the advisability of giving them something. One in the sympathetic audience got up and said, "I move that we give them three cheers!" Let us select our gifts with reference to their appropriateness and utility.

ESTABLISHED, 1870

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{Hon. Geo. A. Walker's Old Stand.}

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If You Can't See What You Want, Ask Us?
We Have the Goods and Prices are Right.
Let us Make Your Christmas Joyful.

The Stephens Hardware Company,
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GIVE THE SHOP-GIRL HER DUES

by KATHERINE POPE

IN an excellent short story published not long ago, O. Henry gave to his shop-girl heroine a colossal character, emphasized that in her were combined the notable attributes of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job and Little Red Riding Hood. And at this season of the year—"glad Christmas days"—it easily might seem to a less sympathetic person than the regretted O. Henry that the shop-girl most stands in need of the strength of Hercules, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the truthfulness and other singular excellencies of Una, the patience of Job. Think what it must mean, from eight to six, or eight to ten, as the case may be, to face and serve the rattled throngs that are now surging through the shops, think of the strain on endurance and nerve, on temper and manners. The wonder is not that she often comes up to the demands on her, but that she ever does.

Some of the veterans, survivors of many hard-fought Christmas battlefields, are marvels; may be seen at fag-end of day still alert, though droopingly so; still clear-headed, though with conscious effort; still with courteous attitude in their serving, though those they serve have lost the last shred of any politeness with which they may have started out.

Compare the manners of some spoiled darling, some indulged, arrogant child of wealth, with the dignity and patience and sweetness often shown by the girl behind the counter. The one self-centered, of most restricted vision, captious, petty; the other self-effacing, far-seeing, charitable, big. Caleb in search of a wife might well pursue his quest along the aisles of the big stores, find womanly ideal standing there behind the counter.

They are not all caricatures of fashion, with hair tortured into latest exaggeration, frocks cheap copies of showy splendors; not all more given to powder and rouge than to soap and water. And in the attainment of the so highly-desirable neatness and trimness heroism again has to come to the fore, it is no easy matter after long hours of labor to labor more, take pains for personal cleanliness, sew and darn when eyes are heavy, back is aching. Heroines every one of them that make a good show.

I know a girl in a fashionable candy shop that every other night washes and irons that she may be presentable the next day. Her moderate wage is the chief part of the family support, there is not enough money for enough blouses to last the week, and so the midnight laundrying is done as a matter of course. But how pretty and sweet and fresh the girl does manage to look in her snowy white and well brushed black; much better dressed, she seems to me, than the woman of fuss and feathers.

What little mothers they are, a lot of them, simple affectionate, domestic creatures—though so often characterized as vain, shallow, foolishly ambitious, thinking only of dress and "dates." I know one girl that worked in one of the department stores which keep open evenings at Christmas time, who the night before Christmas did not leave the store until midnight, then after traveling an hour on the street cars to her home stayed up hours to trim a wonderful Christmas tree for the children of the family, the bunch of little ones the poor seem always to have with them. I know another girl that at this season goes down unusually early mornings to arrange "stock," comes home unusually late evenings; but after dinner cheerfully dons kitchen apron and helps with giant plum pudding and other Christmas preparation that yearly is repeated in honor of old England and the home left behind when there was made search for fortune in the rich land of America. These are just two instances, the one quite commonplace, unheroic, but you may pick up a few for yourself by eavesdropping a bit in your shopping; observing among the buyers the many shop-girls purchasing toys and silver "pusher," children's gloves and sweater, or gray dress for mammy, muffler for daddy.

Of course there is any number of pert, incompetent girls that wait on hapless customers, rather keep hapless customers waiting, but they have been pictured with enough frequency, this sort repeatedly held up as typical, thereby obscuring the virtues of the many worthy ones following the profession of "waiting on." For some time past I have been gathering data, making experiment; and have found it the rule rather than exception that courtesy meets with courtesy. "Soft and fair go far in a day," not only on highway but in the miles of space in a huge department store.

A man said to me recently: "How little of church is brought into the Christmas of today." And how sadly true this is—"church" in this connection standing for whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, of full import to all religions. And bullying and bullyragging a shop-girl at this season seems about as far from "lovely and good" as one may wander. Put yourself in her place, remembering previous failures of your own when bodily weariness snapped strained nerves, broke down poise.

Ye gods and little fishes, in what condition is the shop-girl to "enjoy" Christmas! I am sure if I were she

Sew and Darn When Eyes Are Heavy.

all I would ask of good Saint Nicholas would be a dark, airy room far, far away from people (from man, and especially woman); a great, soft bed where I could stretch out long and wide; silence and sleep forever and forever. No dreams to disturb that sleep; no vision of past haggling, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

But the reality is a long way from this that I would ask. Do you suppose such a proud wage earner as she would be content to let Christmas day go by without displaying wealth and power? No, every dependent in the household must partake of her bounty, every pensioner be given good proof of what it means to have her dress up and go down town every day. Nothing of niggard is the shop-girl at Christmas, she is as much a Lady Bountiful as any millionairess of them all.

What a creature! A "Hercules, a Joan of Arc, a Una, a Job" and a Lady Bountiful on eight dollars and less a week!

(Copyright, 1910.)

THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.

And the jolliest and best old workman in the world.

Christmas Day

To rule and reign with gentle sway,
The King of Love was born today.
No palace walls enclosed him round,
But in a manger was he found;
That so the boastful world might see
The greatness of humility.

He came, a child, in lovely grace,
That so a child might seek his face;
So poor was he, the humblest born
Might come, without a fear of scorn.
To all mankind he showed the way,
And ushered in the dawn of day.

And so, with grateful love and praise,
We hail this blessed day of days.
The children's joy, the poor man's feast,
The star of hope to great and least;
When holy angels come to earth,
And sing anew a Savior's birth!

Agnes' Prayer.

Our little five-year-old Agnes, having been reprimanded by her mamma for some slight misdeed, went and knelt by a chair and prayed as follows:

"Oh, Lord, make me a good little girl. I want to be a good little girl, but I don't know how. But, if I am naughty, please send Santa Claus just the same,'"

Christmas Time.

I have often thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens.

BOB-FOR-SHORT'S Christmas

by Louise Dunham Goldsberry

NOW, our baby had never encountered a locked door. The lovesome pit-pat of his busy feet was herald at whose coming every door in the house swung open and over thresholds he went into assured welcomes.

But we were planning a tree. And the library door was locked.

He paused in his ascent of the stairs to button in a button that would not stay buttoned. It required much time and he sat down on the step and with all his ten fat, wee fingers labored. Then, "Das a doodle boy," he objurgated himself as he resumed his climb of the stairs, the button buttoned; "Das a daryin' yittle gentleman!"

He shook the knob. Waited, jugging on the toes of him and discoursing to Nicodemus.

The door remained closed.

Two fat palms smote it wrathfully.

"Open," he commanded; "pease open dis door."

Nobody answered.

"P-o-o-r yittle boy," he wheedled at keyhole; "zere ain't nobody loves 'im."

Nicodemus yapped and made feints at desertion when a dog barked outside. Fawned back, and licked the fingers where bread and honey aroma lingered. Sat up and waved an affable paw at him.

He sat down on the floor and gathered his yellow dog into his pinafore and hugged.

"'Cept Nitodemus an' myssef," he said.

Great-grand came up the hall.

"Is you been a bad boy, dreat-dran?" he said. "Is you all shutted out?"

Great-grand sighed.

"Seems like this horse just will run away," in doleful tone, "and I've got a bone in my foot and I can't run after him."

In a wink he was after the rampant steed. Captured and mounted, rode it lordily hither and yon, and when at last he came back from the breathless miles we had slipped down the back way and at stairfoot waited.

Slowly, with dignity, he dismounted, put his steed in stall, came back to stair-head, and, legs astride and head thrown back, surveyed us from the heights of remembered injury. Beside him, perky, tongue lolling out, Nicodemus squatted.

Long legs gathered to his chin, great-grand ranged himself on the top step and twinkled.

"Yes, sirs," quoth great-grand; "shutted us all out!"

Our baby nodded confirmation and Nicodemus yawned in our faces.

"Me'n mys Nitodemus an' mys dreat-dran," he said. "An mys dreat-dran is dot a bone in his foot an' I needed to kiss mys muvver."

But for three long days the library ddoor remained locked.

And regularly, after each morning's breakfast, he mounted the stairs and tried the knob and cogitated to Nicodemus, and poked broom straws under the door.

Christmas eve we sat about a great open fire. Great-grand loved to dig and delve in the red-charred logs and imprison the swarms of rosy bees. Fascinated, I would watch the swirling upfled sparks, wondering what phantasms of youth he saw all-beautiful in them, what faces went past in that rosy mirage that his own should wear so tender an answering look into eyes he alone was seeing. Sometimes our baby would come to stand between his knees, head leaned against his shoulder, and from within the encircling arms watch. Sometimes he would straddle one old knee and snug his head under the down-leaning old chin, gold hair and white hair commingled, and hand over the old hand, help the poker that prodded and piled the embers. And the wide eyes seemed to be seeing with the old man's visioning, so united he would sit.

Christmas eve we sat about the great open fireplace. Great-grand sorted and piled his red-charred logs. Grandmother was watching, lost in idleness. Grand father had gone down cellar for apples and in my lap my baby was telling me secrets. We listened beyond the singings of the flames; beyond the delicate soft singing and the sighing and the laughters of them, the wind in the chimney. From the end of the new back-log the saps distilled, all the summer's rains and dews and green growings in their whicker-whicker. We had hated to shut out the skies, so divinely near they closed in upon earth, with their starry strands garlanding the rim of hills. Our baby had seen his first meteor—a feathered trail of ethereal fire and a soundless splendor as the meteor burst and biggened into a globe of slysian azure, and went out. And the black violet skies seemed yet deeplier black with that blue glory memoried against them, and the stars pallid and cold. And my baby wondered if there might not be another Christmas baby, in that blue glory. He wondered whether, if we'd go out, we might not find a few boys and girls and babies that got left over, when God forgot who had asked to have some left at their houses. He wished he'd been there that night at the oxen's inn, to see the little child. So's he could have brought it home to his own sef's house. He wanted a baby so bad. And even his sweets-freighted babble picked up that blue sky-mistery and wondered about it. And his eyes were wide and fathomlessly sweet in the firelight, and his hand clung all the while to my face and deared it, and wove heavenly weave into my life in every least little touches of it to my lips, my cheeks, and in the comings home of it to slip into my bosom and there nest.

Then we told him that it was going to be the Christmas baby's birthday tomorrow, and because we so love God's little son we give, year after year, all life long, gifts to him and to each other on that day. And the library door, tomorrow, would be unlocked, and a surprise inside for us each and all.

"Dracious!" was his sole comment; and slowly the happy eyes slipped from us behind their curtain-fringes, the little warm body lay heavy in my arms. Slowly Great-grand unbuilded the house of red embers, and coming over took the little sleeper into his arms, rocked and crooned and hugged and God-blessed him. And with grandmother's kisses on the wee feet that never were still save in slumber, and grandfather's proud look into the unwitting face following after, I bore him away to his crib; so loved, so loved!

"Is Trismus tum?"

I wakened with the words breaking the crystal of my dreams and kissing themselves against my lips and a fat white body embracing my head.

"Yes, sir," I managed to say through the strangling arms of him. "Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!"

"Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!" echoed from the doorway; and "Happy Christmas, Bob-for-Short!" floated in from beyond the east and west shoulders of great-grand.

He shouted. He danced. Never before had he been met by all the family at crib-side. He jigged all over the bed, trickling blarneyments and laughters at the three gray heads that waggled in unconscious tune to the prancings of him.

Then, all his yellow body apant with haste, Nicodemus hustled his fat self up the stairs into the fun he was missing, and in his wake, Katy from her kitchen.

And with a "Happy Christmas to yez, Misther Bob-fer-Short," she set a gray kitten on the floor.

We were all very still, as he slipped from the bed and approached the kitten. He had never owned a kitten. He eyed it in raptured silence. "Meou," said the kitten.

Into his cheeks the red crimsoned. "Oh!" he gasped; "wad you tail, titty; pease wad you tail!" And she wagged her tail and arched her back against his feet and cajoled him, and as he gathered her into his nightgown and the white fat bare legs ran with their treasure, she broke into loud silken purrings. And Nicodemus sulked and fell into a helpless yellow bunch of

He Had Never Owned a Kitten.

protest, when the gray kitten was held to his nose for a kiss.

And we all dawdled until Katy's bell rang third summons to breakfast.

He went up the stairs alone. Then Nicodemus. Then Great-grand. Then I. And then the rest of his adorers.

He stopped at the door.

"Open the door, sir," said grandfather.

"Tum on, muvver," he said, reaching hand into my hand.

So we stepped over the threshold together.

The room was darkened. The firelight dulled behind a screen. In the center of the room a low, fair-branched young cedar tree gleamed like a great jewel.

My hand forgotten, he circled the tree.

'Round and 'round. And we after.

"Das a mo' bu-ti-ful drum," we caught the murmur as he inventoried. "Das a yittle 'tend horse." He paused to jog it and in ecstasy watch its tail go up and down. "Das a yittle toad-frod in dat bid marble. How you s'pose it dot in?" He tarried to investigate, and set it rolling for the kitten to chase. Nicodemus thought it was meant for him, and when he collided with the kitten, cowed and seared and muttering, he fled to a distance and yapped at ball and kitten.

And the inventory went on: "Das a dold waths, yike mys Dreat-dran is dot." He tarried to hunt a pocket, and deposit his watch therein. But first he held it to ear. And the murmur resumed: "Dat waths is def an' dum, too. Das a piture-but an' das a piture-but an' das a piture-but. . . . Dracious!"

And Christmas was on for Bob-for-Short.—New York Independent.

One thing is impossible to love; the intensest and most fervent love is powerless to evoke love.

"God With Us"

By A. D. WATSON

The world had long been waiting
The coming of the King,
When one sweet morn in Bethlehem,
Ere birds were on the wing,
The sons of God came singing
Down from the skyey dome,
And mortals heard the message:
Immanuel is come.

Now let the ample standard
Of righteousness, unfurld,
Proclaim to every people
That God is in His world;
Let every form of evil
From earth be put away,
That all may sing rejoicing,
The King is born today.

The bright and solemn glory,
The angel harps glad ring,
The strange, sweet song of wonder,
The cherub voices sing—
These in our hearts abiding,
The Prince of Peace shall come,
Make our glad lives His temples,
Our happy hearts His home.

OLD STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

Some Have Interest, Freshness and Beauty That Keep Them Always New.

There are some so-called "old stories" that are really not old, for they have an interest, a freshness and a beauty that keep them always new. Of such are the story of Christmas and all the legends and tales that belong to the great festival.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves of the tree immediately shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. The nature of the tree changed and it became an evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall through that first act of disobedience. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ child, and thus we have our Christmas tree.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a festival in honor of Hertha, a Norse goddess. At this festival the house was decorated with evergreens and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the hall, where the family assembled. From Hertha's stone we get our word "hearthstone." On the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set afire, and through the smoke and flame Hertha was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames, from which were predicted the fortunes of those present.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

He eyed the Christmas tree with a look of grim determination on his face. It was a fine tree, tall and straight, with many symmetrical boughs—just such a tree as would delight the hearts of his children. But he chased them away as he prepared for his work of destruction. Taking off his coat he rolled up his sleeves, and with a hatchet ruthlessly lopped off all the branches. He eyed the result with satisfaction. Then he took up a saw and divided the tree in the middle. It seemed heartless, but what else could the poor man do? It was the only way he could make the tree fit, for he lived in a flat.

A Merry Christmas

All over the country, all over the world—a few years hence it will be also all through the air—sounds the greeting Merry Christmas! On the sea and land, in the palace and in the hovel, in the hospitals and in the prisons, in the asylums amid the orphans and in the homes for the friendless and for the aged, wherever even two persons meet who know and love the story of Christmas, the greeting is exchanged. Where can there be a parallel to the universal greeting? Is there any other sentiment that has the sovereignty of this cheerful and heartfelt word? It travels through the mails like nothing so much as the doves to the altars of which the Scripture speaks, for surely the sentiment flits from altar to altar of the hearts of men and is as gentle as the dove. Grudges and animosity vanish before the wafting of Christmas greeting, the smile of hope illumines the countenances of those under the pall of depression, the dimpled cheeks of the babies seem like veritable nooks for fairy hiding as the lips coo in response to the Merry Christmas, with the little emblem of the day that comes to the infant from its loving parent. In the days of romance hostile forces passed upon the field, sheathed their swords and clasped hands across the battle line, greeting one another with the sentiment of universal good will. Merry Christmas has brightened more hearts, has healed more grievances, has brought more happiness to the lives of men and women, has proved to be the talismanic sentiment for more home reunions than any other that has ever been heard in this old world.

Christmas stands for love and for charity, for hope and for joy at the fruition of that long-made promise of the prophet of the coming of one who should bring peace and good will to earth; so the churches hold their services and the people congregate to join in singing or to listen to the rendition of carols, some of which have come down from the early ages of the church. The children have their Christmas treats, and they are the very merriest of the merry in their participation in these annual school festivals.

HIS VISITING LIST.

Old Santa—My, my, how this list does grow. No wonder I occasionally miss one.

HER IDEA.

"The custom of hanging mistletoe on the chandelier is foolish."

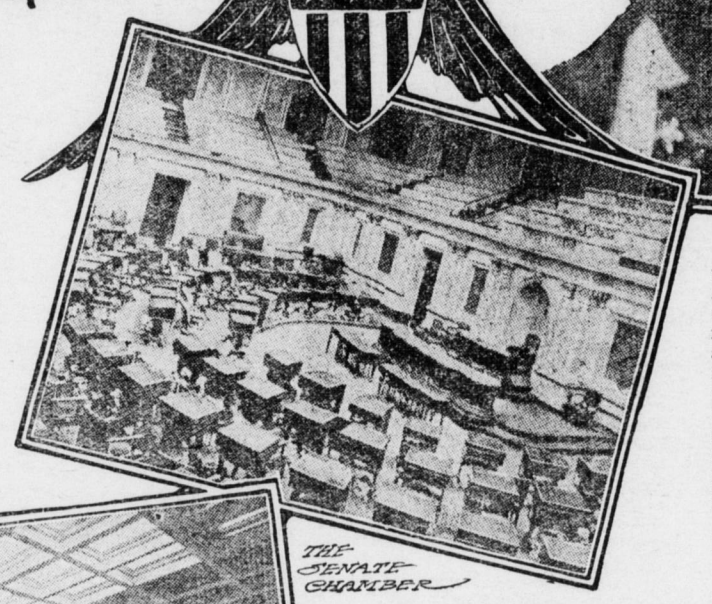
"I think so, too. It ought to be hung in the cozy corner."

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

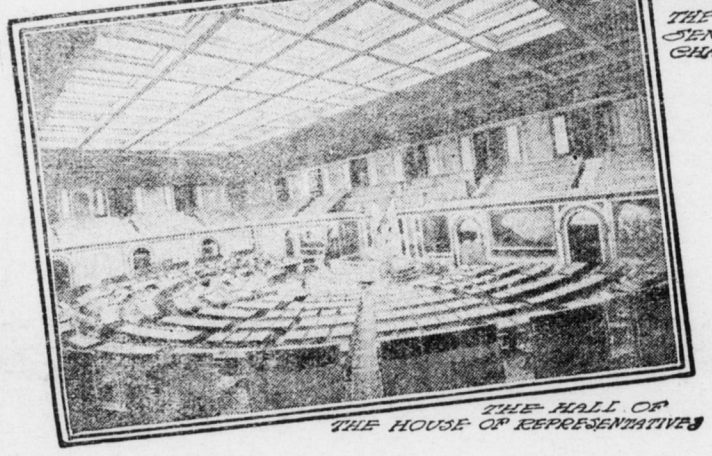
GOSSIP OF OUR LAW-MAKERS

by EDWARD B. CLARK

JAMES S. SHERMAN PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE SENATE



THE SENATE CHAMBER



THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

CHANGES which are certain to come in the membership of the United States Senate next March will involve much more than a mere disappearance of old faces and the appearance of new ones. It often has been said that the senate of the United States is a law unto itself in matters of procedure, and so it is. The senate does things as no other legislative body in the world does them. The senators pride themselves upon the dignity of their body and they take no little pride apparently in the uniqueness of the rules which govern them and in the accepted method of doing things without absolute governing regulation.

Over in the house members draw for seats. A man just elected is as likely to get a first-class seat as a man who has been in the service of the house for years. The leader of the majority and the leader of the minority and the oldest member in point of service in the hall are allowed to select their own seats. After they have made their choice all is a lottery. In the senate the thing is different. A newly elected member of the upper house takes such a seat as he can find vacant, and his first duty to himself is to "file" on the seat of some other member so that he may get it when the other member dies or retires.

At times there are five or six "filings" for the same seat. For instance, if some senator has a choice seat and he is aged and in the ordinary course of things may be expected to die soon, his seat is certain to be in request by several senators provided that those lower on the list of applicants think that those above them like the holder of the seat himself, are likely to die, or to be retired quickly from the service by their constituents.

Some of the old senators do not like the way in which the younger members file for their seats. Then there are some senators who are not old who do not like to feel that others think that their seats soon are to be vacated. When a senator in the prime of life finds that his seat has been "filed" on he takes it as an intimation that the senator who does the filing thinks that the seat's occupant is nearing the end of his tether because his state has disapproved of his services, or that the political party opposing the one of which he is a member is likely soon to become in the ascendant.

Senator Dolliver, who died recently, had one of the best seats in the senate chamber, a commanding place from which he could always catch the eye of the presiding officer. The Iowan's successor in the senate will not get his predecessor's seat, for notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Dolliver was apparently in good health and was only fifty-two years old, there were three applications on file for his seat when he should vacate it. Of course it must be understood that the seats of the Republicans and those of the Democrats are separated and that no man of one party ever files an application for the seat of a man of the other party.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana was in the upper house for years before he succeeded in getting a seat to his liking. Early in his service he had filed an application for the seat occupied by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, a vigorous man with apparently a long lease of earthly and senatorial life ahead of him. Unexpectedly Senator Spooner resigned, and Beveridge moved to what is perhaps the best seat in the house, one on the middle aisle midway between the front and rear of the chamber.

Elihu Root, who is accounted one of the foremost men in the upper house in point of ability, is obliged to sit in what is known as the "Cherokee Strip." There are so many Republicans in the present senate that they more than fill the seats allotted to the majority on the left side of the center aisle. There are not enough Democrats to fill the seats allotted to them. The vacant Democratic seats are away around near the wall to the extreme right of the vice-president, who has to turn his head to see the seats of the occupants. In this "Cherokee Strip" sits the "overflow" Republicans and one of them is Elihu Root.

Before the new senate office building was completed it was the effort of the senate to provide a separate room in the Capitol for each senator. All of these rooms were called committee rooms, but in order to dignify them as such it was necessary to create several committees which really were nothing more than committees in name, for they seldom held meetings and it is said that in one or two cases no meetings ever have been held. The senators as they were assigned to rooms were made chairmen of the committees which were supposed to meet in the assigned chambers. This gave the minority senators chairmanships, but it can be taken for granted that the majority always saw to it that the committees presided over by minority men were not of a kind to have any great influence on legislation.

Now that the senate office building is occupied and each senator has a general office, a private office, a reception room and a bath, it is not necessary to provide separate rooms in the Capitol for all the upper house members. So it is that before long it may be that the farce of naming committees which never have anything to do may be done away with.

Here is a list of some of the practically useless committees of the senate: "Transportation and sale of meat products;" "Revolutionary claims;" "Transportation rates to the seaboard;" "Investigate trespass upon Indian lands;" and last, "Disposition of useless papers in the executive departments."

There are to be many changes in committee chairmanships in March next and in fact there will have to be a general shaking up in the committee memberships as a result of changes in the senate's roll call. Senator Dolliver who died was the chairman of the committee on agriculture and forestry, one of the most important subsidiary bodies of the United States senate. Senator Frances E. Warren of Wyoming is the ranking member of the committee now that Senator Dolliver is dead, but Warren is the chairman of the committee on military affairs, a position which he would prefer to hold to that of the chairmanship of the agricultural body. No member holds two important chairs and so some one besides Senator Warren must be selected to take Mr. Dolliver's place at the head of the committee which looks after the bills in which the farmers of the country and the forest enthusiasts are particularly interested.

Eugene Hale of Maine will retire in March. He is at the head of the committee on appropriations, a position which next to the chieftainship of the committee on finance is the most important chairmanship in the gift of the senate. Nobody knows yet who will succeed Mr. Hale as committee chief, but it can be taken for granted that if the Republicans hold control of the senate and the so-called regulars hold control of the Republicans, Mr. Hale will be succeeded by a man of what in these days the country is given to call the old school of Republican thought.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, the Republican leader in the senate, is the chairman of the committee on finance, which corresponds to the committee on ways and means of the house of representatives. It was the committee on finance which considered the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and which reported it to the senate. Every bill which has to do with the raising of revenue goes to Mr. Aldrich's committee. Under the constitution all such revenue measures must originate in the house of representatives, but frequently the United States senate takes house bills and strikes out everything in them except the enacting clause, thus gets around the constitutional question, and frames revenue bills much as it wishes to. Of course these bills have to go back to the house for agreement, but the senate despite constitutional inhibition does just about as much original work in revenue measures as the house itself.

Who is going to succeed Nelson W. Aldrich as chairman of the most powerful committee in the senate of the United States? Nobody knows. Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan ranks next to Mr. Aldrich on the finance committee and in the natural order of things he would succeed to Mr. Aldrich's place as finance chairman. The difficulty is that Mr. Burrows has been defeated in the primaries for re-election to the senate and like Mr. Aldrich he is to retire in March. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania comes next on this all powerful body, but it is more than whispered that chairmanship preferment is not to be given to Mr. Penrose. Next in order comes Eugene Hale of Maine, who is to retire in March, and thus is out of consideration. Then comes Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, who will not accept the chairmanship under any circumstances, for his age precludes his undertaking the hard work connected with it. No one knows yet who will succeed the powerful Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island as the chief of the finance committee, a position which carries with it ordinarily the Republican leadership of the senate of the United States.

A good deal of historic interest centers in some of the committee rooms of the senate. The present senate wing of the Capitol was not completed until the year 1859, but there are several committee rooms still located in the old part of the great building. Even in the new section there are two or three rooms which have witnessed stirring scenes. In the room of the committee on territories for instance, a body of which Senator Beveridge of Indiana is the chairman, there were held the hearings on the Kansas-Nebraska bill and on other "free or slave soil state" matters. In the room of the committee on privileges and elections, of which Senator Burrows of Michigan is the chairman, many senators have had what might be called grand jury hearings on the question of their right to their seats. The Utah cases have been heard here, and it was here that Senator W. A. Clark of Montana appeared through his counsel to try to prove that he did not use wrongful means to secure his seat in the senate.

In the room of the committee on military affairs hundreds upon hundreds of problems were worked out during the days of the civil war. Since the United States has become a world power Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the committee on the Philippines, has had many puzzling questions on his hands, and the hearings which have been held in this room at times have attracted crowds and nearly always have been of deep interest. In the Philippines room the "anti-Imperialists" have argued on behalf of independence for the Pilippino, and there have been met in debate by men who have maintained that the day of liberty for the "little brown brother" must be postponed until he is qualified for its privileges.

Memories of men pass quickly. While the United States government as a government is only about 121 years old, few men can be found today to identify without looking at the names, the pictures and the busts of men high in official government position or of great fame in their time in contemporary history. In the senate chamber placed in niches about the gallery walls are busts of the vice-presidents of the United States. Only the guides of the Capitol who have their lessons letters proof, can tell the names of these men without reference to the printed lists or the printed inscriptions.

When the house cleaning days were over only a season ago two pictures were replaced on the walls of the corridor of the senate. One of them was a picture of Patrick Henry and the other was that of Thomas Jefferson. For weeks the fact that Jefferson's picture has been labeled Patrick Henry and Patrick Henry's had been labeled Thomas Jefferson went undetected. Finally a visitor noticed the error, called attention to it and had the change made.

Perhaps the most striking picture in the senate corridors is that which shows Commodore Perry standing in the row boat to which he went from his sinking flag ship Lawrence to the ship Niagara at the battle of Lake Erie. Perry is pictured erect in the boat while a small boy evidently a "midship-mite," also standing trying to pull the Commodore down to a seat so that he will be less exposed to the furious rain of the shot of the enemy. The boy who is trying to induce the commodore to take the necessary precaution to save his life was a nephew of the great sailor, and it was he who later opened the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. So it is that in the painting are the portraits of two Perrys, both of whom are famous in the naval annals of the United States.

MAD KING OTTO'S LIFE

Some remarkable details relating to the mad King Otto of Bavaria are published from a diplomatic source by the Giornale d'Italia, the London Chronicle says. Though shut up for forty years in castles, now at the Castle Furstenried, and though sixty-two years of age. Otto is still a fine, handsome figure, with a magnificent beard and flowing gray locks.

The stories about his periodical fits of fury are quite untrue. His court is presided over by Marshal Baron Redwiz and consists of a few trusty gentry belonging to the most ancient families of the Bavarian aristocracy.

King Otto suffers terriby from insomnia and often sits up in bed half the night staring toward the door, as if expecting somebody to enter. He, however, rises punctually every morning at 8 and mutely allows himself to be dressed by his valet. He has a holy horror of soap and water, and of having his hair and nails cut, so that servants have to await patiently a favorable day for these operations, when the poor patient is in a state of complete apathy. King Otto smokes incredible quantities of cigarettes and is always puffing away save when he is absorbed in his favorite pastime of studying the operatic music of his pet composer, Verdi. Often he causes the castle to resound all day long with the melodies of "Rigoletto."

The diplomat relates that the first symptom of brain decay in the young prince, till then so bright, forceful and courageous, was manifested during the Franco-German war. Just before the seige of Paris Kaiser William summoned him to the headquarters of the general staff and kept him under observation, in company with Bismarck and Moltke, the reason being that King Otto had called out a squad of cavalry and ordered them to charge straight at a stone wall, which, he insisted, was a body of the enemy's infantry.

He began preaching everywhere the stern necessity of concluding peace with France at any price. Soon after intercepted letters were brought to the Emperor William which the Bavarian prince had been dispatching secretly to the enemy. It was then that the old kaiser sadly sent for the demented prince, decorated him with the order of the iron cross for service rendered in the campaign and packed him off under a medical escort for a pleasure trip in Spain and Italy.

Curari a Queer Poison

Curari, the vegetable poison with which the Indians of the upper Amazon tip their hunting arrows, remains a mystery in its composition after a hundred years of investigation by scientists. The Indians will sell it for its weight in silver, but will not reveal the plants from which it is derived. Not long ago a professor in a German university was sent to the Amazon wilderness for the express purpose of discovering the secret, for curari, or urari, as it is otherwise called, is now thought to be of great value in medicine. The professor lived two years in Indian villages, and while he was permitted to witness the boiling of the "witches' broth," which lasted several days, he could not tell what plants went into the brew. Returning from his baffled quest down the Amazon with a quantity of the poison, the professor was met by another traveler, Dewey Austin Cobb, who had got possession of a native blowgun. The latter tells in the National Geographic Magazine how he put some of the professor's curari on some of his blowgun arrows, which are like toothpicks feathered with cotton, and tried it on a buck deer in the forest.

"After a deliberate aim our hunter fired," says Mr. Cobb, "if I may use such a word for the little puff, scarcely heard by us, and entirely inaudible above the rustling corn leaves at the distance of the deer. The animal gave a slight start as it felt the prick of the arrow on its flank and turned partly around, sniffing the air for a scent, and looking about as if searching for the insect that had bitten or stung it. Detecting nothing, it stood still and unalarmed. At the end of a minute, or a minute and a half at most, its head dropped a little, as if it was sleepy.

"When the hunter saw this he arose and stepped out in plain sight. The deer turned his head and looked at him, and moved forward, not away from him, a few steps, and stopped. It showed no fear, but simply curiosity. After another minute the professor and I arose, and all three walked quietly to within reach of it. It made no movement to run away, but watched us intently, and shifted its position a little. Its movements seemed perfectly easy and natural. Absence of fear was the only observable change, until at the end of three minutes more; then it lay down, not falling, but as naturally as a cow or sheep when ready for sleep.

"We all approached its side, and the hunter laid a hand on its shoulder. It looked up at him, but showed no resentment or fear. Even its breathing seemed easy and natural, which surprised me, as I had heard that death resulted from paralysis of the lungs when caused by urari."

Gaunt House of "Vanity Fair."

Writing on the original of Gaunt House in Thackeray's first novel, "Vanity Fair," C. Van Noorden concludes that this was Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, and not, as most commentators incline to believe, either Hertford House, Manchester Square, or Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square. Harcourt House, says Mr. Van Noorden, corresponds almost exactly with the novelist's description in "Vanity Fair."

"The vast hall, the great gateway, etc., all are here, while the equestrian statue resolves itself into that of the Duke of Cumberland, the 'Butcher' of Culloden, which was removed in 1868, ostensibly to be recast, but has never reappeared. This figure appears in Thackeray's own illustration of the arrest of Capt. Crawley when leaving Gaunt House, affording another proof of the correctness of this localization. Harcourt House has now given way to a block of residential flats."—London Graphic.

DEATH OF EX-MAYOR GRANT

Twice Chief Executive of New York and a Man of Great Prominence.

New York.—One of the most prominent figures in the political life of New York City 20 years ago was Hugh J. Grant, who died in the metropolis recently, at the age of 55. He was a native of the metropolis and received his education at St. Francis Xavier College and in France and Germany, where he studied languages and music. Afterward he studied law at the Columbia Law School and engaged in real estate and legal business.

In 1883 he entered politics, being elected alderman, and his course in the board the following year in opposition to boodle legislation made him a candidate for mayor on the Tammany ticket in 1884. He was defeated,

Hugh J. Grant.

however. In 1885 he was elected sheriff and three years later was chosen mayor, and was re-elected in 1890. It was Mayor Grant who made the telephone and telegraph companies take down their overhead wires. The wires formed a network over the city, interfering with firemen and forming a danger and a nuisance. When the subways were ready and the wires did not come down Mayor Grant settled the controversy in a characteristic way. He went out with gangs of linemen, laborers and axmen and chopped down the poles and tore down the wires.

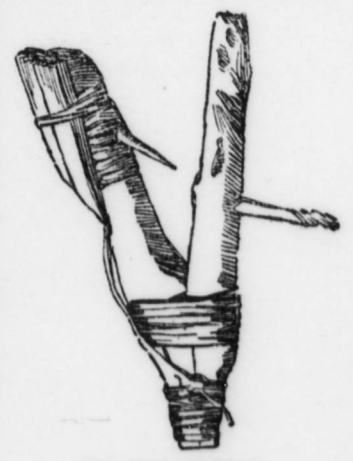
In 1894 he was again a candidate for mayor, but met with defeat at the polls. He then withdrew from active participation in politics.

Mayor Grant was a man of fine physical proportions and was big intellectually. He was fond of outdoor life, took a deep interest in trotting horses and was a member of several golf clubs. He married a daughter of ex-Senator Murphy, of Troy. In business he amassed a large fortune and was charitable during his life in its disposition. At Christmas time he spent large sums in charity. While Mayor Grant like his great namesake, Gen. Grant, was a man of silence, he was not in the least morose.

MOST REMARKABLE FISHHOOK

Primitive Affair Used by the Indians of Alaska for Catching Halibut.

St. Paul, Minn.—The picture illustrates a halibut hook used by the Indians in Alaska. It is about nine inches long and two inches wide in the widest portion. From top to bottom of the fork it is about five inches. A heavy sinker is attached to the cord that is seen descending from the lower fork of the hook, and this sinker rests on the bottom when the hook is in action. The hook itself floats about two feet above the sinker, and is kept



Fish Hook of Wood.

in the position shown in the illustration by the strips of light cedar that are tied to the upper fork of the hook. The hook itself is of wood in two pieces, lashed together by thongs of some kind of hide, with a steel prong lashed to the upper part of the fork with thongs of hide. A piece of salmon steak is placed on the hook prong, and the halibut comes along and tries to eat it. When the wily redskin feels a tug on his fishline he gives it a jerk and the hook prong is driven into the lower jaw of the halibut and the fish is caught. Halibut weighting as high as 200 pounds have been caught on these primitive hooks. The hook illustrated was brought to St. Paul by Martin Kennedy, Jr., on his return from his recent trip to Alaska. One peculiarity that puts this hook out of the ordinary class of salmon and halibut hooks is that the lower prong is carved in the shape of an idol.

A Christmas Suggestion

That will Solve the Christmas Problem

What Are You Going to Give your Child as a Christmas Gift?

A Gift Worth Having

GET one of the nickel home savings banks for your boy or girl, put a new coin in it, and with a pass book, showing a deposit of one dollar, drawing 3 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually; present it to him or her on Christmas morning, and no gift on or under the Christmas tree, will bring more joy.

In making a child a gift of this character you are making it the very best present it is possible to give—for you are introducing it to the way of saving and economy which really means starting it upon the road to success and happiness in life.

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Then all the wind is silver with their hair,
Blown through the drifting silver of the snow.

For when they wake, while yet the early air
Is filled with dark and stars of dawn are white,
They know that something whispers everywhere—

Something that is not like the voice of night;
Something that is not like the voice of day;
Something that is like silence and like light.

Up with soft cries, like little winds at play
Or supple flames that with slim beckoning fan by, the fairies mount and wind away.

Some gracious influence moves the day like spring.
Wistful to have some part in the sweet stir,
The fairies fashion gifts from everything.

Therefore, when first you wake from ways that were
All singing dreams, on every Christmas morn
The day is blessed by some still wanderer.

For some kind little spirit has outworn
Your sleep by kissing light your closed eyes,
And of that kiss your first day dreams are born.

—Zona Gale in New York Mail.

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THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

By THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

BEHELD HIS BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride.
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"HERE TARRY A MOMENT—I'LL HIDE, I'LL HIDE!"

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried.
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan,
And young Lovell cried: "Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

"SEE! THE OLD MAN WEEPS FOR HIS FAIRY BRIDE."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past.
And when Lovell appeared the children cried:
"See! The old man weeps for his fairy bride."

THE BRIDE LAY CLASPED IN HER LIVING TOMB!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay moldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate! In sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring, and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Sold by Emporium Drug Co.

Banks On Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Shingeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed." Unequaled for Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, Chills, Malaria and Debility. 25c at all druggists.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by all dealers.

TAKE CARE!

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started useing Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at all druggists.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by all dealers.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by all dealers.

Cedar Shingles $4.50 per thousand at C.B. Howard & Co's.

GIFT HINTS

Our exclusive lines make this drug store the popular Emporium for Xmas Shoppers.

A Few Gift Hints

Hudnut's Superb Toilet Waters, Perfumes and Toilet Powders.
Sammuri Japanese Toilet Articles.
Wuest's Crushed Fruit Chocolate Candies.
Giffons Warranted Manicuring Instruments.
Postal Cards and Booklets.
Christmas Stationery.
Cigars,

Including many favorite brands in 10s, 25s and 50s to the box.

An early call will convince you.

Only at the
New Drug Store
Emporium Drug Co.
Post Office Building. Phone 52

Wants to Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for all distress from Bachache, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and Kidney disorders. He shows that Electric Bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles, he writes, wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for Liver trouble, Dyspepsia, Blood Disorders, Female Complaints and Malaria. Try them. 50c at all druggists.

You Must Read This if you Want the Benefit.

J. W. Grier, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of Lumbago. "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly parlyzing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy, and I am glad to say that after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." For sale by the Emporium Drug Co.

A Simple Safeguard for Mothers.

Mrs. Gilkenson, 326 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold and coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house." Accept no substitute. For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Saved From Awful Death.

How an appalling death in his family prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8 "My sister had consumption," he writes "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhages—all bronchial troubles, it has no equal, 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Autumn Announcement

A Fine Line of Coats, Suits, Skirts and Shirtwaists, just received

NEW FURS

A large consignment of new furs that are now open for inspection.

A special discount of 10 per cent on regular price will be made to those purchasing within the next week. A small cash deposit will secure the furs. Call early.

H. A. Zarps & Co

Why Not?

Since the tendency of the Holiday Gift has turned toward the useful as well as the ornamental, why not first consider our great display of

Practical Gifts for Ladies

Furs	*Gloves*	*Handkerchiefs*
$1.00 to $25.00	25c to $3.75	5c to $1.50

Kimonas	*Bathrobes*
75c to $2.50	$2.75 to $5.50

Suits and Coats
$8.50 to $29.00

COPPERSMITH'S

Fourth Street, *EMPORIUM, PA.*

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Plucked in Service of Woman

More like a plucked turkey on stilts than the big feathery bird we all know is the ostrich after he has been robbed of his plumes for the use of the women of fashion. However, though distressingly nude, the ostrich does not seem to mind his temporary condition but is apparently quite happy.

GREATEST MOTHER IN WORLD

The greatest mother in the world, perhaps, is Mrs. Jane Morris, residing in Jackson county, near the foothills of the Cumberland mountains in Kentucky. Mrs. Morris was born and reared in the mountains, has little education and until a few years ago had never been outside of her immediate vicinity, there being to this time no railroad in Jackson county.

Her claim to greatness lies in the fact that she can boast of a total of 518 descendants, nearly all of whom are living and none of whom ever has been accused of crime.

"My life's motto has been," said the venerable old mother the other day, "the Golden Rule. The duty of a wife is to her home and her country, to bear the burden of motherhood in strict accordance to the laws of nature, and my obedience to the same is why, at the age of eighty-six, I can glory in the fact that out of the great number of my children not one in an inmate of any school of reform, jail, penitentiary or asylum of any kind."

Aunt Jane, as she is called, is eighty-six years old, and says she expects to live to be a hundred and to see descendants of the fifth generation. Her husband died 20 years ago, six years after they had celebrated their golden wedding. She never married again, and, remarkable as it may seem, the entire number of descendants are from this one union.

Her most productive child is Hannah Lakes, who had 16 children and has more than eighty descendants, but Mrs. Sallie Sparks follows closely with 15 children, 29 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

Of Mrs. Morris' children Lewis had only one child and Bettie died without marrying, while Fannie and Lydia are still living, but never married.

A summary of Mrs. Morris' descendants follows:

Her children.	Grand-children	Great-Grand-children	Great-Grand-children.
John Morris	10	20	2
Sallie Sparks	15	29	13
Job Morris	14	34	18
William Morris	13	44	6
Hannah Lakes	16	76	8
L. V. Morris	11	34	1
Leah Marcum	12	23	1
Canada Morris	7	13	1
Mary J. Isaacs	6	1	"
Margaret Johnson	13	11	"
Cynthia M. Pervitt	10	"	"
Lewis Morris	1	"	"
Bettie Morris	"	"	"
Fannie Morris	"	"	"
Lydia Morris	"	"	"
Total, 15 children	128	325	49

Grand total, 518.

Mrs. Morris is said by all who know her to live well up to the Golden Rule she has taken as her life's motto.

ABSOLVED WHILE DROWNING

A dramatic story was told at the inquest at Dalkey (County Dublin) on Father English, of Dublin, who was drowned one day lately while swimming with Father Walsh at Dalkey. The latter described how, when Father English became exhausted, he seized and dragged him near the shore, but three times the heavy wash swept them out. Becoming exhausted himself, Father Walsh lost his hold, and, seeing it was only a matter of moments with his fellow-priest, raised his hand and gave him absolution. A moment later Father English disappeared, his body being recovered later.

SAILOR SAVED BY HIS CAT

Writing in a London (Eng.) paper, an officer relates a most curious instance of a cat unintentionally saving the life of a man. Some time ago, he says, he was in a collision catastrophe in which a steamer sunk a sailing ship in the Atlantic. The steamer's boats were promptly lowered, and, notwithstanding the darkness (it was night) saved a number of the crew of the sailing ships. Those in charge of the boats, thinking that they had saved all, were about to return to their steamer, when they heard the piteous mewing of a cat. Rowing up to the sound, they lifted a cat out of the water, and as she was raised the head of a man rose from under her. He was the last of the men of the sailing ship, and the cat had taken refuge on his head. He was unconscious, but was resuscitated, so all the men were saved.

CURSE WAS ON GREAT HOTEL

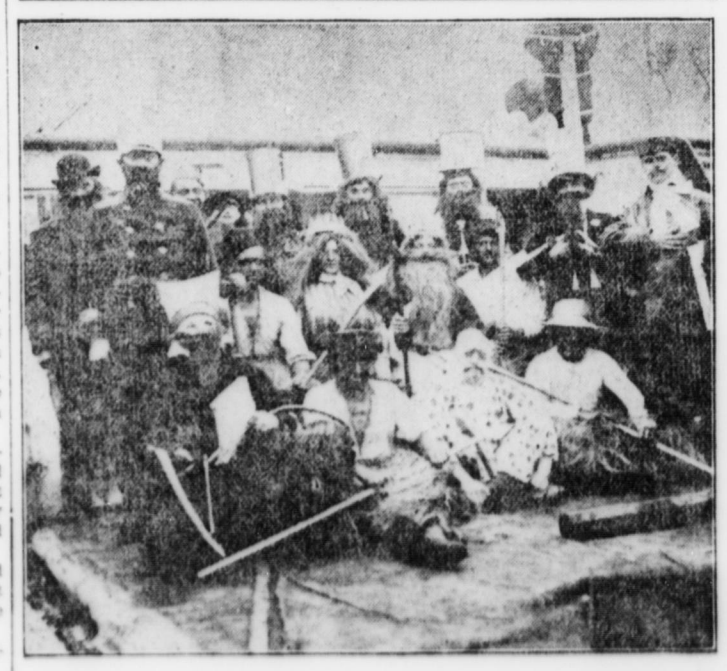
A curious tradition lingers around the Savoy Hotel, London, where some wonderful alterations have just been carried out. When this great establishment was first opened it had a singular run of ill-luck. One of the directors, seeking to learn the cause of it, was told an odd story. The land on which the hotel was built had formerly belonged to a monastic order which was expelled at the Reformation, the property being confiscated. On leaving, the abbot had cursed the ground, declaring that any enterprise connected with it should not prosper. On hearing this tale the director sought out a monastery of the expelled order which still exists in Devonshire, and by much tact and diplomacy induced the abbot there to go through the form of removing the curse. No one who is aware of the position the Savoy holds in London today can doubt that the removal was effective.

WAT TYLER'S ENORMOUS BOOT

No man living in England has a more remarkable collection of relics than Lord Llangattock at the Hendre, Monmouth. Amongst them is an ancient and clumsy boot, which belonged to the celebrated Wat Tyler. Invited to a parley at Smithfield with Richard II., in 1380, Tyler addressed the king

in a menacing manner, now and again lifting up his sword. On this, the Mayor Walworth stunned Tyler with his mace, and one of the king's knights dispatched him. The sole and heel of this boot are enormous, and on the side of the leg is the mark of a sword-cut.

Neptune's Court on the Line



There is no more picturesque celebration at sea than the ancient ceremony of crossing the equator. For centuries no ship, big or little, has "crossed the line" without paying honor to Neptune, however crudely. Of late years these ceremonies are often elaborately staged. The sensation of crossing the equator is unfamiliar even to the most experienced travelers. Passenger traffic moves around the world along parallel lines, and while 10,000 voyagers cross the Atlantic ocean, few sail from the north to south Atlantic, thus carrying them across the equator.

Only last year the first large party of tourists "crossed the line" incidental to a trip from the United States to South America. The party consisted of 550 Americans and the celebration of the crossing, the first participated in by so many pleasure seekers in the history of passenger traffic, surpassed all precedent. Before sailing from New York, the Bluecher was equipped with all the material required for stage-setting the celebration. The initiation of the entire ship's company followed. When the ceremonies were at an end, each was presented with an elaborate document stating that the owner had paid his respects to Neptune in proper form, and that hereafter, according to the proverbial custom of the seas, he would be permitted to cross the line without further initiation.

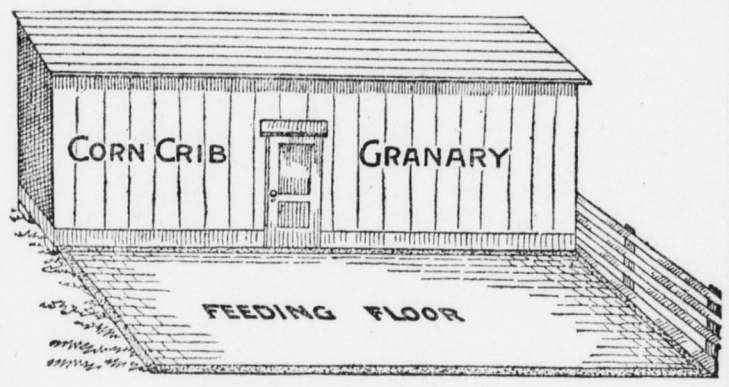
On the morning the Bluecher neared the equator, Neptune and his court, elaborately costumed, took their places on an improvised throne on the upper deck. One by one the luckless tourists were ceremoniously taken before the king who judged the case and announced the penalty. The prisoner was sentenced to receive either a hair cut, a bath or a shave, or all three. Escape was impossible. Those who attempted to dodge the judge by hiding were sought out by four brawny "policemen." Even the women were initiated, but more mildly.

MANY ADVANTAGES WITH CONCRETE FEEDING FLOOR

Prevents Feed From Being Trampled Into Mud and Contributes to Health of Animals by Lessening Chances of Infection.

Since the advent of high-priced corn and hogs, feeding floors of a more permanent nature than those made of wood are receiving a good deal of attention, writes L. E. Troeger of Iowa in Orange Judd Farmer. The advantages of a floor of some kind of material like brick or cement over plank need not be argued. There are a good many feeding floors made of the first named material to be found throughout the corn belt, and without exception they are proving a good investment.

In short, the main points in favor of a feeding floor of permanent nature is that it is a feed-saver, as it prevents feed from being tramped into the mud; it provides a solid foundation for troughs, prevents mudholes around troughs, and undoubtedly contributes to the health of the pigs by lessening the chances of infection by intestinal parasites. It is a practice with some men to clean off the floor with a shovel every day when the floor is used for growing pigs, which removes thousands of worm eggs when the herd is wormy, and there are few that are not to a certain extent.



Crib and Granary With Feeding Floor.

The accompanying illustration shows the main points in a feeding floor that combines all the best features with cheapness. This is constructed as follows: Select a well-drained spot in the hog lot, remove all rubbish and litter till a solid earth surface is secured. Level the surface, and if there are any soft spots fill with clay if obtainable, and tramp firm. On this surface spread an inch of sand and smooth the same for the brick. If considerable dirt has to be removed to secure a solid surface it may be necessary to fill in with ashes before the sand is spread. In this case the ashes should be rolled if possible, at least, made as solid as can be with the means at hand. In the meantime the retaining wall should be put in. This should be made of concrete six inches wide and ten or twelve inches high, so that the base will rest on firm soil. The corners may be reinforced with old iron rods or wire if such material is at hand.

The bricks should now be laid, breaking joints, and when all down a half inch of fine sand should be spread over the surface of the same to fill the crevices. If a firm foundation is provided for the brick there will be no danger of the brick heaving or working out. The troughs should not be set in the floor, as slop will sour under them in warm weather and rats may burrow beneath.

If it is desired to feed pigs away from the sows the floor can be fenced in and doors made in the fence that will keep all but the pigs out. A floor that is 16 feet wide and 30 feet long will furnish space for about 100 pigs or a car load of fattening hogs, and will cost for materials only around $35 to $40. Feeding can be made very convenient by building a combination corn crib and granary adjoining the floor. In the granary part a variety of feeds can be kept, also a feed cooker and other adjuncts. This is a very good arrangement for a small farm.

FARMERS CURE THEIR MEATS

This May Be Done Rather Easily and Flavor of Product Much Finer—Delicious at Certain Times.

(By S. C. MILLER.)

In these days of salt-peter, benzoate of soda, formate and other dope used by the big manufacturers in the curing of nearly everything we eat, I wonder why more of our farmers do not preserve their own foods, particularly meats. It seems to me there is more danger in the use of preservatives in the use of meats than anything else, and pickling of meats on the farm is such a simple matter that every man who kills his own pigs should in addition to hams and bacon put down a barrel of meat pickled. Properly cared for, it is delicious at certain seasons of the year. On the old farm in Virginia the following method was always used. No better meats were ever put on the farmer's table:

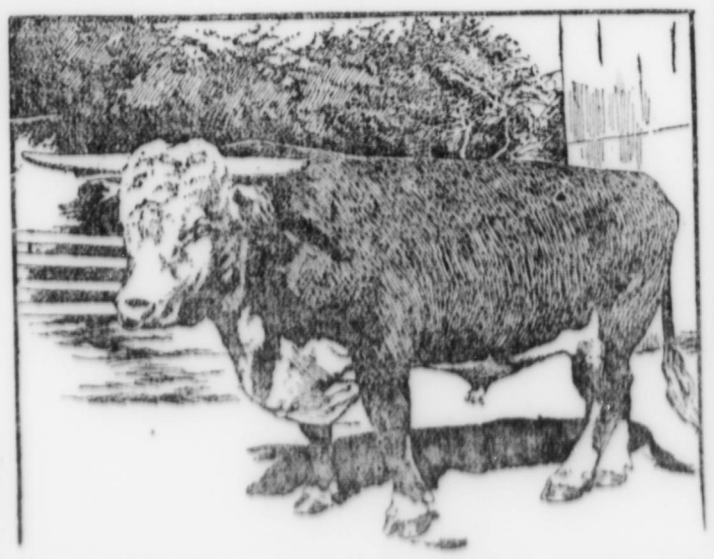
For each 100 pounds of meat take two pounds of sugar and four pounds of salt. Mix well and when the meat is first cut rub it well with pure salt on the flesh side. Let it lie a day or two and then drain out any blood that may be left. Divide the sugar and salt mixture in three equal parts. Use one part on the meat and pack in a barrel. It should then be allowed to lie three or four days when it should be rubbed with another portion of the mixture and three or four days later repeat the operation with the remainder. It should then be packed tightly in a barrel. After lying three or four days it is ready to hang up. It must be kept in a cellar or some place where it will not freeze while the curing process is going on. When applying the salt and sugar mixture it is more convenient if one has two barrels to use at the same time.

A great many people do not seem to understand that smoking meat does not cure it except as the warmth from the fire causes the moisture to evaporate. There is no particular virtue in the smoke itself and meat could be as well cured by any kind of slow gentle heat even if no smoke came from it. However, the heat from clean, fresh hickory chips can never be improved upon and if people believe that the quality of the meat is improved by the sweet odor from this form certainly no harm will be done. The main thing is to keep the heat regular and at a low point in order that the moisture may be drawn out from the meat evenly.

Plant of Wheat.

A single plant of wheat grown on the ranch of J. C. Yeager, near the Dells, Ore., contained over 100 heads all of which were fairly well filled. The plant had 135 branches.

NOTED WHITE-FACED HEREFORD



Columbus Busybody, a white-faced Hereford, was imported from England by Mr. Rockefeller. Its mother, Busybody, was purchased from Queen Victoria's royal herd. Columbus weighs 2,500 pounds and is valued at $7,500. He has been fed no grain for three years.

For Women's Needs

Every woman should fortify herself against those weaknesses and derangements which are usually present at times when Nature makes extra demands upon the system.

For women's special ailments there is no known remedy so safe and reliable as

Beecham's Pills

These pills possess corrective and tonic properties which have a marked effect upon the general health and promptly relieve nervousness, sick headache, depression, backache, weakness and other unpleasant symptoms. Beecham's Pills establish healthy conditions and furnish

Help at the Right Time

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

For men whose time is valuable

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. Z, American Express Building, Chicago.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE for COUGHS & COLDS

True men and women are all physicians to make us well.—C. A. Bartol.

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

INNOCENT ON ONE COUNT.

Mrs. Farmer—Say, did you say you wasn't goin' to do no work for dat dinner?

Boston Billings—Ah! ma'am, I assure you the double negative is a solecism I've never been guilty of.

Was All Right.

Howard—Did you telephone Mrs. Howard that I would be detained at the office until midnight?

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

"And what did she say?"

"Said she didn't blame you—she had made an engagement to go to the theater tonight herself."—Smart Set.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.—Lord Palmerston.

Post Toasties

With Cream or With Milk or With Fruit.

Savoury Wholesome Economical

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Winter Turbans

THIS is decidedly a season of draped hats with velvets the leading fabric for draperies. Entire hats are made of it and numbers of others are combinations of velvet and silk, velvet and tapestry, velvet and fur, or beaver cloth or any of the millinery fabrics.

These draped hats are, naturally, made on turban shapes, whose inspiration in most cases, is plainly drawn from the oriental headdress. Many of them set closely to the head, and some of them so close that they might be classed as caps. They are becoming and full of "style;" that elusive quality which is worth so much to the milliner in money and to the wearer in "distinction."

Large turbans bordered with shaggy furs, have crowns of velvet draped and cleverly arranged into trimming.

Other shapes show crowns of velvet with brims of tapestry and velvet or of silk folded and tacked about the brim. A big bow of the fabric finishes a simple model of this sort, as shown in the illustration. But any other trimming that is fancied may be used as a finish.

A lovely model as a soft crown (what is called this season the "flexible" crown) and a wide brim or coronet of marten fur. It is finished at the side with a handsome shaded willow plume, showing three colorings.

Turbans, in fact, include most elaborate designs as well as those pretty simple models in which velvet is employed alone, and in which the designer relies upon clever draping effects to achieve style.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CREAM BEAVER HAT.

To Wash Bed Clothes.

To wash heavy bed clothes make a warm suds with good soap and let the comfortables or blankets soak in it for awhile. Then take a new, clean hoe for a pounder. Pound well, and pound again in another suds. Rinse thoroughly and hang on the line without wringing. If a hose is handy spray plenty of water over them when on the line. The cotton comfortables will not mat when washed in this way.

Embroidery Jabot.

For something new and dressy to wear with a linen shirtwaist, the embroidered jabot at once suggests itself, since it is less perishable than dainty but short-lived laces.

One jabot of fine swiss embroidery in the vandyke pattern was laid in cascades from the neck to the waist line, gradually decreasing to a point. The material was gathered tightly, of course, and arranged in zigzag style down the narrow strip of lawn which served as its foundation.

A Sewing Tip.

You will find when sewing fine silk that quite often the seams are inclined to pucker when silk thread is used. The sewing is made much smoother if cotton thread of the same color and size be used in the bobbin, with silk thread above.

Do not dampen such seams when pressing them, for often water marks silk so that the stain cannot be removed.

HATS ON THE FREAK ORDER

Millinery of the Moment May Be Described as Fearful and Wonderful.

The millinery of the moment can only be described as freakish, for surely never before was the head of woman covered with such incongruities.

Not content with simulating the appearance of mushrooms, sugar loaves and variegated birds' nests, the latest hat is the aeroplane, with large outstanding wings adorning the back of the hat and set at the jauntiest angle imaginable.

The reign of the winged hat, soberly and decorously adorned with wings covering the crown and part of the brim, is apparently over, for the wings must be made freakish to look smart, so following on the aeroplane hat we have the hat which can only be described as a winged Mercury, with two seductive looking wings planted at the back of the crown of a large black hat, shaped exactly like the wings which adorn the ankles of the famous Mercury statue.

There is no accounting for taste, for even if a woman knows she does not look well in a hat pulled down over her eyes until half her face is hidden, that hat she will wear because it is the fashion.

One of the most startling millinery freaks seen was a blue velvet toque which can best be described as a bedizened sugar loaf.

The cone part of this sugar loaf toque was of Wedgwood blue velvet, while a deep band of steel embroidered lace formed the lower part, and hanging from this was a tiny fringe of steel beads which would adorn the forehead Salomewise. The toque, it should be added, completely covered all signs of hair and hid the wearer's left eye entirely.

Other toques of the moment have crowns ascending skywards. So high and so full are these velvet crowns rising from a band of bizarre embroidery that they give a top-heavy appearance to the unfortunate wearer.

Cucumber Cream.

Cucumber cream is made from two ounces of almond oil, one-half ounce each of white wax and spermaceti and one ounce of cucumber juice. The latter is obtained either by grating the vegetable, skin and all, or by cutting and simmering it until pulpy. In either case it must be strained.

Mixing proceed as with other creams.

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. —Ruskin.

Quick Breads.

If there is one thing the normal man dotes on it is hot breads of all kinds, and it is hard for him to realize that hot bread at every meal is not good for the stomach.

Cereal Breads.—Gems and breads made from cereals are very satisfying and nutritious. They are not expensive and with or without fruit and nuts are good foods.

Corn Bread.—Take a pint of sour milk, one tablespoonful of melted lard, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda and cornmeal enough to make a drop batter. Pour into a greased dripping pan and bake for half an hour. This same mixture may be used in muffin pans. A mixture of equal parts of corn meal and flour is better liked by many. When using sweet milk use two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in place of the soda.

Maryland Biscuit.—Sift half a teaspoonful of salt with a quart of flour, then cut into it two tablespoonfuls of butter. Make a stiff dough with a cup of ice water; turn the mixture out on the molding board and beat with the rolling pin for 20 minutes, turning frequently; cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven. The pounding of the dough incloses air in it and makes it light when expanded by the heat.

Cream Scones.—Mix and sift together two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Rub into the mixture four tablespoonfuls of butter; add two well-beaten eggs and a third of a cup of cream. Toss on a floured board and roll to three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Cut in squares, brush with the white of egg, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

Hominy Gems.—Add a fourth cup of hominy to a half cup of boiling water and stand until the water is absorbed. Add a cup of hot milk, a half teaspoonful of salt to a cup of cornmeal, three tablespoonfuls of butter and three of sugar. Combine mixtures, cool, add two eggs and the two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in. Beat well and bake in buttered gem pans.

THE men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticise. —Elizabeth Harrison.

Kitchen Utensils.

Household appliances have been invented in most cases to sell. Many utensils which are invaluable in a large family are poor investments for a small one. Any appliance should save more time and labor than it takes to adjust and clean it after using.

A vacuum cleaner which may cost a small sum saves the housekeeper much hard labor and gives time for recreation and reading is a good investment. It is better than putting that amount into doctor's bills.

A washing machine, a bread mixer, a food chopper, a mop wringer and a mangle are all great strength savers.

The fireless cookers are savers of time, heat and labor. One need not buy an expensive one, as the home-made ones are very satisfactory. The steam cooker is another valuable appliance, especially on the farm or when cooking for a large family.

A zinc-covered table is the greatest comfort to a busy housewife, as it is easy to clean; hot pans and kettles may be placed on it without injury.

The soap shaker is always ready to use in the dish pan and uses the bits of soap that might otherwise be wasted.

The up-to-date home is using the gasoline engine to run the washing machine, the wringer and the mangle. When much sewing is done the power is applied to the sewing machine. In many homes they are using the electric motor for this purpose and to run the vacum cleaner. The electric and alcohol irons are becoming more and more common.

The spatula or limber knife is invaluable in the kitchen, and the small wooden spoon is so easy to stir with and never gets hot when using around the stove. The potato ricer and sink strainer are other useful utensils.

The dustless duster, which may be bought for a quarter of a dollar, is something which every housewife should have. It is simply a piece of cheese cloth treated with oil which holds the dust. The cloth may be washed and its property of holding the dust is not lost. The cloth is not greasy, but it gives a good polish to woodwork.

A small wheeled table with a shelf below and the top covered with zinc is an addition to the comfort of any housewife. It may be wheeled to and from the dining room, thus answering for a tray and stand near the stove when cooking to hold the needed utensils. Such a table is invaluable when once used.

Nellie Maxwell.

$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

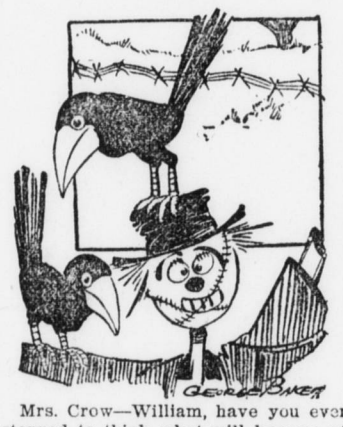
I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a [illegible]ECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-252 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

The man who thinks more of his pigs than he does of his wife and babies is the devil's idea of what a husband and father should be.

Thousands of country people know that in time of sudden mishap or accident Hamlins Wizard Oil is the best substitute for the family doctor. That is why it is so often found upon the shelf.

THEIR FATE.



Mrs. Crow—William, have you ever stopped to think what will become of us when we are old?

Mr. Crow—Oh! I suppose wee'll wind up as quail on toast at some table d'hote restaurant.

YOUR STOMACH FEELS FINE.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sourness, Gas and All Stomach Misery Ended in Five Minutes.

This harmless preparation will promptly digest anything you eat and overcome a sick, sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Get from any drug store here in town a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain regulator for out-of-order stomachs, and besides it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any other stomach disorder.

Remember, if your stomach feels out of order and uncomfortable now, you can get relief in five minutes by taking a little Diapepsin.

Anyway Eve never had occasion to marry Adam by asking two or three times a day if she was the only woman he ever loved.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Than you ever dreamed possible decorating china, burnt-wood, metal, pillow-tops, etc., in colors from photographs. Men successful as women. Learned at once; no talent required. Takes like wildfire everywhere. Send stamp quick for praticulars.

C. M. VALLANCE COMPANY, Elkhart, Ind.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY KIDNEYS.

Weak kidneys fail to remove poisons from the blood, and they are the cause of backache, headaches, urinary troubles and dizzy spells. To insure good health, keep the kidneys well. Doan's Kidney Pills remove all kidney ills.

Mrs. E. E. Dewey, Neligh, Neb., says: "In 1909 I had a dreadful attack of dropsy, my face being so puffed I could hardly see and my feet and hands were terribly swollen. Doan's Kidney Pills were advised and I began taking them. It required only short use to restore my kidneys to a normal condition."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Time to Think Over Suicide.

He took paris green to commit suicide. Too big a dose to kill him. Eminent specialist happened to be called in, and started to fix him up. "No use," said paris green performer, "I'll do it anyhow after you have done with me." Doctor got mad. "If that's the way you feel about it, you fool," he said, "I'll not waste my time on you." Paris green performer much astonished and grieved. "Well," he said, "give me 24 hours to think it over." Doctor gave him 24 hours and went away. At the end of the time paris green performer telephoned: "I've thought it over and want to get well; come and see me some more."

A Meritorious Act.

Mr. Cynic—Tell me one thing you ever did for your fellow men?

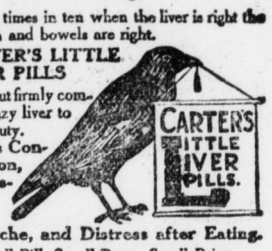
Mr. Optim—This morning I kicked a banana peel off a sidewalk.—Judge.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

3 Cruises to the WEST INDIES

Three delightful cruises leaving New York January 24, February 25 and March 28, 1911 BY THE 12,500 TON S.S. Moltke TO THE Spanish Main, West Indies, Panama Canal, Bermuda, etc.

Two cruises of 28 days duration $150 and up. One cruise, 16 days, $85 and up. Also cruises to the Orient, South America and Around the World.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE P. O Box 1767 41 and 45 Broadway, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

FREE GOLD PLATED BRACELET Self adjusting. For selling 15 packages Elegant Xmas Post Cards. When sold send $1.50 and we'll send bracelet prepaid. O. P. C. CO., Lock Box 392, Orleans, Vt.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 50–1910.

MUNYON'S

Eminent Doctors at Your Service Free

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION BY MAIL

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, or feel the need of medical advice, address a letter to Munyon's staff of eminent specialists, and they will send you an examination blank, which you will fill out and return to them. They will then diagnose your case and tell you what to do, absolutely free of charge. You do not put yourself under any obligation to them, and they will not feel hurt if you do not follow their advice. If they prescribe Munyon's Remedies and you decide to take the treatment, it goes with a guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Auction Sale of Indian Lands by the U. S. Government---Buy an Oklahoma Farm Cheap

Beginning November 21, 1910, and Continuing Until March 1, 1911, There Will Be Offered for Sale at Public Auction by the Government

About 2,000,000 Acres

of **Indian Lands in Oklahoma.** Much of this is high-grade farming land and is especially adapted to the growing of **wheat, corn, cotton, vegetables** and **fruits.** The climate is ideal, with an abundance of rain, insuring a crop each year. **Why suffer from cold six months a year when you can enjoy outdoor life the year around in Oklahoma,** and **on a small investment speedily become independent?** Homeseekers' tickets at special rates on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month from all principal points. For full particulars regarding the sales and how to get there cheaply and comfortably, write to

A. HILTON, General Passenger Agent
FRISCO LINES
1537 Frisco Building ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

BUY GEORGIA FARM LANDS

NOW; $10 to $30 an acre, according to location. Two crops a year; 60 to 100 bushels of corn or oats to acre. Fine fruit country. Mild winters; pleasant summers. Best and cheapest lands in U. S. To locate in section with brightest future, write

Frank Weldon, Atlanta, Ga.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

MANATEE-FLORIDA

America's Fruit and Garden Market offers you an opportunity to become independent in a short time growing ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT AND VEGETABLES. Two and three crops a year net $500 to $1500 per acre. Quick transportation, low freight rates on S. A. L. Ry. to Northern and Eastern markets. Uniform climate year round. Instructive booklet free.

J. W. WHITE, Gen'l Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Ry. Dept. 40, Norfolk, Va.

AGENTS wanted in every town. An opportunity to earn big money. Exclusive territory. No experience necessary. Retailer Mfg. Co., 140-142 Nesbit, Chicago

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

"A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfactory. Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson

CHICHESTER S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutions.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

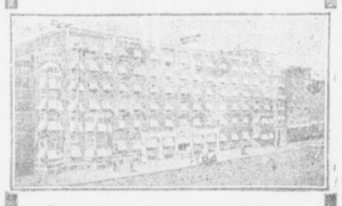
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED

WINDSOR HOTEL

W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager.

European, $1.00 per day and up
American, $2.50 per day and up



Midway between Broad Street Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert Street.

The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in

PHILADELPHIA

Geo. J. LaBar

Furuituer

Tabourettes.

The Set to Set Before You

Is waiting for you in the shape of a nice set of crockery. We are now showing a splen iid stock of good sound Crockery, every single piece warranted free from fault or blemish. The finest assortment in the county at reasonable prices.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

Pure Water!

DRINK

Sizerville

Mineral

Water

Clean, Pure and Healthy.

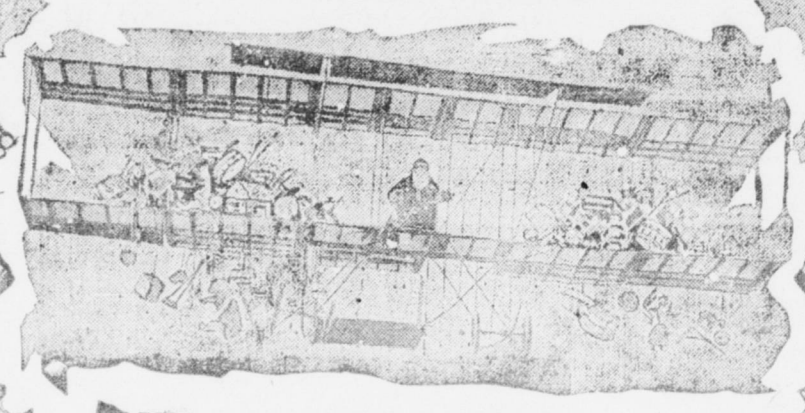
We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles. Drop a postal card—we will do the rest. The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country. Orders may be left at Geo. F. Balcom store, or water may be purchased by the case at the same place.

Address,

Magnetic Mineral Water Co.,

SIZERVILLE, PA.

SANTA CLAUS, JR., AVIATOR



By ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

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'TWAS the day before Christmas, and up in the north
With his presents old Santa prepared to set forth
On a visit to children to scatter his toys
And to fill with delight hearts of girls and of boys.

ALL his presents were sorted and labeled with care
And were piled in great heaps, filling all the space there.
So he called to his son, ruddy, jolly young Nick,
"Come, bring round my reindeer; make haste and be quick."

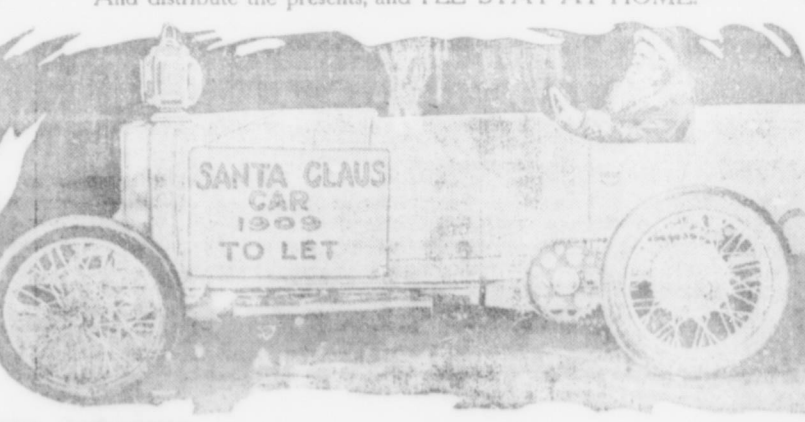
"WHY, my father," the rollicksome youth then replied,
"Your good reindeer of age have every one died;
Also that mode of travel is quite out of date.
Keep abreast of the times; you must strike a new gait."

POOR old Santa looked stumped, and he paused, hung his head;
Then he heaved a deep sigh and sorrowfully said,
"I suppose I must yield, with the times keep apace,
So bring round an auto, if there's one 'bout the place."

YOUTHFUL Nick winked an eye, and he dropped a sly smile.
"My good father," said he, "you're off many a mile.
You'd be thought a back number to auto the trip.
To be quite up with style you must use an airship."

FOR a moment the old man did not speak a word.
With violent emotions his bosom was stirred.
But at length he looked up, gave a toss of his head.
"Bring hither an up to date airship," he said.

WHEN the airship appeared Santa said, with a grin:
"Now, my son, she is ready; make haste and jump in.
In this newfangled sleigh o'er the world you may may roam
And distribute the presents, and I'LL STAY AT HOME."



THEY SWIFT AND FAR HIS AIRSHIP FLEW.

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

OUR UNCLE SAM, that busy wight
Whose duties never let him pause,
Appeared on Christmas eve, bedight
In merry garb of Santa Claus.

SWIFT THROUGH FORTY-SEVEN STATES.

"Now must I haste," cried Uncle Sam,
"Lest I forget some chick or child
Of mine, his stockings full to cram,
From out my pack with treasures piled."

Then swift through forty-seven states,
And territories three or four,
He scooted, leaving sleds and skates
And lollipops at every door.

"Ha! Up to '98 or so,"
Said Uncle Sam, "my work was done
With this, but now I fear—ho, ho!—
My task is scarcely yet begun!"

So off he sailed across the sweep
Of salty waters, mile on mile,
And gladdened every chick asleep
In Porto Rico's placid isle.

Then swift and far his airship flew,
Till every Filipino tot,
Or black or blond, or brown or blue,
Abundant Christmas presents got.

And sailing back above the isles
Where swart Kanakas frisk and play,
He poured Hawaiian piles and piles
Of gewgaws made for Christmas day.

"I'm through," cried Uncle Sam, "at last!"
And then the jolly rogue said: "Pshaw!
I wonder if I ought to cast
Some ballast off on Panama?"

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

By AN OLD BACHELOR.

Christmas to me means opportunity.

For what?

Opportunity for kindness.

It is perhaps fifteen years since I received a Christmas present. I'm an old bachelor, and nobody remembers me. Yet that doesn't make me glum and grouchy at Christmas—no, sirree.

I'm not particularly fond of children. Maybe if I were I would have married and raised a few of my own. Still, I don't dislike the little ones, and every year I run across a lot of boys and girls who have no Santa Claus of their own—little orphan fellows and God's poor. Well, when Christmas comes along I remember these children. I'm their Santa Claus in a small way.

Last Christmas I spent $5 and made nearly forty children happy. I've got a ten dollar bill laid up to spend in the same way this Christmas, and I'll bet anybody another ten that the old bachelor will get as much joy out of spending that "X" as all the little ones combined.

WHATS NICER THAN A FINE NEW RANGE?

JUST ASK YOUR WIFE IF SHE WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE A NEW RANGE? SHE'LL LIKE THE KIND WE SELL. COME AND SEE, WE HAVE THE BEST.

WE CARRY A FINE LINE OF HEATING STOVES FOR ALL KINDS OF FUEL. ES EC-IALLY A FINE LINE OF WOOD AND COAL HEATERS.

A FULL LINE OF BASKETS AND MEASURES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

A FULL LINE OF GAS HOSE, COAL PAILS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS.

Plumbing, Tinning, Steam and Hot Water Heating a Speciality.

The Most Complete Line of Hardware

Never has our establishment been better able to meet the demands of the trade than at present. We have the largest and most complete line of everything that should be found in a first-class Hardware store. Drop in and see us—no harm done if you do not purchase.

F. V. HEILMAN & CO.

Next door to Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store.

COMPETITION DEAD!

AT

C. B. HOWARD & CO'S

WEST FOURTH ST.,

EMPORIUM, CAMERON CO., PA.

NOTICE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE of GENERAL MERCHANDISE in COUNTY

OUR MOTTO:---Good and Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices.

Groceries

Canned goods, strictly pure, conforming with the pure food law, consisting of Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Succotash and Corn, Corned and Dried Beef, Veal Loaf, Salmon, Sardines in oil and mustard, Pickles by the keg or in bottles, all kinds of Fish, by the piece or pail. Hams, Bacon and Salt Pork, or anything you desire in the Grocery line; also Hay, Feed, Oats, Straw and Flour.

Clothing

Our stock of Underwear is complete. National Wool, Fleece lined and Ballbrigan Shirts and Drawers which cannot be surpassed in price or durability. Our line of Overalls, Over Jackets, Pants, Work and Dress Shirts, Wool and Cotton Socks, Gloves and Mitts, will surprise you in price and quality.

Shoes and Rubbers

Men and Boys' work and dress Shoes, Ladies and Children's shoes, Complete line and all sizes. Rubbers of allkind for Ladies, Children and Lumbermen's.

Dry Goods

Cannot be surpassed in this line. Have everything from a darning needle to a sewing machine. Our line of Embroideries and Insertions are complete. Come look our stock over and be convinced.

Hardware

Axes, Shovels, Hinges, Hammers, Hatchets, all kinds and sizes of Nails and Spikes. Our Tinware, etc., consists of Boilers, Milk Pans, Tin Cups, Wash Basins. Full stock of Lumberman's Supplies, Lever Stocks, Neck Yokes, Axe and Pick Handles, Spuds, Mauls, Grabs, etc.

We appreciate all orders and shall endeavor to give our immediate and prompt attention and give you as good service and as reliable goods in the future as we have in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention

Yours truly,

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

The CHRISTMAS WHO'S WHO

Edition De Luxe,
With List of All Children in Family Who Like to Receive Gifts

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

GRANDPA—Born a long time ago, but still takes an interest in life. Began to receive knit slippers as Christmas gifts a few years back. Would prefer something else this year, maybe a meerschaum pipe.

GRANDMA—Born a few years later than grandpa and still considerably younger. Already has on hand large stock of shoulder shawls received at Christmas. Fancies Chantecler bonnets.

PAPA—Born long enough ago to have acquired the ability to judge cigars by natural selection; hence prefers to buy his own brand. Not old enough for gold headed canes. Umbrellas not barred.

MAMMA—Doesn't tell her age except to the census man. Still very young at heart. Deserves the best that givers can afford. Nothing too good for mother.

CHOLLY—Age twenty-one or so. Has fancy tastes, but will accept with thanks anything from a Christmas card to an aeroplane. Likes to fly high anyhow, but will settle down to earth when he gets the girl.

MISS GLADYS—About nineteen now. Dolls and Teddy bears no longer receivable. Boxes of bonbons, chocolates preferred, not refused. Candy kisses acceptable, but prefers the mistletoe make. Willing to receive anything from a jeweled hatpin to an offer of marriage.

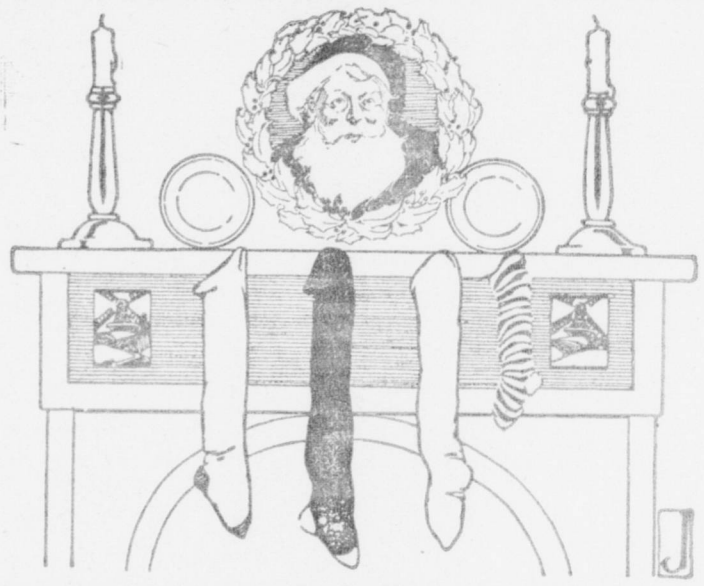
THE HEAVENLY TWINS—Born several years ago and growing rapidly. Willie's tastes run to skates, sleds and motorcycles. Millie wants so many things she hardly knows what she wants.

BABY—See family Bible for date of birth. If only six weeks old, rubber rattle thankfully received. If ten months, high chair for table. If three years, contents of entire toyshop.

1904 1910

Thomas H. Norris

Cheerful Greeting to All



Great Family Bargain House

Since our last greeting to our customers the fire demon completely wiped out the store of Thompkins & Norris and from those ashes arose the new firm of your humble servant, who extends his heartfelt thanks to his kind friends and numbrous customers for their confidence and good will. This season of good cheer and good will we desire to inform you all that this house of Honorable Dealing continues to enlarge its capacity and add to every department, SEASONABLE, DEPENDABLE AND THE BEST.

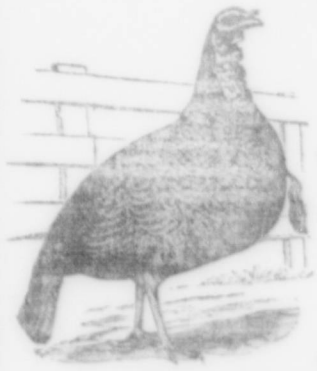
Our Grocery and Provision Department is Replete with the Best and Purest

Fruits, Nuts, Figs, Dates	**Special for the Holidays** Choice Oranges	Choicest Candies, Purest, Guaranteed

Our Complete Store and Large Line of Goods Renders it impossible to enumerate our goods. We have everything the family requires at the lowest possible price and guarantee every purchase.

As Usual we Sell to Churches, Sunday Schools and Xmas Festivals at Wholesale Prices

Our Dry Goods and Fancy Goods Department offers many attractive bargains. The children have been cared for as usual and we call especial attention to our line of TOYS and CANDIES. The men can be made happy with numerous serviceable articles



No Cold Storage Here

Turkeys, Geese and Chickens can be banked upon---are home killed. In order to make sure leave orders early

Our Meat Meat Market is the pride of our town. With a practical Butcher, we "point with pride" to our always excellent line of meats. Try us and see. We know you will come again. The good people of Cameron and adjoining counties will save good money by purchasing at our Mart of Trade. We pride ourselves on our line of general merchandise. We defy competition.

With kindest regards and wishing all a Very Merry Chistmas and Happy New Year, I remain

Yours to serve,
THOS. H. NORRIS.

Phone No. 109. Free Delivery.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor and Proprietor
Published Every Thursday
EMPORIUM. - PENNSYLVANIA

Jack Frost found the corn in the bin.

The more we read of ballooning the better we like walking.

A few shivery shakes are quite excusable these mornings.

Sleeping between blankets has been popular in this winter resort climate.

The airship hanger is trying to drive the auto garage out of business.

The Dominion wilderness is very roomy and balloonists will hereafter avoid it.

The hobble skirt is making it necessary for a good many women to Fletcherize when they walk.

Uncle Sam is getting out 75,000,000 new dollar bills, but you'll have to earn 'em if you want 'em.

The hobbles that women wear are merely an exaggeration of the pegtops that the men more a few years ago.

It is pretty difficult to get people who have no boys of their own to take a very decided stand against football.

It seems appropriate that the high flyers should demand high prices for engaging in their special line of activity.

The woman who shot a burglar with her eyes closed is inclined to believe that her closed orbs saved her life.

Save your bacon, exclaims the Chicago Tribune. That's up to the other fellow; most of us haven't any bacon to save.

Men's thoughts run to flying in this particular period of time, and yet the man-birds have almost a whole century to work in.

Another lesson learned from the aviation field. If you start out after a high-flying record don't leave your barograph at home.

The Treasury Department has decided to print more dollar bills. It appears to be the unanimous opinion that they are needed.

The number of deer killed this year is said to be smaller than usual. The number of hunters shot by mistake comes nearer the average.

A Chicago woman is suing her husband's affinity for $25,000 damages. Some people are always trying to make it unpleasant for affinities.

Bandits who held up a train in which a number of millionaires were traveling in New Mexico got $11.20. The porter had probably beaten them to it.

The name of the new King of Siam is Chow fa Maha Vaajravauch. Carrying that name around should have given him the practice he needs to be a strong king.

One of the physicians claims that drunkenness can be cured by a surgical operation. Perhaps it is one of those operations which make work for the undertaker.

It is not absolutely necessary to go to Europe to have one's mind broadened by travel. On Chicago's streets many vagaries of fashion can be seen walking up and down.

A Des Moines man who tried to commit suicide with a razor was saved by his double chin. This, however, won't make the double chin popular with those who have one.

The woman who keeps a pet boa constrictor 11 feet long cannot justly blame her husband if he puts himself in a condition for seeing a large number of other varieties of snakes.

Chicago is to have a theater which will make a special appeal to the women. The management will doubtless devise some means of keeping people from going out between the acts.

The people of Portugal are inclined to think they would like a government modeled after that of the United States. Evidently they don't believe all that has recently been said about this government.

A statesman of Indiana proposes to discipline young girls for giggling. Why not abolish the tribe of young girls altogether? That would be the effective method of accomplishing the first purpose.

No aviator has as yet been fined for exceeding the altitude limit.

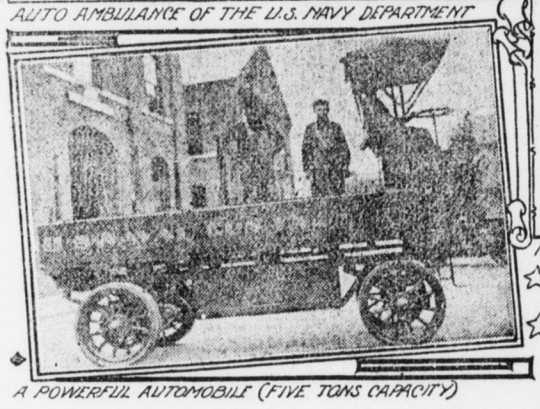
Some inventor would do the world a great service and he might at the same time become very rich by inventing some way to conserve the energy of those tropical storms.

The River Jordon is to be utilized for irrigation and the development of electric power. It is hoped, however, that there will be enough water left in it to keep the Dead Sea from becoming a mere hole in the ground.

The AUTOMOBILE in the U.S. NAVY

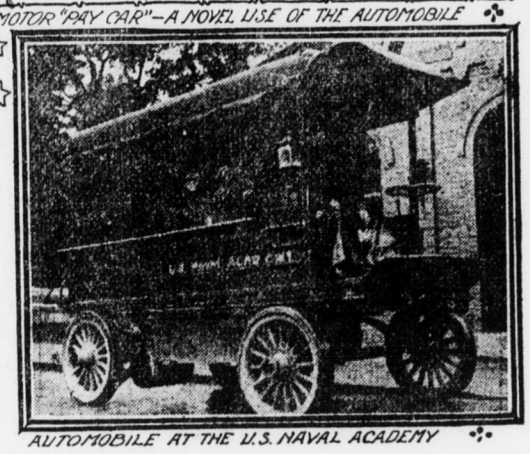
SCENE AT U.S. NAVAL GUN FACTORY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

AUTO AMBULANCE OF THE U.S. NAVY DEPARTMENT



A POWERFUL AUTOMOBILE (FIVE TONS CAPACITY)

MOTOR "PAY CAR"—A NOVEL USE OF THE AUTOMOBILE



AUTOMOBILE AT THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

To many persons it might, at first thought, appear strange that the navy—which is supposed to have to do with nothing much but ships and sea craft—should find use for the automobile. Yet, as a matter of fact, the United States navy department is finding extensive and increasing use for this up-to-date mode of locomotion. And just here it may be noted that for all that our army may be a trifle behind the military establishments of some foreign powers in the use it has made of the automobile, no such disparaging comparison is possible in the case of Uncle Sam's navy. The latter is quite abreast any other nation in the uses that have been found for the self-propelled vehicles.

As may readily be surmised, the chief sphere of usefulness for motor cars in the navy service lies in the assistance they can render at shore stations, such as navy yards, and at the naval workshops which have to do with supplying the ships with guns and ammunition and other indispensible classes of supplies. The best evidence of what these new helpers can accomplish in this way is to be had at the United States naval gun factory, the big industrial plant which manufactures all the heavy guns for our armorclads. Here four electric trucks of varying capacities are in constant service, each performing the work of not less than half a dozen horse-drawn carts. Indeed, these four trucks perform the entire work of transferring from shop to shop all the material of every description entering into the manufacture of the big guns.

One of these trucks has a capacity of 2,000 pounds; a second is capable of carrying 2,500 pounds; the third can transport two tons, and the fourth, designed for the heaviest class of work, is capable of toting around a tidy five tons. These horseless trucks can travel with maximum load at 18 to 20 miles per hour, and they can keep going for a total of 30 to 35 miles on one charge of electricity—that is on one charge of the storage batteries, which are stocked with energy each night for the next day's work. Perhaps the most interesting function performed by an auto in the navy is in the role of a pay car at this self-same naval gun factory. Once a week this pay car makes a two-hour trip of the various shops of the plant paying out to the 3,000 employees an aggregate of between $55,000 and $60,000 each week.

The medical department of the United States navy has introduced motor ambulances. Both electric and steam cars have been tested for such service and such has been the success of the innovation that ere long we may expect to find auto ambulances at every naval hospital of any size. The approved style of motor ambulance is an 18 horse power machine capable of carrying 12 persons at a speed of 15 miles per hour. Space is provided for four litters, two being placed side by side on the floor of the ambulance and two above it. It is the work of but a moment to convert the ambulance from a sort of omnibus car with seats along the sides to a miniature moving hospital ward with four beds as above mentioned.

The United States Naval academy at Annapolis, Md., bids fair to become in time a field wherein the fullest usefulness of the automobile will be developed. Already commercial cars are in use at Uncle Sam's great university, being employed for the transportation of freight and supplies of all kinds and for the handling of mail and express matter—and there is a plenty of such work in this little naval community of several thousand people. Many of the officers stationed at the naval academy—there are more than 100 on duty there—have adopted motor cars for their personal use, and one of the impressive sights at this naval center—typical of modern progress—is found in the spectacle of a naval officer stepping ashore from ship or cutter and grasping the steering wheel of a motor car that has been awaiting him at the dock. Secretary Meyer, the present head of the navy department, is, personally, an enthusiast on the subject of motoring. He owns several cars of different types, and is heartily in favor of the scheme to make the fullest possible use of the self-propelled vehicles in the naval world.

TYRO IN RUNAWAY AUTOMOBILE

"Were you ever in a runaway automobile going about thirty miles an hour; yourself the only person in the machine and about as ignorant of the means of stopping the thing as of flying without wings?"

This question was asked the other day by a patched-up individual who limped into a downtown cigar store, where a number of his friends were congregated. His face was swathed in bandages; one eye was encircled with black and blue marks and his loose clothing testified to the loss of about thirty pounds of weight.

"Yes, it was an automobile accident," he said in answer to solicitous inquiries as to his changed appearance. "I never want to ride in one of the things again, either!" he added, "or, if I do, it will be only after I study the mechanism of the car so I will know what to do if I am ever placed in a similar predicament.

"I started out on a little ride through the north side boulevards, about three weeks ago," the sufferer explained. "I was in a friend's machine and he was at the wheel. I'd been in an automobile a lot of times before, of course, but I didn't know a thing about running them.

"Well, we were rumbling along about thirty miles an hour. Yes, a little above the speed limits, I'll admit, but we were both sober and my friend was skilled in the handling of the machine. Suddenly the accident happened. A wagon was backing up on one side of the street and the pole projected out in front as the horses strained backward with the load. My friend drove pretty close to the pole, I thought, and in a second I realized that he was no longer beside me in the car. That wagon pole had suddenly jerked forward in some way and swept him right out of the seat.

"Can you beat that for a situation?" asked the injured one. "The car jumped ahead, of course, and I suddenly realized my plight. I remembered in a flash that there were about a dozen levers, brakes, handles and buttons to work in such an emergency and they might as well have been only one so far as I was concerned, because I didn't know the first thing to do. There were a million other automobiles in the street and wagons and people crossing everywhere and there I was in that crazy machine which seemed to have increased its speed about double. By this time I had climbed into the chauffeur's seat and had grabbed the wheel. Sure, I was rattled. Who wouldn't have been? I saw another machine right in front of me and about eight others, trying to butt me off the street from all sides. A policeman yelled and I turned the wheel the wrong way."

"I just got out of the hospital an hour ago and I haven't yet heard what became of my friend. Anybody read lately of an automobile accident of the kind I have described where one of the passengers was killed?

Wealthy Eating.

"The doctor asked me if I ate much meat. I sidestepped the question."

"You should have told him the truth about your diet."

"Aw, he was just trying to find out if I'm wealthy."

The Habit of Complaint.

"I suppose you were thankful for the heavy rain."

"Oh, yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "though I don't see why them weather folks couldn't pervide to keep it in the fields instead of lettin' it stray around, muddin' up the roads."

Novel Reading and Intellect.

"One who reads all the new novels can't be said to have literary taste," says the Philosopher of Folly. "You might as well boast that you had an intellectual feast when you had calves' brains for supper."

SYMPATHY NOT IN ORDER

Most People Will Agree That Ungenerous Woman Got Merely Her Just Deserts.

It seems a pity to attempt to point out the moral of the following story, for its lesson so much depends on the experience of the individual reader. A gentleman, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, wished to make his wife a present of a lace scarf, but had no desire to pay an extravagant price.

"I want you to buy a new lace scarf for Cousin Amelia," he said to his wife. "Choose something nice—something you would get for yourself."

The wife, however, had her own ideas as to generosity in buying presents, and the purchase, when she made it, consisted of a very simple article.

"H'm!" said the husband. "Is that what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"Exactly!" she replied.

"Well, my dear, keep it. I meant it for you!" he exclaimed, with an amiable smile.

Nature's Work Perfect.

As a weaver, nature is an exceedingly neat worker. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth such as, for example, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands.

TURNING ON LIGHT

PRESIDENT VAIL'S BOLD MOVE MARKS EPOCH IN FINANCE.

"Accuracy" Reduced Western Union's Surplus $13,000,000.—"Publicity" Inspired Such Confidence That Its Stock Went Up.

Are the great financiers of the country beginning to see a new light? Time was, until recently in fact, when the men at the head of the big corporations "kept their business to themselves," as far as the law would allow. Capable men at the head of the big concerns, long realized the weakness of their position, but what was needed obviously, as in all great reforms, was an unmistakable occasion and a courageous man. The occasion arose in the purchase of the Western Union Telegraph company by the American Telephone and Telegraph company, and the man appeared in Theodore N. Vail, President of the purchasing corporation.

It was last December when public announcement was made that the Gould holdings of Western Union had been taken over by the Telephone company.

On account of the high esteem in which the management of the telephone company is so generally held, great things were predicted as a result of the absorption of Western Union. By the press of the country the "deal" was most favorably commented on, it being widely pointed out that under the direction of such men as Theodore N. Vail and his associates, the telegraph company was bound soon to work itself into a position where it could offer the public far more efficient service than it had ever before been able to offer.

But a very few months had elapsed when it became apparent to the new management that a modern and up-to-date appraisal of the company's assets would make possible a far greater degree of efficiency of operation. "Here," they said to themselves, "we've bought control of this property and we know it's immensely valuable, but we don't know just how valuable. These appraisals of real estate and securities owned were made a long time ago. If we have a complete inventory made of every thing we've got we can announce the facts to the public, start a new set of books, and begin our responsibility to stockholders right there."

How Inventory Was Taken.

The most expert accountants and appraisers to be had were put at the task. Their labors lasted over eight months. Their report and its publication by the company marks an epoch in finance.

It began by recommending an adjustment of the difference between the appraised and book values by a charge of $5,595,089 against surplus. Book values of securities held were reduced to market values, bad and doubtful accounts were "charged off," an allowance of $2,000,000 was made for "depreciation," another of $500,000 for "reserve," and so on, until the old surplus of $18,867,004 came down to $5,136,000.

It required courage, the publication of this statement to stockholders, saying in effect: "The property of your company has been revalued: the surplus isn't nineteen millions, as you have been led to believe, but five millions," but it was the truth, and President Vail did not flinch. "Accuracy and publicity," he declared, was essential. "The stockholder has a right to know. The shares of this company are scattered from one end of the Union to the other. This is more than a private corporation. It is a great national enterprise. The public is entitled to the facts."

The report was ordered published forthwith. Financiers of the old school and speculators generally were aghast. What would happen? Would the bottom drop out of Western Union when the shareholders realized that their propetry was worth $13,000,000 less than they had supposed? But the amazing thing happened. The stock went up and stayed up. The public had responded to this remarkable display of frankness and confidence; to the new motto, "Accuracy and Publicity."

The full significance of the action of the new board is stated concisely by Harper's Weekly in these words:

"Is this policy of publicity and of open-handed dealing with shareholders and public the forerunner of a similar movement on the part of other big corporations? Certainly it is to be hoped that it is. In the case of these big companies, dependent upon public patronage and doing business under public franchise, can there be any question of the right of the people to know?

"That right is being recognized. It is recognized now in this epochal act on the part of the telephone and telegraph interests. It is the dawn of a new era in corporation finance."

Soothed Boston Babe.

The Boston infant was restless and peevish. Its nurse had crooned "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will rock," a long time in vain. The babe would not fall under its influence. Then its fond mother sang to it gently: "The vibrating atmosphere causes the soporific receptacle wherein the babe lies ensconced to oscillate in the arboreal apex——" No need to chant further. Instantly soothed, the babe, with a satisfied smile, fell away in slumber.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

200 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thresher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada.

This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values should double in two years' time.

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emptions at $3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement, climate unexcelled, soil the richest; wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Best West," and other information, write to Supt of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENT
Gardner Building Toledo, Ohio
(Use address nearest you.) 39

Your Liver's Your Life

A dead liver means awful sickness—don't let it come—when it can be prevented. Cascarets keep the liver lively and bowels regular and ward off serious, fatal illness. 901

CASCARETS—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

The coldblooded are hotheaded when you hit their pride.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25cts bottle.

There can be no bending in worship without stooping in service.

When You Buy for Christmas

Remember that a good fountain pen is always acceptable and useful. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is the best made. Examine the trade mark. Made in regular, safety and self-filling styles for men, women and children. Sold by all responsible dealers.

Putting in the Time.

A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the boots and the knives, and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the house supplied with vegetables and do any odd job that is required and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week."

"Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man.

"What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman.

"I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.

THE POLITE CHICKEN.

SAID THE ROOSTER AT 6:22,
"YOU ARE DOUBTLESS AWARE
THAT I CREW."
THOUGH AMAZEMENT YOU SHOW
I AM CERTAIN YOU KNOW
WHAT IT IS THAT WE EARLY
BIRDS DO ——."

THEY GROW

Good Humor and Cheerfulness From Right Food and Drink.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

High Court Decides Rights of Jurors

WASHINGTON.—The Supreme court of the United States has decided a case which involved the proper treatment of jurors. Because jurors had been permitted to separate and to read newspapers during a trial the court was asked to set aside the verdict. The case was a conviction for murder at military barracks in the state of Washington, where the jury had been allowed to be present while counsel argued about the admission of alleged confessions as evidence. The Supreme court holds, in an opinion written by Justice Holmes, that the presence of the jury during the argument was not wrong, and that the members might rightly read newspapers and need not be kept together as a body.

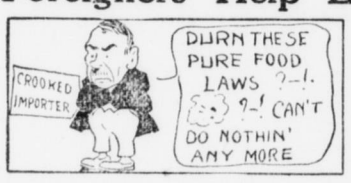
The decision upsets the common practise of trial courts. In important cases, notably those for murder, jurors are kept under surveillance, almost as prisoners. In their selection their intelligence is questioned and knowledge of current events made ground for challenge. Then they are marched and and from the court room after the fashion of a chain gang in custody of an officer, forbidden free converse with family and friends. In theory jurors are ministers of justice, a part of the court. They are chosen as honest men from the worthy citizens, and they serve not as suspects, but as honorable officials. They lose no privileges as members of the community when they are called to assist the judge by rendering a verdict. Experience shows the need of guarding jurors from tampering and sinister approach, but this must be done without sacrificing their liberty. That rural juror had much sense on his side when he asked: "If we can't read the papers and must be kept together 'incommunicado' why should not the judge be treated in the same way?"

The tribunal of final resort decides that jurors do not cease to be free citizens and do not leave their consciences at home when they enter the box. If they are fit for their duties at all they can be trusted to read papers and listen to lawyers and they need not be herded all the while in a mass while a case is on.

The Supreme court thus gives its influence in favor of proper privileges and courteous treatment to the picked men who are summoned to help hold steady the scales of justice.

Often jury service is irksome and it cannot be wise to add to its hardships beyond what is necessary. The system is a vital part of the defenses of society and of property.

Foreigners Help Enforce Food Laws



UNDER the pure-food laws of the United States it is as much a fraud on the public to give an incorrect impression regarding the origin or place of production of an article for human consumption as it is to give a wrong impression regarding the contents, nature or composition of such an article.

Foreign governments have been cooperating with the government of the United States to prevent the misbranding and incorrect labeling of food products originating in those countries. France has been very active in this respect, and it is now illegal in France to label as champagne any wine produced outside of certain well-defined boundaries. A sparkling wine produced elsewhere than in the legally defined champagne country cannot legally be sold as champagne, even though experts might declare that it possessed all the qualities of wine so grown and even was superior to them. The same thing holds as regards cognac, and it is probable that similar regulations will be adopted regarding certain popular brands of cheese and other things which the public associates with trade names. Olive oil labeled Lucca has been found by the pure-food inspectors coming from Greece and from Spain and from other places aside from Lucca itself.

The government is now taking up the question of requiring the numerous varieties of coffee imported into this country to be honestly labeled. A recent meeting of the pure-food board was held for the purpose of taking testimony regarding the labeling of Brazilian coffee. After hearing testimony from experts present showing that the practise has grown up of labeling coffee with the name of the port whence it is shipped regardless of the place of origin, Doctor Wiley stated that an effort would be made to reform this practise, which the importers admitted to be wrong, and that the matter would be properly taken up in due form with the government of Brazil through the state department, to the end that the Brazilian coffees, which form by far the greater part of the coffee used in the United States, should be sold under their proper designation.

Prominent importers from New York testified that Brazilian coffee had been shipped to Arabia in order that it might be reimported from Aden as Mocha coffee, and they said that the practise was still in force, although, as Dr. Wiley remarked, the dealers did not always go to the trouble of shipping coffee to Arabia for reexport before branding it as fine Arabian coffee.

The Bonding of Government Officials

HOW many government officials are honest and what it is worth to insure their honesty are questions that will be answered on a scientific basis shortly. Experts in the service of the congress have passed much time recently attempting to reduce the answers to a few concrete figures. Their work is said to be drawing to a close. It will cost about $10,000.

The question arose in reference to the bonding of governmental officials. About a year ago several officials appealed to congress to raise their salaries because the bonding companies had increased the cost of their bonds to such an extent it made their salaries look like withered autumn leaves. For instance, one man's predecessor played the races and his surety paid the fiddler, whose bill amounted to about $10,000. The successor was compelled to pay about 15 per cent. of his salary in order to induce a surety or bonding company to run the risk of his following in the footsteps of the other man.

Chairman Tawney of the house committee on appropriations proposed to limit the amount to be paid for bonding government officials. That called down the wrath of the bonding companies. A hearing resulted. The government employes made more complaints about the increase in rates and the surety companies complained about the government officials being so stingy with statistics and other information concerning the departments.

The result was the appointment of a committee by the house and senate to investigate the subject. This committee hired a corps of experts to go over the field, figure out the percentage of faithless officials and the cost of insuring the government against loss.

Minister Wonders 'Where He Is At'

WHEN the frolicky little monarch of Portugal had to flee before the uprising insurgents he left one of his most loyal subjects in Washington up in the air, and he has been wondering since where he is at. Senor de Alte, known as Viscount de Alte, is, or was, the regularly accredited minister to Washington from Portugal. He is a gentleman as well as a diplomat, one not always following the other, unfortunately, and has been very well liked, indeed, in Washington, but he would give something pretty right now to know whether he is a diplomat or just a plain gentleman of leisure.

Since fat little Manuel was deposed Viscount de Alte has comported himself in the safest, sanest and most conservative manner. It has not been possible to find a flaw in his comportment or deportment since he found himself a diplomat without a country. He does not know whether he is "mister," "senhor" or "viscount." Possibly he may be all three, as the pruning knife of the Republicans has not yet lopped off any of his titles.

Senhor de Alte has not resigned his post, for, as he has been perfectly acceptable to all parties concerned and as Portugal, republic or monarchy, wants a representative in the United States and has a very good man on the ground, thoroughly established and acquainted with the ins and outs, it would be right good diplomacy to leave him here. The Portuguese minister has been consistently "out" whenever newspaper people have called upon him. In fact, the policy of lying low or sitting tight, just as you care to put it, is the diplomatic one which Senhor de Alte has found to best fit the situation.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

NEW SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN

Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee, the first Socialist ever elected to Congress, is the father of the Socialist party in Wisconsin. It was in his back yard that the first Socialist meeting in the state was held. America's first Socialist congressman was born of well-to-do, middle-class German parents in Austria in 1860. They gave him a good college education. He early developed radical ideas and sympathies. "All my relatives believed I would be arrested and executed," said Berger, "and the worst part of it was that they believed that I would deserve to be hanged!"

The family emigrated to the United States. Young Berger became a cowpuncher; he did odd jobs like mending washboilers. He learned the metal polisher's trade, earning as little as $5 a week, and never more than $12. Often he did not have bread to feed his body or fuel to warm it.

He was appointed teacher of German in the Milwaukee high school, and held the position for several years. But it was as editor of the Milwaukee Wahrheit (German) and the Social-Democratic Herald (English) that Berger did his life work. He built up a powerful political organization which gradually crept up until, in April, 1910, it captured the city. Berger seems liked personally in Milwaukee, even among his political enemies. Election night, while the returns were coming in, he walked into the office of the newspaper that had fought him most bitterly and asked, "How does it stand?" "Here, Victor," answered the editor, "take these official returns, look them over and hand them back to me."

He married Miss Meta Schlichting, a pupil in his German class at the high school. They have three children. There is a romance of Socialism in Berger's love affair. When he fell in love with Miss Schlichting he did not propose at once. Instead, he carefully converted her to Socialism before he asked her to be his wife. After suffering from his relatives' bitter opposition to his views, Berger had vowed he would never marry a woman who did not agree with him.

LEADING SUFFRAGE CHAMPION

Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, president of the Chicago Political Equality league, was born and educated in Maquoketa, Iowa. Discerning early that certain qualities of voice and mind especially fitted her for platform speaking, she specialized in that line of study. That she might not be spoiled by instruction, her work was always carefully superintended by a highly cultured and wise mother, who believed that the highest art is to be natural. Her father, a lawyer, drilled her on conciseness of expression and often said, "when you talk—say something."

Instead of entering the profession for which she had been prepared she married George W. Trout, and a few years later they moved to Chicago. She was at one time president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ashland club and was a member of the West End Women's club until she moved to Oak Park. Later she was president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Oak Park club, and is also a member of the Nineteenth Century club of Oak Park. She has been a member of the Chicago Woman's club for ten years and is a member of the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

For a number of years Mrs. Trout has devoted herself almost exclusively to her family. She has brought up four boys, three sons and a nephew, the last two having graduated from high school. Mrs. Trout, says Human Life, is a delightful and convincing speaker, witty and sparkling in expression, scholarly and well-informed on the topics she discusses. She is energetic and an animated speaker, having the pros and cons of woman's status in civic history at her finger ends, certainly at her tongue's end, as she dashes off argument and anecdote swiftly, interspersed with wit and humor. Mrs. Trout is a woman with more of a social bearing than a militant (?) one.

DID NOTABLE AVIATION FEAT

To Eugene Ely, the aviator, belongs the honor of making the first successful flight from the deck of a naval vessel to land in an aeroplane. The feat was accomplished from the deck of the scout cruiser Birmingham, which was anchored in Hampton Roads, off Old Point Comfort. When Ely climbed into his machine he faced a biting wind, driving cold rain and occasional flurries of hail. The blue-jackets who were holding the machine on the launching platform were ordered to let go, and the biplane glided gracefully downward, until the wheels and propeller touched the water about 100 feet ahead of the Birmingham. Every spectator breathed hard for a moment when it looked as though the machine would not be able to arise from the water, but Ely sent it upward by skillful handling of the planes. When the machine skimmed the water, it splashed the spray into the aviator's eyes, causing him to completely lose his bearings. When again he could see he espied the land of Willoughby Spit directly ahead and descended there without difficulty. He covered five miles in a little more than five minutes. The biplane which Ely used in his flight is the same in which Glenn Curtiss flew from Albany to New York. It was fitted with two pontoons under the main planes so as to make it float in case of accident. Ely also wore a life preserver. He won a prize of $500 by his flight.

One of the staunchest supporters of Mr. Ely and his greatest admirer is his wife. Mrs. Ely accompanies the daring young aviator wherever he goes and is an eyewitness of all his flights. She understands aviation thoroughly and looks after the machines used by her husband with as much care and solicitude as the aviator. Mrs. Ely is a fiery champion of her husband.

TENER ONCE A DIAMOND STAR

John K. Tener, who has been elected governor of Pennsylvania on the Republican ticket, was one of the best known ball players on the diamond a score or more years ago. Tener was a pitcher on the old Chicago team which was led by that great baseball general, Adrian C. Anson. He went on the trip around the world with the Chicago club, the most notable journey ever undertaken by a team of ball players. They played before the crowned heads of Europe and the umpire's call awoke the echoes in the shade of the ancient pyramids of Egypt.

Tener was a clerk for a steel concern in Pittsburg in the early part of the 80's when Anson's critical eye discerned in him the makings of a great pitcher. Old Father Anse saw Tener, a giant in physique, twirl in a game and decided that he was good enough for a trial on the Chicago team, the greatest in the land at that time. Anson took Tener to Chicago and the latter became a fixture in the box for the Colts for some time. Later Tener joined the Pittsburg aggregation and pitched in the Smoky City until his arm went back on him and he had to give up the game.

After his retirement from the diamond Tener went into the banking business at Charleroi, Pa., and also became interested in real estate and other ventures. Today he is rated as a millionaire. He entered the political field as a Republican and after being elected to several minor offices was chosen as a congressman from the 24th Pennsylvania district. This year he was nominated by the Republicans of Pennsylvania for governor and in a three-cornered fight he won out by a greatly reduced Republican majority. Tener is still a keen lover of baseball and spends a great part of his leisure time attending diamond contests while the season is on.

A Jar of Resinol Ointment Is a Handy Remedy to Have In the House All the Time.

In twenty years' experience as a nurse I have never found as good a remedy for Skin Troubles, Eczema, etc., as Resinol Ointment. Its cooling, healing effect on sore nipples is truly wonderful.

Mrs. T. B. Henderson, Albany, N. Y.

May Be Wooden-Headed.

Caller—I didn't know your son was at college. Is this his freshman year?

Mrs. Bunderby—Oh, no, indeed, he's a sycamore.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

None in Stock.

A well-dressed woman paused in front of the chestnut vender's stand.

"Are they wormy?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he answered blandly. "Did you want them with worms?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over **30** Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Severe Punishment.

Belle—And did you make her eat her own words?

Beulah—Eat 'em? I made her Fletcherize 'em.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to mfrs. 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Through.

"You are an optimist?"

"I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I not only hope for the best, but I make practical arrangements to get it."

16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE

"For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse, and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague bothered me more in warm weather than in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk, and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life an unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies [Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills] and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road of success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after these were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true care for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawtof, 11 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N .Y., July 30 and Aug. 8, '09."

Some Consolation.

Mrs. Gramercy—My husband is anxious to get rid of me.

Mrs. Park—Don't cry, dear. In that case he won't haggle over the alimony.—Smart Set.

MIX THIS FOR RHEUMATISM

Easily Prepared and Inexpensive and Really Does the Work, Says Noted Authority.

Thousands of men and women who have felt the sting and torture of that dread disease, Rheumatism, which is no respecter of age, persons, sex, color or rank, will be interested to know that it is one of the easiest afflictions of the human body to conquer. Medical science has proven it not a distinct disease in itself, but a symptom caused by inactive kidneys. Rheumatism is uric acid in the blood and other waste products of the system which should be filtered and strained out in the form of urine. The function of the kidneys is to sift these poisons and acids out and keep the blood clean and pure. The kidneys however, are of sponge-like substance, the holes or pores of which will sometimes, either from overwork, cold or exposure become clogged, and failing in their function of eliminating these poisons from the blood, they remain in the veins, decompose and settling about the joints and muscles, cause the untold suffering and pain of rheumatism and backache, often producing complications of bladder and urinary disease, and general weakness.

The following simple prescription is said to relieve the worst cases of rheumatism because of its direct action upon the blood and kidneys, relieving, too, the most severe forms of bladder and urinary troubles: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be had from any prescription pharmacy, and are absolutely harmless and safe to use at any time.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:

"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (200 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

How's Business?

THIS ad. is directed at the man who has all the business in his line in this community.

¶ Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.

¶ **Make this community buy more.**

¶ Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

¶ Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you.

¶ That's creative business power.

OUR AD. RATES ARE RIGHT
—CALL ON US

(Copyright, 1909, by W. N. U.)

Word-of-Mouth Advertising

Passing encomiums, only over your store counter, about the quality of what you've got to sell, results in about as much satisfaction as your wife would get if you gave her a box of cigars for Christmas.

Advertising in This Paper
talks to everybody at once and makes them talk back with money.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. N. U.)

$ Aim the Ad. Gun TRUE $

If it's hot weather, advertise cool things, Mr. Merchant. When it's cold, boost warmth. You know what people want; when they want 'em.

Profit thereby. Send your copy to-day for your ad. in this paper.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. N. U.)

Entire new Line of Goods at

Hirsch's Jewelry Store

Chestnut Street, Emporium, Pa.

We respectfully invite the citizens of Cameron county to call and examine our line of

Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Charms, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Fobs, Etc.,Etc.

In fact the Finest Assortment.

The Handsomest and most Aproppriate Christmas Gifts to be Found in Cameron County.

Diamonds Our elegant line of Diamond Rings, for both lady and **Diamonds** gent, rangirg in price from $9.00 to $150.00. We guarantee these goods. Call and see them.

Decorated Chinaware, lovely decorations. This beautiful line of ware we call the attention of the Press readers. Most beautiful line in town.

R. H. HIRSCH.

Christmas In A Scotch City

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, with its well nigh million inhabitants, can be chosen as an interesting illustration of the manner in which one-fourth of the people of the country spend the holidays. Many days before the store fronts on Argyll street—a thoroughfare as busy as any in the land—are gayly and profusely decorated with holly and evergreens. Above nearly every entrance signs of welcome and the compliments of the season are exhibited in holly leaves. On Christmas eve the stores keep open late. Either side of the thoroughfare is a mass of blazing, cheerful light, and there is a moving mass of humanity between. But when the stores close they close until boxing day. All the working people now get their Christmas holiday.

On Christmas forenoon the lord provost or mayor presides at the annual meeting and breakfast given by the directors at the royal infirmary. His lordship makes a speech, after which there is a distribution of good things to all the patients in the large institution. Then he visits sundry other institutions for the care of the sick and poor, where there are Christmas treeing and feasting. By the way, Christmas day is one of the lord provost's busiest days. At 2 o'clock, according to annual custom for years past, he presides at the annual dinner given to from 5,000 to 6,000 poor men, women and children in the city hall, Albion street. His lordship and the city magistrates occupy the stage and take dinner with the poor. During the repast, which consists of soup, beef, an entree, plum pudding, tea or coffee and fruit, stirring Scotch airs are played on the big organ by the city organist. At the close his lordship makes a speech, which is reported verbatim in the newspapers. It is usually a masterly production.

Outwardly the aspect of the city resembles that of Sunday. Nevertheless thousands of people are moving about. The myriad of riveters in the miles of shipbuilding yards along the Clyde have come to the city with their wives and families and are attending the matinees or evening pantomime performances that have already been running. These pantomimes are a feature of city life in Scotland during the winter. Usually three open at the big theaters in Glasgow Christmas eve. They are rehearsed for weeks before. The playwright usually chooses as his theme a fairy tale. "Jack the Giant Killer," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" have been favorite themes. As a rule, the playwright retains enough of the tale so that the young folks can recognize the characters, but taken altogether the production becomes really a dramatic burlesque of local life and character, interesting, entertaining and even elevating to old and young. Actors and actresses of renown take the leading parts, while there are dazzling costumes, magnificent scenery and a gorgeous ballet thrown in. No wonder it is that often until the middle of spring the pantomimes enjoy a continuous run. Latterly they become in a sense classics, for their libretti undergo weekly improvement at the suggestion of local wits noted for the pungency of their sayings and the fund of dry Scotch humor they possess. It is no exaggeration to say that these pantomimes are visited by some persons each night all the season through and by others fully a score of times.

Then there is the usual exodus of young men to the country at Christmastide. It is a common saying among Scotchmen that all roads lead to London. This is changed to Glasgow in some cases. There is scarcely a family of note in the Highlands that has not a son at the universities of Glasgow or Edinburgh studying for the professions of law, medicine, the pulpit, the army or the home or foreign civil service. With what hope and pride the advent of the young student is looked for at the little railroad station up in the mountains on Christmas eve or morning! If he lives on an estate the next day he is given a side by his rustic countrymen in their annual Christmas day football match. The game is usually a stoutly contested one, umpired and refereed by the laird and heads of the estate. At the corner of the field is placed a cask of good Scotch ale, from which the players regale themselves at half time. Then the game resumes, and the second half is fast and furious. Around the ropes are the young women of the estate looking on with pleasure and discussing their choices in the dance list of the evening.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Santa Claus In the Zoo.

Said Santa Claus: "'Tis Christmas eve
(The animals looked pleasant),
And each of you will now receive
His yearly Christmas present.
But I'd be glad if every guest
Would mention what he'd like the best."

The tapir said: "That pleases me.
I'll state succinctly, therefore,
If I may be so bold and free,
The only thing I care for
Would be those matches on the shelf,
With which I'd like to light myself."

His wish was granted. Then up spake
A timid little adder:
"Sir, but a trifle it will take
To make my Christmas gladder.
A slate and pencil, if you please,
Would let me do my sums with ease."

The reindeer said, "You may believe
I'd be a happy fellow
If I were sure I would receive
A good sized umberrellow,
And also I'd like four galoche,
Yes, and a rubber mackintosh."

—Walton Williams.

WAVERLY SPECIAL AUTO OIL

Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit

A thin, pale oil, made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Best for either air-cooled or water-cooled cars. No fictitious body—high real viscosity. *Will not congeal.*

Ask your dealer. Write us, if he can't supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Makers of "Waverly" Gasolines

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.

Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

DR. PARK a Famous German Physician

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE Dr. Park's Herb Tea will be sent to anyone who will write Park's Royal Med. Co., Le Roy, N.Y. This old established preparation has achieved a large sale on account of its great merit in all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Kidney and Liver Trouble. Only 25 Cents.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

Popular Family Grocery and Meat Market

Clark & Morrison,

Proprietors

CHESTNUT STREET, EMPORIUM, PA.

We are well pleased and grateful to our numerous customers for their very generous patronage and shall continue to add to our establishment only pure and wholesome goods at price as low the lowest, for pure goods.

We aim to please our patrons and sell at right prices

When you Buy Here its Right

Purest Teas, Coffe and Sugar

Our Model Meat Market is Supplied with the Choicest Meats, Sausages, Home-Rendered Lard, Etc. Dressed Poultry for Xmas. Order Early. Large Assortment of Candies for Xmas.

Phone No. 105

CLARK & MORRISON.

Presents That Please!

Purchase Sensible Gifts at R. SEGER & CO'S.

We are not making a "splurge" this Yuletide Season, feeling confident that the citizens of Cameron county will be attracted to our establishment, because they know we always

Aim to Have the Choicest Goods for Xmas.

While our line of first-class Clothing cannot fail to please all lovers of stylish goods. Our goods are warranted every time. That's our reputation.

A Few Sensible Suggestions

Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Scarfs, Mufflers, Dress Shirts, Fancy Ties, Gloves, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Travelling Bags, Trunks, Douglas Shoes.

Fine Line of Cuffs, Collars, Links, Buttons, &c.

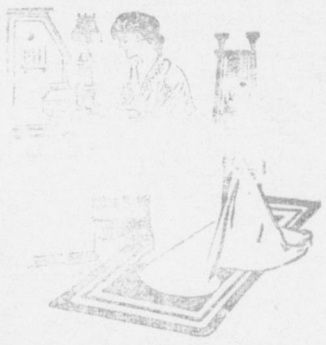
Ask to See the Latest in Suits. Prices Right.

Remember the Place—Next Door to First National Bank.

R. SEGER & CO.

H. S. LLOYD

The First Requisite



in letter writing is that the paper used be above criticism.

Your stationary should reflect your taste, character and refinement, and convey your personality.

The Eaton, Crane Pike Writing Paper are always the first choice of discriminating people. They are by far the finest social correspondence papers made. They are first in quality, and absolutely correct in style. Their artistic and painty boxing adds much to their general attractiveness.

Come in and let us show you our line of the justly popular EATON CRANE & PIKE papers.

H. S. LLOYD, Masonic Block

"DOUBLE CREAM" BUTTERINE

10-Pound Package $2.00

Delivered by Prepaid Express.

Every housekeeper should read our free "Double Cream" Catechism. It tells how "Double Cream" is churned, of what it is churned, and why it is pure, sweet, and wholesome. This is the fancy table article which is taking the place of high-priced butter all over the country in cities, towns, and on the farm. Every package bears the U. S. inspection stamp. You may color it for home use so that even an expert can not tell it from gilt-edge creamery butter in color, aroma, flavor, and texture. Fill out this blank and mail to us at once.

Coloring "Double Cream."

Request for Catechism No. 9

Please mail me your free "Double Cream" Catechism:

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Postoffice_____ R. F. D._____

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LICENSED CHURNERS:

THE OHIO BUTTERINE COMPANY,

50 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Prize Offers from Leading Manufacturers

Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions needed." "Why some inventors fail." Send rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly, Acting Commissioner of Patents, and as such had full charge of the U. S. Patent Office.

GREELEY & McINTIRE

PATENT ATTORNEYS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

If you have anything to be printed bring it to this office.

MADONNA AND CHRIST-CHILD.

A CHRISTMAS DRYAD.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

IT was Christmas day, and the sun shed a golden radiance over the Arizona desert, brown breasted and splotched with mesquite and cactus. As the cow pony bore Lela Warren over the indistinct trail she took deep breaths of the ozone of the foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the trees which bordered the canyon. "It's grand to spend Christmas all alone by oneself out on this great desert.

"To see me now no one would think me thirty-five years old," she laughed, swinging lightly to a seat on a favoring branch of a live oak. "The west has given me back strength, youth and —well, in a degree forgetfulness of the past. The change has taught me a wonderful philosophy—not to keep trouble."

She took an apple from her lunch bag and ate it. Suddenly a stir in the manzanita bushes behind her attracted her attention. Peering through the leaves of her retreat Lela saw a tall, well built man in hunter's garb picking his way through the chaparral directly toward her tree. He approached with the elastic tread of virile manhood, resting his rifle against the oak. Then he flung himself at its trunk and stretched his limbs upon the earth to rest.

A TALL MAN IN HUNTER'S GARB.

For a minute she studied the intruder, debating in her mind the best means of acquainting him with her prior occupancy of that retreat. Suddenly a spirit of mischief overcame her, and she let fall an oak ball she had plucked from a nearby twig. The small green globe struck the man squarely on the head.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, caught up his rifle and began peering up through the live oak's branches.

"You can't challenge me that way, Mr. Squirrel," he said, pointing the rifle upward; "not with impunity."

Lela gave a little cough. "Don't shoot me, please," she called down. "I plead guilty."

She encountered a pair of surprised brown eyes looking up at her. Dropping his rifle to his side, the man lifted his hat politely.

"I never shoot dryads," he answered.

"I suppose," she said, a smile hovering on the lips, "that you are perfectly familiar with dryads."

"Hardly," he answered, smiling up at her. "I know very little except they are said to live in trees. Are the other live oaks in this canyon inhabited by your cousins?"

A twinkle came into the dryad's blue eyes. "Possibly," she returned; "you know we have family trees."

"Do they all have turquoise eyes like this one?" he asked.

A frown crossed the dryad's face, but the man's good natured playing quickly banished it, and she said: "Oh, yes, and their color is beryl," looking at her sage-green sweater.

"I don't believe," he pursued, "that the woods would reveal another just like you if one looked all day."

"Not likely," she replied, continuing the play, "I think all my kind turned into topaz when the forest became petrified."

The dryad, thinking the play had progressed quite far enough, made no answer. The man started toward the spring, whistling. Suddenly he wheeled about and called back:

"After Dryad, not being familiar with your code of etiquette, I hope you will pardon me if I have seemed overpresumptuous. Having no cards with me, I'll introduce myself by telling you I am the mining engineer from the Copper Knight property. I came over to the mines to do some construction work, but the men deserted me for a holiday, so in self defense I turned nimrod and found a dryad."

From her leafy perch the dryad watched the man as he went whistling away over to the spring. There was something in his half playful speech and the easy swing of his gait that seemed strangely familiar to her.

He was building a fire between some rocks when he called to her.

"If the dryad will look I'll show her how to cook game without pot or pan. An Indian guide showed me," he explained.

Over a fire of dry bark and twigs he fixed some green mesquite sticks to which the game was carefully suspended. The aroma of the broiling rabbits was sufficient to cause the dryad to descend, for the ride across the foothills had given her a vigorous appetite.

"I will spread the table," she announced, spreading paper napkins over a smooth rock. "Here are beef sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers, fig wafers and one large apple," she continued, taking the various articles from her lunch bag and arranging them on the improvised table.

"A feast for—a dryad," said the man.

"And a nimrod," she added, meeting the boyish smile on his face with confidence. "It will be a unique Christmas dinner."

"It will be the most delightful one ever eaten," recklessly declared the man, deftly turning the broiling game.

When the game was done the two sat down and ate together with no constraint and with real congeniality.

As she stood under the live oak fastening up her abundant light brown hair, which had provokingly tumbled down, the man gave her a peculiar searching gaze.

"I have certainly met you before," he said abruptly, "but before you entered the dryad state. Are you from the east?"

"LELA WARREN!" HE CRIED.

"Formerly from Vermont," she answered, mastering the refractory mass of hair.

"Lela Warren!" he cried, his face glowing with gladness. "I wondered from the first if I hadn't met you in some aeon long ago."

"And you are John Fletcher," she returned, shaking hands. Then her eyes fell under the radiant light in his. "Your beard prevented my recognizing you before," she added.

"I was a mere stripling in those days and you a girl just through high school," he said. Then he asked with gentle reproof: "Why did you sell the old home, Lela, and go away without leaving one word for me? When I returned from Europe I searched everywhere for you, but no one knew where you had gone."

A shadow from the past crossed the woman's face.

"Of course you heard that my brother defaulted. Mother and I sold the old home to settle up for him," she explained. "Then we went to Chicago, where I taught school. After mother's death I came west. I am governess for the Evans family at Circle T ranch."

"Lela," he said tenderly, "I have never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God!" Look!" he commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that clung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents:

"My Christmas dryad!"

Mountain Park Green House.

Ridgway, Pa.

We have the largest and most up-to-date GREEN HOUSE in Western Pennsylvania.

All orders left at Geo. J. LaBar's, Emporium, Pa., will receive prompt and careful attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. 52-ly.

Reduction in Hardware

A big reduction of 20 per cent. will be made on all enamel and tin ware and in fact all articles in the hardware line. Save a dollar here on every five dollar purchase. A trial will convince you.

F. W. Dininny

BROAD STREET.

Canary Birds

If you wish a Canary for Xmas, consult us. We are on the job with a fine imported stock.

Dodson's Drug Store

EMPORIUM

MILLING COMPANY.

The Bread That Nourishes

and that has that delicious flavor is the bread that is made from the PET GROVE flour. You get the best nutriment from the choicest wheat that is raised and makes your bread really the staff of life when it is made from PET GROVE flour from your Grocers.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 30, 1910.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 40
Felt's Fancy, "	1 55
Pet Grove, "	1 60
Roller Meal, "	50
Rye, "	70
Graham, "	70
New Buckwheat Flour, 24 lb. sack,	75
New Buckwheat Flour, 10 lb. sack,	35
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 25
Chop Feed, "	1 25
Cracked Corn per 100	1 25
White Middlings, "	1 60
Bran, "	1 35
Chicken Wheat "	1 60
Scroenings "	1 25
Oil Meal "	1 75
Corn per bushel	75
White Oats, per bushel	45
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
Sterling Chick Feed	2 00
Sterling Scratch Feed	1 80
Daisy Dairy Feed	1 40
Calf Meal, 50 lbs.	1 60
Cotton Seed Meal	1 60
Mammoth Clover Seed, per lb.	10 @ 12
Medium Clover Seed, "	10 @ 12
Alsike Clover Seed, "	10 @ 12
Timothy Seed "	5 @ 6
Hungarian Millet Seed "	5 @ 6

The Best Always

Fall and Winter Goods Now in

If you desire a good fitting and stylish made Suit that is stylish, give John Edelman a call at once and don't wait until the season is here and have to wait. Call at once.

Fall Goods now in

Suits made to Order

Prices from $25 to $45

We guarantee our work and if you fail to get a good fit you do not have to take the suit. Remember, we guarantee to give you a good fit, for we employ none but the best workmen. They all reside here, spend their money here, pay taxes and help to keep up our county. Encourage home industry.

Jno. Edelman

EAST ALLEGANY AVENUE

OPPOSITE ST. CHARLES HOTEL

East Emporium, Pa.

Foley's Kidney Pills

What They Will Do for You

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.

Emporium Drug Company

Foley's Honey and Tar

for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect Aug. 22, 1909.

EASTWARD

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Port Allegany,	Lv.		2 33	11 37	7 12	9 00
Chemical Works			*2 36	○○	○○	○
Burtville,			2 44	11 48	7 22	9 11
Roulette,			2 58	11 57	7 30	9 23
Knowlton's,			*3 00	12 01	○○	○
Mina,			3 06	12 07	7 40	9 33
Olmsted,			*3 10	12 11	*7 44	9 37
			3 18	12 20	7 52	9 45
Coudersport,	Ar.					
	Lv.	A. M.				
		6 10		12 37		
North Coudersport,		○○		*12 41		
Frink's,		*5 50		*12 49		
Colesburg,		5 57		12 57		
Seven Bridges,		*6 02		*1 02		
Raymonds,		6 12		1 13		
Gold,		6 17		1 19		
Newfield,				1 23		
Newfield Junction,		6 27		1 32		
Perkins,		*6 30		*1 35		
Carpenter's,		○○		*1 39		
Crowell's,		*6 36		*1 42		
Ulysses,		7 20		1 52		
			A. M.	P. M.		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.		3	1			5
		P. M.	A. M.			P. M.
Port Allegany,		2 10	8 50			5 10
Chemical works		○○	○○			○○
Burtville,		1 57	8 37			4 57
Roulette,		1 50	8 11			4 50
Knowlton's,		1 45	○○			*4 46
Mina,		1 40	8 21			4 49
Olmsted,		*1 36				4 35
Coudersport,	Lv.	1 30	8 12		P. M.	4 30
	Ar		8 50			
North Coudersport,			○○			5 30
Frink's,			*7 57			5 15
Colesburg,			*7 50			5 08
Seven Bridges,			*7 46			5 04
Raymond's			*7 37			*5 54
Gold,			7 36			*5 50
Newfield			○○			*5 46
Newfield Junction,			7 55			5 42
Perkins,			*7 14			*5 34
Carpenter's,			*7 10			*5 30
Crowell's,			*7 07			*5 27
Ulysses,	Lv.		7 35			5 54

Trains 1 and 2 run daily between Coudersport and Port Allegany, all other trains run week days only.

* Flag stations. ○○ Trains do not stop.

† Telegraph offices.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Pa. R. R. trains north and south. At R. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. trains for Galeton, Austin, Keating Summit, Sinnamahoning, Renovo, Lock Haven, Williamsport and Sunbury. At Port Allegany with Pa. R. R. trains for Bradford, Olean, Salamanca, Buffalo and the West.

Home Decorations for Christmas

by JULIA BOTTOMLEY

SOME people have the knack of arranging things. They take hold of a house or a room, be it ever so commonplace, and transform it with the materials we all have at hand, into something beautiful. I recall a lady who used to buy an ugly house, move into it, and begin making changes outside and in. In about two years the whole place was simply transformed and she had spent the time happily and busily. But her occupation was gone, so she would look up another place that needed regenerating and put that which she had completed on the market. She cashed in her ideas and went happily to work again. The little city in which she lives is beautiful and she is one of the chief educators of public taste. She shows others how to improve their surroundings.

I knew another woman gifted in managing interiors. She had little money—less time, for she was a wage earner; but she had the faculty of making things sweet around her. I want to tell you of the Christmas decorations which transformed her small home into a sort of bewitching Christmas bower, not to be forgotten, and yet fashioned from just the same things we all have at hand. This is her recipe:

Sometime before Christmas, say six weeks, buy a roll of dark red crape paper, and one of olive green, crape paper, also a sheet of pale yellow tissue paper. Buy some cheap bonnet wire from the milliner. Use a real poinsettia blossom for a pattern or buy one already made of paper, and proceed to make up two dozen poinsettia blossoms. First cut patterns, from a piece of wrapping paper, of the petals of the poinsettia. Open the

Bonbon Basket of Paper, Tinsel Star. Poinsettia Flowers, Paper Bells.

rolls of crape paper and stretch them. A roll of ten feet will stretch to fifteen and be improved thereby, for some purposes. To stretch the paper let some one hold one end for you while you pull the other gradually, or tack one end to the floor, stretch the paper and tack the other end, allowing it to remain for a few hours.

Cut from the red paper, according to your wrapping paper patterns, the petals, which will be in three sizes. Cut a yard of the green paper into length-wise strips, half inch wide, with which to wind the wire for stems. A piece of wire 6 or 8 inches long is cut off. Four little wads of the yellow tissue paper the size of a large pea, are each covered with a little piece of the same paper, an inch square. This is brought over the wad and twisted into a little stem. Then little wads are fastened to the end of the piece of wire by winding with a coarse thread or a fine spool wire. The latter is best. Place two or three small petals of the red paper around the end of the wire to which you have just fastened the little yellow wads and fasten them with thread or wire. Next place, larger petals and finally the largest size, following the natural blossom, or the paper one bought for a guide, as nearly as possible. Wind the wire stem with green tissue paper. Full the edges of the petals slightly to give them a natural look. As the paper poinsettia blossoms are finished put them in a hat box. In two or three evenings as many as will be needed, are easily made.

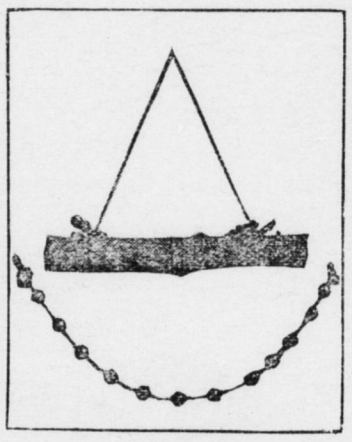
After the poinsettia is finished make little baskets of the red paper. For foundations use little card-board dishes such as confectioners use for Charlotte Russe, or those which may be bought for the purpose. Make handles of wire. Cover the basket inside and out with the red paper, pasting it to place and pulling the edges into ruffles. Make as many little baskets as there are guests-to-be. Cover the handles by wrapping the wire with narrow strips of the red paper. Finish with little bows made of baby ribbon or narrow strips of the paper either in red or green. Put the little baskets away with the poinsettia.

Next a few candle or electric light shades are to be made. As the crape paper costs no more when fireproofed, one should specify the fire-proofed variety when buying it.

Cut out card-board discs 5¼ inches in diameter with circles cut from the center, 2 inches in diameter. These rest on the metal shade supports. From the paper napkin or doily, cut a circle at the center 3½ inches in diameter. With a needle and thread gather this up to fit the metal support. Place the doily over the card-board disc and tie the ends of the thread firmly about the metal.

As soon as the stores begin showing them, buy a few strands of red tinsel balls and two packages (about six yards) of silver tinsel. Two dozen of the small paper Christmas bells in red and, two bolts of red baby ribbon. These things are to be found at the ten cent stores, and cost very little. Get them early and put them away. Nothing further is needed but the evergreens which are bought just before they are used.

One small well-shaped Christmas tree will be needed and then a lot of



The Little Yule Log. A Festoon of Red Tinsel Beads Strung on Baby Ribbon.

greenery-boughs that have been cut away in trimming trees, or trees that do not sell readily because not well shaped may be bought for a trifle or these may be procured in this country. The sweet smelling kind add a distinct pleasure to Christmas. Bring your boughs and trees home two or three days before Christmas. Cut the branches from the trunks. With small branches wound to wire with dark cord or heavy thread, make wreaths for pinning to the window curtains.

Saw from the end of one of the tree trunks—(which will be from 4 to 6 inches in diameter) a piece 18 inches long for a miniature yule log. Tie red baby ribbon around each end and suspend from the chandelier or in a doorway. Hang a tiny bowl to represent an old-time kettle over it, using the baby ribbon. Tie short branches to the chandeliers but do not cover them too thickly with greens. Take the remaining greens and place them in the fruit baskets which you previously covered with green paper. Use holly with them. Set these wherever they look prettiest; in the windows, if the sills are deep enough. Pin a wreath to the curtains at each window. Now all your greens are placed and the red is to be added. The secret of using it effectively is to be sparing with it.

Bring out your poinsettia and place two or three blossoms in a group somewhere in the green about each door and window. Fasten one flower at the top of each wreath. Festoon your little red tinsel balls among the greens at the top of the door by which your guests enter the living room. Use the remaining ones in groups of two on the Christmas tree.

Decorate the Christmas tree with the silver tinsel and in the manner

The Paper Candle Shade.

to which you have been accustomed, for the sake of old times.

Place the remaining candles on the mantels, piano or on the dressing cases to be used by the guests.

Your decorating is done, and when the lights are lit and begin to glow through the red shades, you will regard the little scene with a heart throb of satisfaction. When the guests arrive all will be put in a lively good humor by the charm of their surroundings, from the living room and dining room over to them and proceed to enjoy anything and everything which you have planned or they suggest.

The Christmas Dinner Table

by Julia Bottomley

BEST and merriest of all dinners, that of Christmas, sweetly compels us to take extra thought and put forth extra effort that it may be set forth in state. At the call of some one, whose heart is "good" toward us, we gather round the bright table. Sweet with fir, beautiful with holly, gleaming with white napery and twinkling glass and all lit with rosy candles, it sets the heart aglow, bespeaking a loving kindness, which is the salvation of our workaday world.

The dining room is the heart of the house and its great day is Christmas day. It is really very little trouble to decorate it for a Christmas dinner, and dressing the table cannot be spoken of as a trouble—it is a pleasure.

The dining room must be entirely clean—the windows newly washed and the walls and furniture wiped off and polished up a bit, before the placing of decorations begins. These should be simple and in green so as not to distract the attention from the table.

If a hanging lamp or a chandelier is suspended over the table, nothing is much more effective than the festoons of green from lamp to the corners of the room. Ropes of evergreen are made by cutting off small branches and winding the stems with dark cord or heavy black thread. The lamp, or chandelier supports, may be dressed with sprays of evergreen and holly and the evergreen festoons arranged along the walls, underneath the plate rail, the festoons to be caught up with sprays of holly. Branches of green over the windows and door casings and wreaths pinned at each window, on the curtains, are the time-honored Christmas decorations that cannot be improved upon and are dear because familiar.

But in setting forth her table the hostess has a chance to exercise her

Christmas Candle Shades and a Mica Shade for Protection.

ingenuity and be as original as she may please.

The table is to be made amply long so that it will not be crowded, and spread with a protecting pad, and an immaculate cloth, smooth and shining. Silver and glassware are to be scoured and polished and the china treated to the same freshening process, until everything shines. Lay a dinner napkin at each place and proceed to decorate the table.

A centerpiece is to be provided. A very handsome one is made of a bolt of No. 80 red satin ribbon. Two lengths of this, each 1½ yards long, are crossed at the middle of the table, lying flat and the ends extending toward the corners of the table. In the center an ornamental fern dish is fashioned of the ribbon about a plain fern dish.

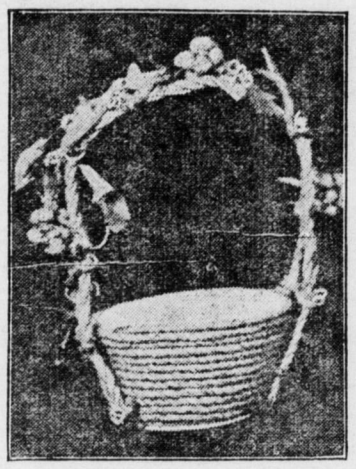
The ribbon is made into standing loops, each about six inches in length. These are placed in a row about the dish with the loops upstanding. The dish used may be an ordinary milk pan previously covered with red paper in crepe or tissue. Fill the pan with moss or sand. In the center stand a miniature Christmas tree, a natural baby tree if possible. Decorate the miniature tree with tiny candles and the smallest of red tinsel balls. The candles are not to be lighted. Place few decorations and have them all in miniature. The effect is charming.

Another pretty center piece is made with five ordinary tin candlesticks, supporting five red or white candles. Set one of these on an inverted pasteboard box in the center of the table and the four remaining candles one at each corner of the box, on the table. Use a small box, not larger than the bottom of the candlestick. Cover the candlesticks and the box with sprays of evergreen and holly and sprinkle over these the "diamond dust" which may be bought, or made by cutting a piece of tinsel rope into little particles. Make shades for the candles, using red paper. Buy the fireproofed kind for safety.

The shades are very easily made by cutting four petals of paper and mounting them over an isinglass protector on the brass shade holders. Pull out the edges of the paper to get the ruffled effect. Tie the shades about their support with a small cord. Over this place a piece of tinsel, finishing it in a little bow or knot. Each candle will appear to spring from a nest of green. The candles are to be lighted when the dessert is served. A candle shade such as is described is shown in the picture.

A third pretty centerpiece is made of a small round hand mirror and silver tinsel in the form of a five-pointed star. Cut the star from a piece of white wrapping paper, making it 12 to 18 inches across. Lay the paper star in the center of the table and place the small mirror in the center of the star. Cover the paper star completely with silver tinsel. Place a tall slender vase in clear glass on the mirror and fill it with poinsettia blossoms or red carnations or bright red roses. If natural flowers are not available a tall candle in a glass stick, surrounded by shorter candles in shorter candlesticks, will do nicely.

At each place at table, a little basket is to be set containing salted peanuts or almonds, or red cinnamon drops and green mints. These bas-



A Bonbon Basket for the Dinner Table.

kets are made of red paper with a little spray of holly fastened to the handle. Or they are pretty made of brown tissue paper twisted into cords and gilded with gold paint. A basket of this kind is shown in the illustration.

If the table is long, candles may be placed at intervals around it, but otherwise, the centerpiece, with one or two candles at opposite ends of the table, will be the better arrangement. Place these candles diagonally opposite. White candles with red shades are as pretty as red ones for the dinner table.

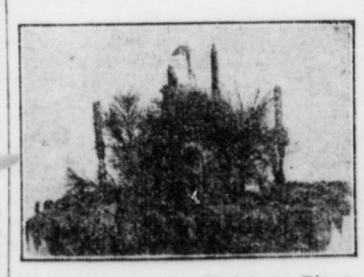
Cranberry jelly, which is nearly always a part of the menu, served in glass dishes, or set in a glass bowl, is decorative. Gellatin in two colors (red and green) in tall sherbet glasses is also fine as an aid in carrying out the Christmas color scheme. Triangular slices of bread or rolls of bread tied with red baby ribbon and placed on the bread and butter plates gives an additional little finishing touch.

When the silver is laid and the water glasses placed, a small spray of holly for the buttonhole or corsage is to be placed for each person at the table. It rests on the napkins.

In order that the candles may last out the dinner it is as well to postpone lighting them until the dessert is served. Other lights may be turned lower at this time. The effect of glowing candles is very inspiring to the guests.

Often the Christmas dinner must be served in the early afternoon. If artificial lights are desired the hostess must darken the dining room. But there are pretty decorations from which candle light is omitted. The center piece for such a table may represent any familiar winter or Christmas scene. One may buy, at a trifling cost, a Santa Claus, on a chimney top, about to descend. These are made of painted pasteboard and a doll. At the confectioners' there are all sorts of Christmas pieces in the form of large candy boxes. Santa Claus and his reindeers are fine for the center piece mounted on a small box, concealed by evergreens and holly.

A table for daytime light may be arranged with a small mirror in the center about 18 inches square. Surround this by evergreens to represent a skating pond. Dress two or more



Decorations for the Christmas Dinner Table.

tiny dolls to represent skaters. The closer you can come to making it look like a real pond in miniature the more you and your guests will be delighted. At the ten-cent stores one may buy small red houses and even glass icicles. Icicles may be represented by little pieces of tinsel also. After you once get to work the thing will grow under your hands and you will be enthusiastic at the end. When all is finished the Christmas table justifies the thought and work put on it—the play is indeed worth the candle.

If one must count expenses carefully the decorations will be found to be more a matter of ingenuity than money. Evergreens and red paper, wax candles and cheap candlesticks are within reach of nearly all of us. Of all days Christmas is, for that very reason, the one for which we should make our very best endeavor.

Christmas Precaution.

"Mother, if Santa Claus comes down the chimney, he'll have to walk through the kitchen, won't he?"

"I suppose he will, dear."

"Well, don't you think we'd maybe perhaps better lock up the preserves?"

Christmas Shopping and Home Made Gifts

BY JULIA BOTTOMLEY

CHRISTMAS shopping is an easy enough matter for possessor of plenty of money, but for the most of us Christmas time shows a great disparity between the size of our pocketbook and that of our heart—the latter is so much bigger. The world is full of pretty things, waiting to be bought by those with money enough. There is consolation in the fact that the gift which costs time and thought, and is a little tax on the resources of the giver, means more to the recipient than any other.

We are eager to remember our own dear people and some of our friends. Now the question is, how much can we spend and how shall we spend it, to include them all?

We will start out with mother; she should come first. A search through the shops shows a lot of pretty gifts that may be bought for little money and a greater number that may be made at home at a saving. She will appreciate our circumstances. Some good things may be found at the ten cent stores even, and they are the stronghold of the little folks who want to make a dollar go a long way. Mother will like the pretty waste paper basket shown in the picture, of white moire paper with delicate roses on it. Here may be found good looking candlesticks of clear glass, which are as pretty as those that cost three times as much.

Lacquer boxes, from Japan, are cheap and artistic, and very durable. Such boxes for gloves and handkerchiefs range in price from twenty-five cents to a dollar or so and are to be found in department stores.

Selecting a present that may be made at home is easy because the outlay of money is usually small and the finished article a success. There are pin cushions and bags of flowered

A Waste Basket of Flowered Paper, Pin Cushion and Collar Bag of Silk.

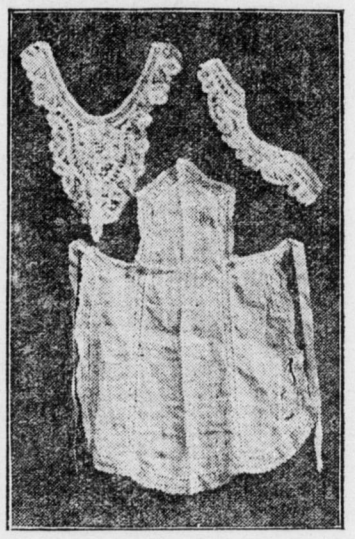
ribbon such as are shown in the picture. Pretty little muslin aprons and hand-made laces, made of Rennaissance braid and simple stitches. Towels with large initial embroidered in the corner never fail to delight either mother or grandmother. Combing jackets, like that shown in the picture, are made of squares of figured cotton or silk or of large handkerchiefs. They cost almost nothing, since one may make them of a remnant a yard square or of four cheap cotton handkerchiefs (with pretty figures) and two yards of narrow satin ribbon. These handkerchiefs are used for short kimonos, laundry bags, sofa pillow covers, and smaller embroidered handkerchiefs for pin cushions. Bed slippers, made of eider down flannel, make an acceptable present for an old person. They are prettily finished with fancy stitches and ribbon and cost next to nothing.

Getting a present for father or grandfather taxes the thought; men's wants seem to be so few compared to those of women.

Handkerchiefs, ties and slippers are among those that cost little and are acceptable. Bill purses, for the safe carrying of money, cost from 25 cents to two or more dollars. A good plain fountain pen gives a man continual satisfaction, and other articles for convenient writing he likes. There are portfolios with paper and blotters, and other articles. Desk fittings, and especially those made of Japanese antimony, are tasteful and a great convenience.

Among the things that may be made at home, the list for men is not long. House jackets and slippers are dear to the heart of the man who wants to be comfortable. Bath robes are not difficult to make and a great comfort. Bed slippers, for the old, are a luxury they enjoy. Young men like ties, stick pins and handkerchiefs, books and kodaks.

It is easy sailing when we start out to buy a present for grown-up or nearly grown sister. She will like all the pretty things for her dressing case, the candles, pin cushions, and a lot of little foolish things beside. Sterling silver shoe buttoners and shoe spoons are to be had for a quarter. Buffers, nail files, tooth brushes with silver handles, appeal to the taste for luxury which girls possess. She can never have too many dainty handkerchiefs and neck-



Tea Apron of Muslin and Lace Collar and Chemisette of Lace.

pieces, or too many gay ribbons for her hair or lingerie. All these can be found at an expense ranging from twenty-five cents up to two or more dollars.

Young girls like ornamental picture frames, pretty jewel cases, puff boxes and hat pin holders. These are shown in tasteful designs for fifty cents each.

All girls love perfumery and sachets. They like calendars with pretty verses, to hang in their rooms, and chain or mesh purses delight them. These may be bought for fifty cents to fifty dollars each. Fans are shown in a like variety.

If you prefer to make a present at home nothing is more likely to delight a girl than a bedroom set for her bed, window and dressing case. These sets consist of spread with flounce, curtains, pillow shams and cover for dressing case. Muslin and casement cloths are used for making them and cost from five to fifteen cents a yard.

Fancy bands for the hair, made of ribbon or tulle, especially if brightened with spangles, are acceptable to the girlish heart. The floating veil of chiffon and the soft scarf for the head and shoulders will make her eyes sparkle with pleasure. One has only to buy 2½ or 3 yards of material and hem it, for these. Silk muslin makes lovely scarfs and may be had from thirty cents to a dollar a yard. A scarf of this fabric is shown in the picture.

Big brothers will like the same things father does and besides, he will like pictures of sports, baseball and football subjects. College flags for his room, sofa pillows, pipes and pipe racks appeal to him. He will flourish silk hosiery with great satisfaction and if one may spend a sufficient sum he likes a good suit case or the fittings for one for traveling.

The younger boys and girls rarely leave us uninformed as to what they want. The girls want dolls and miniature housekeeping things. Small sets of furs please them. Hoods, leggings and mittens, bright hair ribbons, a length of goods for a new dress and school aprons are among their gifts. Beads for the neck and handkerchiefs they treasure. Girls are fond of finger rings and purses, and they enjoy kodaks as much as boys do. In selecting presents, it is well to get those which will keep the girls out of doors as much as possible. Skates for ice or roller skating and mufflers for warmth are gifts that do much good.

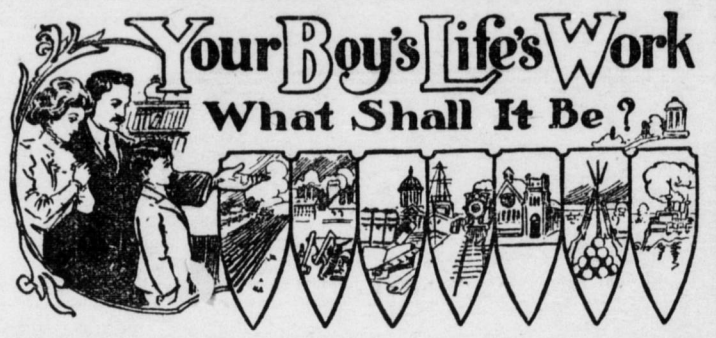
As for the small boy, he voices his preferences with some insistence. He likes mechanical toys, skates and sleds. Albums for his picture postcards or his collection of stamps and books of adventure, give him much pleasure. A good boys' magazine or a mechanical magazine (if he is old enough) will be fine for him. He likes tools for building things and above all plenty of good things to eat, in his Christmas stocking.

The baby and the tiny people just out of babyland are delighted with

Combing Jacket Made of a Large Handkerchief or a Square of Fabric.

all the toys, of which there are so many, made for them. They like the toy animals best. Building blocks and picture books they never tire of and the dear old fairy tales please them forever. It is no trouble to select a gift for them. There are hundreds on sale that cost little, or much, as you will. They are as happy with a doll from the ten cent store as with one for five dollars, and have been known to prefer a rag baby to a talking prodigy.

At home one may make for them little shoes and bonnets, or baskets, gaily decked with ribbon, containing their toilet requisites: soap, vaseline and fine talc powder. A plain basket, gilded and lined and decked with rosettes of baby ribbon, pleases the young mother. Little boots of crochet, elderdown or chamois, cashmere shawls and sacks, are for the young infant.



REAL ESTATE?

It is a comprehensive occupation that offers the ambitious boy several distinct and profitable lines of advancement. How he may break into the business, and how he may advance along several lines. The remuneration of various positions. The possibilities of getting into profitable business for himself.

BY C. W. JENNINGS.

WHILE you have been thinking over the problem of your boy's life work, has it occurred to you that the apparently well known real estate business might be just the thing?

But don't think for a moment that all your boy would have to do after he got started in this line of endeavor would be to buy and sell lots; for, though that is an important phase of the business, and one, to make a high success, requiring much ability, modern advancement has raised the real estate business to such importance as to embrace the best efforts in a large number of distinct specialties. So in this truly comprehensive occupation will be found such a variety of work that, after he is started in it, your boy can develop his choice of several lines of work, each of which may lead on to a good sized competence, perhaps a fortune.

There is no special preliminary education that would be of particular value to a boy taking up real estate for his lifework, and more than all the general learning he can acquire. Even the schools and colleges have not seen fit to take up real estate as a branch of learning, all that is being done in a direct educational way being a few courses taught by the Young Men's Christian association in some of the large cities, and a few more or less complete correspondence courses.

So a boy's only chance to learn the business is to go right at it and get a job with a real estate firm. Of course the larger the firm, the greater variety of opportunities he will have to advance, and some of them are great enough to take him to the very top of the profession.

His first job will be that of ordinary office youth at a salary of four or five dollars a week, if the candidate should be particularly young and inexperienced, or, if he has gone through high school and can write and figure pretty well, he might be put on at a minor clerkship at eight or ten dollars a week, or even might start in as a stenographer or typist.

Your boy, of course, will wish to get a general knowledge of the business before he attempts to take up any particular line, and so he will likely go through some or all of the different stages of filing clerk, record clerk, auditor's clerk, mortgage clerk, etc., being promoted from time to time, till, after three to five years, he will be getting $18 to $25 a week. He can stick to the clerical end and become a chief clerk of one of the departments at say as much as $35 weekly.

In the meantime, however, if he desires to get out of the purely office end, he will be picking up pointers on outside work, and, perhaps, be learning how to sell and buy lots. There is more in this than appears at first thought, for the qualities that make a successful book agent are not enough to make a successful real estate salesman.

To sell lots successfully, your boy must know pretty much everything that enters into a variety of things that don't appear on the surface. He must, for instance, have a good acquaintance with the general values of property in the neighborhood; the cost of various obvious improvements that have to be made; the price of adjoining and nearby property; street improvements and assessments; what will be charged to make connections with sewer and gas mains; the facilities and cost of the prospective owner getting to his place of business; advice as to the cost and difficulty of getting a mortgage on the property, etc., etc. In addition, he must have the ability of a salesman; for, granted that he can furnish all these details, he still has to convince the caller that the particular piece of property under consideration is just the one he wants; and then your boy has to deal with the seller, who may be an uncompromising individual.

A first class salesman, generally speaking, will earn anywhere from $3,000 up to $15,000 or more a year in commissions. Some become so proficient that they scorn all other lines of work and offers of salary and stick to selling real estate until they accumulate the stake to retire on.

The other lines open to your boy? Well, almost every phase of this business is a specialty. He must know all the details about unimproved property. This may be suburban lots, which it is desired to acquire in big chunks for the purpose of making improvements and selling as improved property. Then he has to know how to advertise and make opportunities to unload the property after it is improved. He must know the cost of building apartment houses, and the attractive features of various modern improvements in such dwellings so as to lure tenants to them. He must be a student of the trend of traffic, so as to appraise office buildings and the value of land adapted to such purposes. Factory sites, transportation facilities, tenements, stores, boulevards, parks, small farms (including the adaptability of the soil for agricultural purposes), the trend of population of various classes, the probability of this particular section becoming a residence or a business section—all this has to be within his ken; and, if the customer should wish to build a store or a house or an office building or an apartment house or a factory, he must be ready to tell him glibly of the cost, and the formalities to be gone through, and the probable revenues, and the taxes, and details about possible loans.

All this enters into the real estate business, as well as other specialties, such as civil engineering and laying out and grading the property; various phases of finances, such as raising money and mortgages, and financial returns, such as rents, etc.; probable cost of administration, including janitors, porters, scrubwomen, firemen, etc.; the cost and consumption of coal; the cost and placing of fire insurance, most of the big operating companies placing insurance on the property they handle; the placing of mortgages, etc. Then there are companies that take a suburban wilderness and turn it into a habitable section, lay out the ground and erect buildings—work which requires close acquaintance with building regulations and real estate laws—and employ their own architects and building superintendents and civil and constructive engineers.

What are the initial steps your boy has to go through before he can take a leading part in all this maze of industry? Well, he goes from a $20 a week clerkship in one of the office ends to one of the specialties, and becomes a chief clerk in that. Then, as he has displayed particular ability in one direction, he is made assistant to one of the superintendants at $30 or so weekly; then becomes a construction superintendent, or head of a civil engineering corps, or a head rental or sales agent, or building superintendent, or auditor, or chief accountant, and will be paid from $3,000 to $8,000 a year, according to the importance of the company he has connected himself with.

If he elects to remain with the company, the next step will be a managership at increased salary, and, eventually, the presidency perhaps. Also, he may possibly become a leading stockholder. Or, at some stage of his progress, he may go into business on his own account, starting at buying or selling a lot or two, or take up the rental business. Many young men have made their start in securing the agency for collecting rents and managing apartment houses on commission, and in time making this a specialty, have developed an extensive business.

In any event, the young man who takes up real estate in earnest stands a reasonably fair chance to succeed in some one of the various lines, and to succeed perhaps in a big way.

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Georgia's Wealth in Pecans.

A dispatch from Albany published recently in the Constitution indicated that within the last four months 15,000 acres of pecan lands had been sold in and around Dougherty county.

Preparations are under way for planting this tremendous area in the toothsome nut that promises so large a revenue to Georgia.

The problem regarding this especial industry has lately changed from one of a selling nature to one of getting lands to sell.

At present, it is said, there is an actual famine of pecan lands readily available.

To be sure there are still large unoccupied tracts in the pecan belt, but the owners foresee the possibilities of tremendous development and are in no hurry to rush their holdings on the market.

Within only comparatively recent years has the country awakened to Georgia's potentialities with regard to pecans.

Now it is common knowledge among investors that orchards properly tended—and the expense of so doing is small—return dividends beside which many other crops are negligible.

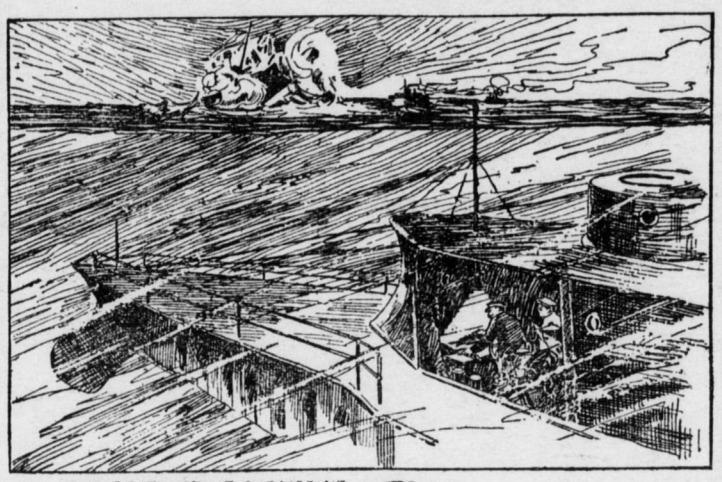
It is logical that in course of time the pecan will become one of the state's best revenue producers.

The pecan, moreover, is only one item. Georgia has plenty more such at her back to inspire the activities of the Greater Georgia association and other organizations engaged in the mission of development.—Atlanta Constitution.

Counting the Side Tracks.

When side tracks are taken into account, we have more railroad mileage than all the rest of the world.

DANGER IN THE SUBMARINE



THE DESTRUCTIVE SUBMARINE

EVER since submarines were first introduced brainy men have been at work devising methods by which dangers to their crews can be reduced to a minimum. Those who are used to serving in these deadly little craft will tell you that these dangers are not so great as is usually imagined, and that the loss of life from accidents has really been comparatively small.

The two great dangers are collision and explosion, and special attention has been given to methods that will prevent loss of life in case of accident from these two sources.

When the submarine is submerged it is really half blind, for the periscope is only a makeshift eye, but even this has been greatly improved. Formerly the lens in use only allowed half the horizon to be examined, unless the periscope was turned round. It could therefore happen that a ship might come up unnoticed and strike the submarine before it could dive to safety. Now, however, a new lens has been devised which gives a complete view all round, so that an approaching vessel can be seen from whatever quarter it comes. The periscope is the eye of the submarine. Its vertical telescopic tube looks like a very thin smokestack, extending 15 feet above the submarine's bridge and its top part contains the so-called eye, which sends down images of the outer world to the interior of the submarine, either by reflection or refraction. One system is almost as good as the other. The reflection apparatus has two mirrors at 45 degrees at the two extremeties. The apparatus by refraction has two prisms of total reflection, as in a camera. Behind the top one a mirror sends down the image that can be enlarged—like the telescope attachment to a camera—but both systems have the disadvantage of looking on the world through a pinhole.

Suppose the "eye" be fixed north. Those in the submarine get a glimpse due north. To glance a few degrees on either side the whole tube must be turned or else the eye alone. In the first case—if the tube does not twist or grip—the image turns with it and observers have to move around the table. If the eye alone be turned the lower prism or mirror remains fixed. The image, consequently, shows all objects inclined at the angle of the eye's turning.

For years past the French admiralty has never ceased to hunt for something better. The navigation of submarines under water absolutely demanded an apparatus capable of disclosing simultaneously the whole circle of the horizon—plus a telescopic magnifier for the object to be carefully examined.

And here we are on the delicate ground of a state secret. They have found their apparatus. It is known, too, that they got upon its track by seeking to utilize an annulary prism devised by Colonel Manjin for the taking of circular photographs of the horizon from a captive balloon. This is all we really know of the construction of the machine that is to put French submarines on a footing of such enormous superiority that the mind does not at first grasp the meaning of it. But the effects produced by the machine have not been kept so secret.

In Brest three submarines and three submergibles were fitted with the apparatus at once for experiment and extraordinary tales are told of exploits under water.

Up to within a mile of its prey the submergible floats on the surface like a simple torpedo boat. Then, fearing to be seen, it sinks and continues navigating six feet under water with the aid of the admiralty's perfected periscope. Within 800 yards of the doomed ship they pull in the telescopic tube and navigate a short time by the compass.

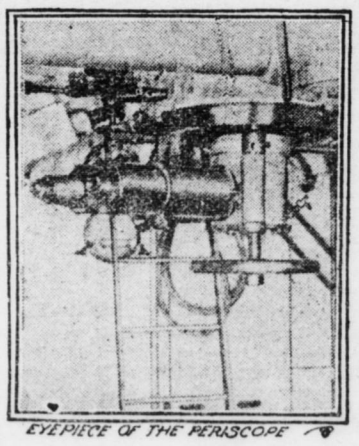
When they judge they are within 500 yards they push the tube into the air again—just high enough to let them see their prey. It is practically invisible to people unsuspicious of its presence in that particular spot. At 300 yards the torpedo is shot and what happens is what happened to the Russian fleet so often.

These are submergibles, 112 to 220 feet long, semiseagoing and furnished with both steam and electric engines. Their normal plane of travel being on the surface just like a torpedo boat, their primary motive power is the steam. These steam engines run the dynamos to renew the motive power of the electric engines and all details of their construction are kept a dead secret.

Serious danger is escaping petrol, which may lead to an explosion. By the regulations the engine must be stopped as soon as an escape is noticed, a bad accident being caused a year ago by neglect of this precaution. Two engineers employed at Portsmouth have invented an apparatus that registers the escape of petrol or other gas, coming into action long before sufficient can have escaped to form an explosive mixture. By an ingenious contrivance a red light is substituted for a white one and a bell is rung when there is a leakage of gas.

Sometimes sea water will penetrate into the accumulators, a very serious danger, as chlorine is thereby evolved which may suffocate the crew. A safety helmet, somewhat resembling those worn in mining explosions, has been designed by a couple of naval officers. Attached to a water-tight canvas jacket that straps round the waist is a big helmet with a glass front, not unlike that of the ordinary diver.

Just below the front of this is a magazine containing a special substance called "oxylithe," which has the power of giving off oxygen and absorbing the carbonic acid in the air when it comes in contact with water. In this manner the wearer of the helmet has always a good supply of air to breathe, so that in case of the evolution of chloride the crew would



EYEPIECE OF THE PERISCOPE

hastily don these jackets, which are kept in all submarines.

They have still another use, for, being full of air, they serve as lifebuoys. Thus, in the event of a submarine being struck by a passing ship and holed, these dresses would be put on at once. Then the hatch could be opened, and the men would float to the surface.

Air always seeks the highest point, and as soon as a submarine leaks the water fills the bottom and pushes the air to the top, where a certain quantity is always held in any odd little corner near the roof. Therefore, thin steel partitions, depending a foot or two from the roof in places where it slopes or forms corners, are being fitted in order to form air traps in different parts of the interior.

Thus, when a bad leak occurs, filling the submarine with water, the air is pressed into these traps. The crew immediately seize their helmets and stand with heads and shoulders above the water in the air traps, so that they can breathe while putting on the safety dress.

Another invention that has been tried in one or two of the underwater craft consists of a long flexible tube attached to the outside. At one end is a float, while the other communicates with the interior. In the event of an accident this tube is liberated, and is at once borne to the surface by the float, to which is attached a flare, to give notice to any ship near at hand. Until the submarine is raised, the crew can breathe through this tube, or food might even be passed down.

At least one American vessel is fitted with a door through which the crew can escape if necessary. This door opens into a chamber, which in its turn communicates with an air lock. If it is desired to leave the submarine, a diving dress is donned and the air lock entered. The door communicating with the interior of the vessel is closed, and then the diver goes into the outer compartment, closing the door of the air lock after him. Water is then allowed to enter, and when it is full he merely opens the door and steps out. The door is then closed and the water pumped out again, so that others can follow.

The Revolt

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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"But, Edward, I promised Marian I would dine with her tomorrow night, and go over our parts for the play. Her husband is away, you know."

Mr. Grantley waved his hand as one who brushes aside a futile and silly objection. "Nonsense, my dear, you can do that at any time. The Browns are people I want to stand in with—for business reasons, of course—and I accepted, definitely, for both of us. That settles it."

Mrs. Grantley flushed. She didn't often oppose her husband, but she had been looking forward keenly to the little dinner alone with her sister.

"You knew I was going to Marian's," she ventured, pleadingly. "You can say you forgot, that we will come some other time."

Mr. Grantley looked displeased. "My dear, the matter is settled." His tone spelled finality.

Mrs. Grantley's lovely, youthful face grew mutinous. A hot, unaccustomed rebellion surged within her.

"You never consult me—never!"

Her husband's eyes grew cold. "Honora," he said, "you had better go up to your room for the rest of the evening. You are not in a mood for sensible discussion. Go, now, and—good-night."

Mrs. Grantley rose and walked swiftly from the room, reached her bedroom and shut and locked the door. Then she paced up and down in a tumult of angry resentment. Sent to her room like a schoolgirl! Punished because she had dared to object—to raise her voice in protest! It was unbearable! Yet it was the kind of thing that was always happening, always would happen as long as she allowed it to. She sank into a chair and rested her chin on her clasped hands, searching her mind intently for causes and effects.

She had been left an orphan and Edward Grantley had been appointed her guardian. Living with him as his ward she had looked up to him, obeyed him, consulted him in everything, and when, having reached the age of seventeen, he had asked her to become his wife she had consented, knowing little of marriage, caring only that she could continue to live on with him indefinitely in the home that she loved so well.

After marriage everything had gone on about the same. He had loved her, petted her, censored her; she had continued to obey him, consult him and look up to him. Now she was twenty, and mixing more with the world, consorting with other women, she was coming to realize that the relationship in which she stood to her husband was not that of other wives, that she and Edward were not partners, companions, walking side by side through life on equal terms, but still child and guardian. Now it seemed to her as if the thing had come suddenly to a head.

"I must do something, I must!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot in emphasis. "This subjection is only a habit—with Edward as well as myself. He doesn't realize—I don't make him see—"

With sudden determination she rose, smoothed her ruffled hair and gown and forcibly regained her composure. Then she unlocked the door, hesitated a moment on the threshold, took her courage in both hands and passed quickly through the halls and down into the library. As she entered and walked over to one of the bookcases her husband looked up; then, evidently expecting her to select a book and return to her room, went on with his writing.

Honora chose a volume of recent fiction and sat down by the open fire.

Mr. Grantley leaned back in his chair.

"Honora, I thought I said good-night to you."

"You did," she smiled, "but when I got upstairs I found I didn't feel sleepy, so I decided to come down again."

Her husband looked at her in astonishment.

"I meant you to remain there, my dear, but if you have decided to be reasonable you may stay here."

Mrs. Grantley vouchsafed no response, and presently her husband's voice broke the stillness again.

"What book are you reading, Honora?"

She told him the title.

"My dearest!" he protested, "you know I object very much to your reading that foolish class of fiction. Put it away and get something that will stimulate your brain rather than soften it."

Honora held herself still by a strong effort.

Mr. Grantley rose and went over to her.

"Give me the book, Honora, and then go upstairs. I don't understand you tonight."

Honora's heart beat painfully, but her voice was serene.

"I want to read this book, Edward; it is being so much talked about. And I don't care to read upstairs—the room is chilly. I prefer to stay here."

Mr. Grantley looked at her uncertainly, then took several restless paces about the room.

"You can't be well tonight, Honora," he commented finally. "Tomorrow I'll have Dr. Sanson run in and look at you. You are not yourself at all." He settled back to his work, interrupting it, however, with many uneasy and perplexed glances at the fair profile of his wife.

Nothing more was said that night, nor the next morning, when he was unusually grave and unresponsive, and neglected to kiss her when he left for the office. Honora shed a few bitter tears, then grasped her resolution anew. She would go to Marian's for dinner that night. She must do something definite and decided, something that would bring the matter to an issue.

She dressed early, left a note for her husband telling him she had decided to keep her engagement with Marian, and set out. Arrived at her sister's she said nothing about the matter. She talked gayly about the coming theatricals in which they were both to take part, though as the evening drew on she found it hard to control her nervousness and apprehension. When ten o'clock struck she remarked quietly:

"Edward has to go out tonight and may not be able to come for me. In that case I'm going to stay all night with you."

"You're a dear!" exclaimed Marian warmly. "I don't believe he'll come now—he's never later than ten. Let's go to bed."

All night Honora tossed on her pillow, thinking, grieving, wondering what he would do when she returned. He was angry, she knew, or he would have come for her. Perhaps he would leave her, perhaps when she reached there in the morning he would be gone—never to come back to her. And how she loved him, in spite of everything! He was so big, so strong, so magnetic, everybody loved him.

Toward morning she fell into a troubled sleep, arose at eight unrefreshed, and after breakfast started for home. The walk through the brisk morning air did much to restore her poise and confidence. When she reached the house she was almost herself again.

To her surprise, her husband met her at the door. His face was pale and haggard.

"Come into the library, Honora," he said. "I have something to say to you."

She went in obediently and sat down in a big chair by the window. The relief of finding him still at home had lightened her heart.

He closed the door and faced her.

"Honora," he said, "I don't know how to tell you, how to explain to you just what this night has been to me. At first I was angry. I had a foolish desire to punish you. Then as the evening passed and you did not come I grew anxious. I had thought of course you would let aMrian send you in the carriage. I began to ask myself what it all meant, what reason you had for acting as you did. Then I thought over our disagreement of last night and light began slowly to dawn on me. As I paced up and down, thinking, worrying, longing for you, the whole revelation of my stupid conduct toward you since our marriage gradually came to me. I saw my foolish attitude, your rebellion and my insistence in their true light. I seemed to behold you suddenly in a new aspect, not as a child to be schooled and trained and dictated to, but as a woman—a beautiful woman—my wife. And then, dear, came gripping my heart the terrible fear that I had lost you, that in my thoughtless folly I had unwittingly killed your love. Honora—"

There was a swift little rush and two strong arms were round his neck and a wet cheek pressed to his.

"Oh, dearest," she protested, half sobbing, half laughing, "I loved you all the time, and now more—more than I ever dreamed of. I knew it was just that you didn't think, that you believed me to be still your bad, small child—"

He held her to him, strongly.

"But," she whispered shyly, "you mustn't give me all my own way, even now, for I love you, and—I like to obey you—a little!"

Unappreciated Joke.

The rigorous enforcement of the customs laws by Collector Loeb gave a wag an opportunity to perpetrate a joke on his family which failed to produce any unusual amount of merriment. The man is a bachelor and the loving and indulgent uncle of four young people, whom he has been in the habit of remembering liberally with gifts. He probably knew that the question, "What will uncle bring from Europe?" would be discussed at his sister's home, and in order to dispel any illusions sent this note: "Our protectionists are right. We should patronize home industry. I'm bringing nothing more than I took, except French and Italian real estate, deposited on my clothing while motoring. Will not be detained at the dock."—New York Tribune.

Gems as Poison Antidotes.

Poison was the terror of the middle ages; it is natural, therefore, to find many remedies among gems—the jacinth, the sapphire, the diamond, the cornelian, the ruby, the agate, the toadstone, the bezoar stone were all used as antidotes to poison.

The Store of the Christmas Present

The Store where lasting satisfaction follows every transaction, where high-class merchandise are sold as low, if nof lower than in the large cities, offers the following suggestions in suitable gifts for every one in the family.

Gifts for the Wife, Mother, Sister or Sweetheart

Gold Plated Jewell Cases, . . . 25c, 75c, $1.00, 1.25 to 2.75
Silver Plated Toilet Sets, ... $4.00 to 8.00
Gold Plated Florentine Framed Mirrors, . . 69c $2.00, 3.00
Black or Persian Silk Shirt Waists, ... $2.19 to 7.50
Ecru Net Shirt Waists, ... $2.00, 2.50 to 6.00
Fine Lawn Shirt Waists, ... $1.00 to 2.50
Tailor Made Shirt Waists, Embroidered Fronts, $1.00 to 1.50
Messaline Silk Shirt Waists, Evening Shades, $4.50 and 5.00
Sweater Coats, ... $2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 5.00 to 8.00
Persian Silk Underskirts, ... $5.00
Black Taffeta Silk Underskirts, ... $4.00, 5.00 to 9.50
Black Satin Underskirts, ... $1.00, 1.25. 1.50, 2.00
Black, White or Colored Heatherbloom Underskirts, $3.00 and 3.75.
Knit Wool Underskirts. $1.00
Long Flannelette Kimonas, ... $1.19 to 2.00
Short Flannelette Kimonas, ... 50c to 98c
Long Silk Kimonas, ... $3.00 and 5.00
Fine Leather Hand Bags, ... $1.00 to 6.50
Leatherette Hand Bags, ... 25c, to $1.00
Real Alligator Hand Bags, ... $3.75, 6.50
Imitation Alligator Hand Bags, ... $1.00, 2.00
Leather Music Rolls, ... 25c and 50c
Leather and Fancy Belts, ... 50c to $1.00
Leather Suit Cases, extra good quality, ... $5.00
Fine German Silver Mesh Bags, ... 50c to $5.00
Fine Beaded Hand Bags, ... $1.25, to 3.50
Fine Rhine Stone Brooches and Pins, ... $1.00 to 2.00
Beauty Pins in Fancy Cases, ... 35c and 50c
Belt Pins and Buckles, ... 25c and 50c
Jewelled Combs, ... $1.25 to 5.00
Jewelled Barrettes, ... $1.50 to 3.50
Nemo Corsets, ... $2.00 to 5.00
W. B. Corsets, ... $1.00 and 1.50
Silk Hose, Onyx Quality, ... $1.00 and 1.50
Guaranteed Stockings, guaranteed for 6 months, per box of 6 pairs, ... $1.50
Fine White Muslin Underskirts, $3.00 kind at $1.98
Lace Stock Collars with Jabots latest styles, . . 25c and 50c
Silk Scarfs, from . . . . . 50c to $1.50
Fine Lace and Chiffon Scarfs, ... $2.00 to 5.00
Fine Dress Goods in Suit Lengths, ... $7.00 to 14.00
Silk Dress Patterns, ... $8.00 to 15.00
Fine Silk Umbrellas with Gold Plated Handles, $2.00 to 6.50
Fine Lace or Initial Handkerchiefs, ... 10c to 50c
Kid Gloves, best makes, ... $1.00 and 1.50
Washable Chamois Gloves, ... $1.00
Colgate's Perfumes and Toilet Waters, ... 15c and 50c
Fine Stationary in fancy boxes, ... 10c to $1.00
House Dresses and Wrappers, ... $1.00 to 2.50

Gifts For Men.

Fine Silk Umbrellas . . . . . $1.50 to 5.00
Pure Silk Neckties, extra Fine quality, ... 25c & 50c
President Suspenders, in fancy boxes, ... 50c
Suspender Sets, with Armbands and Garters, ... 50c
Emperor Dress Shirts, ... $1.00
Initial Handkerchiefs . . . . . 10 to 25c
Guaranteed Sox, 6 pair in a box, ... $1.50
Silk Sox, black only, per pair, ... 50c
Fancy Lisle Sox, per pair, ... 25c
Bath Robe Blankets, ... $2.25 to 3.50
Mocha and Leather Gloves, per pair, . 85c, $1.00 and 1.25
Fine Leather Cigar Cases, ... $1.50, to 2.50
Brass and Copper Smoking Sets, ... 1.25, to 5.00
Brass Umbrella Holders, ... $3.00
Brush and Comb Sets, ... 98c to 5.00.
Shaving Sets, ... 69c to $5.00
Security Bill Folds, ... $1.00
Leatherette Suit Cases, ... 2.50
Fine Leather Suit Cases, ... $5.00
Gold Plated Clocks, ... $1.25, to 5.00
Sweater Coats, ... 1.00 to 3.50
Playing Cards in Leather Cases, ... 25c and 50c
Collar and Cuff Boxes, ... 50c to $1 25
Postal Card Albums, ... 15c to $1.00
Waste Paper Baskets, ... 69c to $1.50
Gold Plated Ink Stands, ... $1.25, 2.50
Humidors to keep Cigars in good order, ... $1.50, 2.50
Cuff Buttons, and Stick pins, ... 10c and 25c
Military Brush Sets in Fancy Boxes, ... 75c to $3.50

For The Household.

Hammered Brass Fern Dishes 89c, $1.00, 1.50
Hammered Brass Jardiniers, ... $1.00, 1.50
Dining Room Chimes of Brass, ... $1.00, 2.00
Gold Plated Clocks, ... $1.25 to 5.00
Gold Plated Picture Frames, ... 25c, 35c, 50c
Fine Linen Damask, ... 65c, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50
Fine Linen Towels, ... 25c, 59c, 69,c 75c, $1.00
Embroidered Center Pieces and Bureau Scarfs, ... 50c
Hand Embroidered Center Pieces and Scarfs in colors, ... $1.25
Fine Wool Blankets, ... $5.00 & 6.50
Heavy Fleeced Blankets, ... $1.00 to 2.75
Crochet Bed Quilts, ... $1.00 to 2.50
Marseilles Bed Quilts, ... $2.00 to 4.50
Embroidered Sofa Pillows, ... $1.50 to 6.50
Decorated China, various designs, per piece, ... 10c
Pressed Glass Punch Bowls, ... $1.69
Framed Pictures, ... 10c and 25c
Plaster Paris Busts, ... 39c and 75c
Laundry Bags, ... 29c, 50c, and 69c
Renaisance Center Pieces and Scarfs, ... $1.00 to 2.50

Suitable Gifts for Children

Sweater Coats, ... 50c to 2.50
Fur Sets, ... $1.00 to 9.00
Rain Coats, ... $2.50
Umbrellas, ... 59c
Tassel Caps and Silk Hoods . . . . . 25c to 2.50
Leather Gloves and Mittens, ... 50c and 59c
Infant's Brush and Comb Sets, ... 50c to 1.25
Infant's Bootees, ... 12c, 19c, 25c, 50c
Infant's Bear Skin Coats, ... $3.50
Infant's Coats of Bedford Cloth, ... $1.00 to 3.50
Infant's Hand Crochet Bonnets, ... 50c to 2.00
Little Folk's Perfumes, 4 bottles in a fancy box, ... 25c
Writing Paper in Fancy Boxes, ... 10c
Beaded Neck Chains 10c
Children's Cloth Coats, ... $3.00 to 10.00
Children's Caracul Coats, ... $7.50 to 12.00
Children's Leggins, ... 25c to 50c
Children's Handkerchiefs, ... 2c, 4c, 5c and 10c
Children's Books, ... 10c and 15c
Infant's Fine Muslin Dresses, ... 65c to 2.50
Infant's Fine Long Dresses, ... 65c to $3.50

Toys, Dolls and Games

Toy Grocery Stores with Complete Outfit; 50c, $1.00, 1.50, 2.00
Toy Meat Markets with Complete Outfit, ... 50c
Toy Pianos, ... 25c, 50c, $1.00, 1.50, 2.50
Play Store Registers, each, ... 50c
Uncle Sam Register Banks, ... 1.00
Combination Safes, ... $1.00
Steam Engines, ... $1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00
Electric Motors, ... $1.25, 2.50
Hill Climbing Friction Toys, ... 50c, and $1.00
Wind Mills with Winding Attachment, ... $1.00
Magic Lanterns, ... $2.00, 2.50
Post Card Projectors, ... $3.00, 5.00
Tool Chests, ... 50c, 75c, $1.00
Rail Road Trains with Track, ... $1.00, 1.50, 2.50, 3.00
Music Organs, ... $1.00
Large Size Scales, ... 25c
Ten Pins, ... 25c and 50c
Trunks, ... 25c and $1.50
Piano Stools, ... 25c
Spinning Tops, ... 10c
Transfer Slates, ... 10 and 25c
China Toys, ... 25 and 50c
Sets of Blocks, ... 10c and 25c
Mission Desk and Chair to Match, ... $4.50
Oak Finished Desk, ... $2.75
Rocking Horses, ... $3.75 and 4.00
Chairs, each, ... 50c
Drums, ... 50c, $1.00, 1.50
Doll's Dishes, ... 25c, 50c, 75, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00
Stuffed Dogs and Animals 25c, 50c, $1.00
Doll's Gilt Furniture Sets, ... 69c
Paint Boxes, ... 25c, 50, 75c, $1.00
Fine Water Color Paint, in Tubes, ... 4c and 5c
Black Boards. $1.50
Collapsible Go-Carts, ... 50c and $1.00
Fine Buggies for Dolls, ... $3.00 and 3.75
33-Inch Dolls, ... $6.00
Kid Body Dolls, ... 25c, 50c to $5.00
Games of all kinds, ... 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c

A Handsome Gift with every suit or Coat Sold from now till New Years Day

With every Ladies Suit or Coat, regular price from $10.00 to 15.00 we will give a very beautiful Gold Blated Florentine Frame Mirror. Regular value $2.00, absolutely free.

With every Suit or Coat, regular price from $16.50 to 25.00 we will give a very elegant Gold Plated Florentine Framed Mirror. Regular price $3.00, free.

These prizes will also be given with every Ladies' Rain Coat or Cape.

With ever Child's Coat sold from now till New Years we will give a nicely Dressed Doll free.

Furs of Quality at Low Prices.

Fur Sets, (Muff and Scarf.)

Black French Coney Sets, ... $3.25, 6.75, 7.25, 7.75 to 11.98
Isabelle Fox Sets, ... $14.75, 21.00, 22.50 to 25.00
Gray Squirrel Sets, ... $14.00, 14.75 to 16.00
River Mink Sets, ... $10.00, 11.98, 13.75, 15.75
Marmot Set, ... $10.00, 12.25, 13.50, 15.00
Isabelle Opossum Sets, ... $9.98, 11.50, 12.25 to 16.00
Black Opossum Sets, ... $14.98

Fur Scarfs and Collarettes.

Black French Coney Scarfs, ... $1.50, 5.00, 5.98
Water Mink Scarfs, ... $5.00, 5 .98, 6.98
Japanese Mink Scarfs, ... $10.00, $15.00
Isabelle Fox Scarfs, ... $8.75, 10.00, 12.50, 15.00, 16.50, 19.50
Isabella Opossum Scarfs, ... $4.95, 5.98, 6.50, 7.25, 8.50 10.00
Marmot Scarfs, ... $5.98, 6.98, 12.50
Baum Marten Scarfs, ... $25.00

Muffs of all Furs to Match Scarfs.

We wish all our Customers a Very Merry Christmas.

Store Closed Monday, Dec. 26th.

R. KUEHNE,

Emporium's Greatest Store

Store Closed Monday, Dec. 26th.

WINTER Opening of M. C. Tulis

The Pioneer Dry Goods and Grocery Merchant of Emporium

A GRAND

Display of Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats at Reduced Prices Caracul Cloth is all the rage for Ladies' Coats. We have a large Stock of them in the very latest styles, at prices that defy competition. It will do you good to see them, if you don't buy.

Furs! Furs! Furs! We have the finest display of Ladies', Misses and Children's Furs ever shown in Emporium. Having bought heavily to get the lowest prices, and, in order to move them quickly, I will make a 15 per cent. reduction on all Furs from this date. This is a great chance for BARGAINS in FURS.

California All-Wool Blankets in sizes 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, from $6.00 to $12.00 per Pair. GREAT VALUES.

Cotton-Fleeced Blankets From 75c. a pair up. A large variety of Haps and Quilts, from $1.25 up.

The King of Sleds Flexible Flyer, the Sled that Steers to be had only at TULIS.' Exclusive Agency

Useful Christmas Presents

Irish Linen Table Cloths and Napkins, Towels, Bureau Scarfs and Stand Covers; Men's, Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs from 5 cents each up.

Underwear in endless variety for Men, Women and Children, also Knit Coats and Jackets; Neckwear, and Hosiery, Lace Curtains, Tapestry Curtains and Portiers, Lounge Covers. The Celebrated Thompson's Glove-Fitting Corsets from 50 cents a pair up to $2.50. Exclusive Agency.

A large stock of Trunks, Suit Cases and Oxford Bags at lowest prices

The finest selection of Ladies Leather Shopping Bags and Purses, together with Men's Bill and Pocket Books and other goods too numerous to mention. All at prices that will save you money.

Largest line of Ladies Dress Goods in Cameron County

The excellent quality and low prices of our Goods do the Talking. Call and see us at our three story Brick

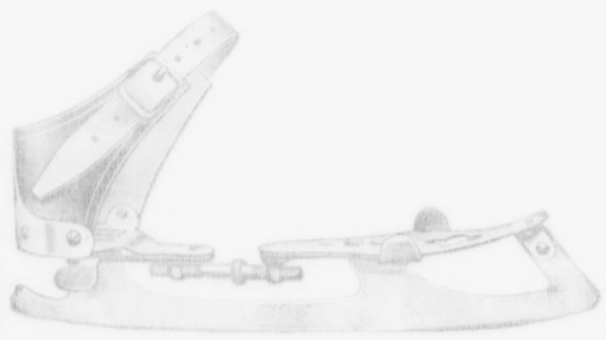
Corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets,
Emporium, Pa.

M. C. TULIS.

Special to Christmas Shoppers

Yo do not know how many sensible Christmas Gifts we can sell you until you visit our store. Bring the whole family and see if we hav'nt something that will please every one of them. Your friends will appreciate some useful, sensible present such as we can sell you, much more than a fancy trifle that will soon be worthless. Just a few of the useful things we have for everyone.

Safety Razors, Scissors and Shears, Carving Sets, Carpet Sweepers, Nickle Plated Tea and Coffee Pots, Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons, Meat Choppers, Sleds for Boys and Girls and Tools of all kinds for mechanics.



Skates bought of us are always reliable. Your purchase is backed by Emporium's Best Hardware Store.

FOR MEN

Well made Skates of best steel, hardened and tempered. Either plain steel or nickle plated.

FOR WOMEN

Cast steel runners, leather heel and toe straps. The kind that stays on and stays sharp.

FOR BOYS

Self-locking lever and adjustable toe and heel clamps. Buy only the best. Buy Winslow Skates, the best made, ranging in price from 70c to $2.50.

F. V. HEILMAN & COMPANY, *One Door East of LaBar's Furniture Store, Fourth St.*

Holiday Suggestions for Men, Young Men and Boys at

Jasper Harris'

Men's Suits,	Sweater Coats,
Men's Overcoats,	Pajamas,
Men's Raincoats,	Night Robes,
Men's Rubbercoats,	Umbrellas,
Young Men's Suits,	Kid Gloves,
Young Men's Overcoats,	Handkerchiefs,
Young Men's Raincoats,	Fancy Vests,
Men's Hats,	Housecoats,
Young Men's Hats,	Bath Robes,
Men's Shoes,	Suit Cases,
Men's Collars,	Traveling Bags,
Men's Hose, single pair, or ½ doz. in a box.	Trunks,
Men's Dress Shirts,	Steamer Trunks,
Men's Neckwear,	A big line of Suspenders in single boxes.
Men's Mufflers,	Also a big line of Combination Sets, Suspenders and Garters to match.
Tie Pins,	
Cuff Buttons,	

Jasper Harris,

Opposite Post Office, Emporium, Pa.

Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. MCNARNEY
F. A. JOHNSON,
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

B. W. GREEN, JAY P. FELT
GREEN & FELT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Corner Fourth and Broad streets,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my room in this place.

THE NEW ALPINE HOUSE,
Sterling Run, Pa.
W. H. BAGLEY, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations in every particular. This old and popular House has been thoroughly refitted to meet every requirement of this rapidly growing town. Terms, reasonable.
45-1y.

Divorce Notice.

To EDWARD TEETS, late of Emporium, Cameron County, Pennsylvania.

WHEREAS, Grace Myrtle Teets, your wife has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Cameron County of July Term, 1910, No. 23, praying a divorce against you, and you are hereby notified and required to appear in said Court on or before Monday, the ninth day of January, next, to answer the complaint of the said Grace Myrtle Teets and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

JOHN W. NORRIS,
Sheriff of Cameron County.
Emporium, Pa., November 25, 1910.—42-4t.

Administratrix's Notice.

Estate of Robert C. Dodson, late of the Borough of Emporium, County of Cameron and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

LETTERS of Administration, c. t. a., on the above estate, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

MARY C. DODSON,
Administratrix, C. T. A.
Or to her attorneys,
GREEN & FELT.
Emporium, Pa., Nov. 19th, 1910.—41-6t.

NOTICE.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE Board of Directors of the Emporium Water Company, hereby give notice, that a special meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the office of the said Company, in Emporium, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the twenty-second day of December, 1910, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of voting for or against the proposed increase of the capital stock of the said Company from $50,000 to $100,000.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN J. LOGAN, Secretary.
October 18, 1910.—40-4t.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF CAMERON, }

NOTICE is hereby given that V. A. BROOKS, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Farnsworth, of Gibson Township, deceased, has filed in my office his second and final account of administration and the same will be presented at the January term of court, next, for confirmation so ordered.

W. J. LEAVITT, Register.
Register's Office,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14th, 1910.—41-3t.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF CAMERON, }

NOTICE is hereby given that ROY CAMPBELL, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Clark, late of Grove township, deceased, has filed his first and final account of said administration and the same will be presented at the January term of court, next, for confirmation so ordered.

W. J. LEAVITT, Register.
Register's Office,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14, 1910.—41-3t.

Election Notice.

CAMERON POWDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the office of the Company in Emporium, on Monday, January 16, 1911, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

JOHN SCHWAB, Secretary.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1910.—41-3t.

ELECTION NOTICE

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 5, 1910.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and for the transaction of such other business as may be legally done, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 10, 1911, between the hours of one and three o'clock p. m. of said day.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.
6-3t

Roof Slating

I am especially prepared to
Contract for Slating
By the square or job. As to my workmanship, I refer, by permission, to the work recently completed for the Hon. B. W. Green.

GEORGE A. WRIGHT.
Get My Prices Before You Use Shingles

When You Desire to Pass a Pleasant Evening, Just Call at

Jas. P. Creighton's

Billiard and Bowling Room

NEW AND FINE ALLEY.

ELEGANT TABLES.

Clean and Orderly Place
To Spend the Evening.

There is no more healthful amusement than Bowling. Call and try it.

Afternoons reserved for Ladies upon notice being given. Form a Class and try it.

James P. Creighton.

Marvelous Attractions!

It would take two full pages of the Press to give an account of the extensive line of goods, comprising thousands of

Handsome and Appropriate Presents at

Zarps & Co's

Great Wonderland Store

Emporium, Pa.

Everything for the Ladies.

Beautiful Xmas Presents for "Hubby".

Thousands for the Dear Children.

WE HAVE MORE CHINA AND CUT GLASS than all the stores in Cameron county combined.

Big Cut in Prices of Furs, Ladies' Coats, Suits and Skirts.

We have an enormous stock and must and will, reduce our stock, regardless of cost. Come and avail yourselves of

These Extra Holiday Bargains

We are the originators of this Wonderland and wish to please our customers.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

We Continue to Grow in the Estimation of the Public. Why? Because!

We endeavor to treat Your patrons honestly.

We deal only in honest wholesome merchandise.

We know how to purchase our goods and give our patrons the lowest possible prices.

We aim to keep the best in

Choice Family Groceries, Flour, Vegetables, &c.

Candies By the Pail or Pound for Xmas.

Quality is Our Aim in Purchasing Goods. That Counts for Good.

Joseph Kinsler,

Opposite Broad Street Station.